Liberty

JUNE 24, 1944 10c

Book: THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED HOME
Humorous Best Seller

Can the Democrats Win Without Roosevelt?

GIFT OF THE GAY NINETIES

The TELEPHONE for friendly words . . . LIGHT WHISKEY for friendly taste

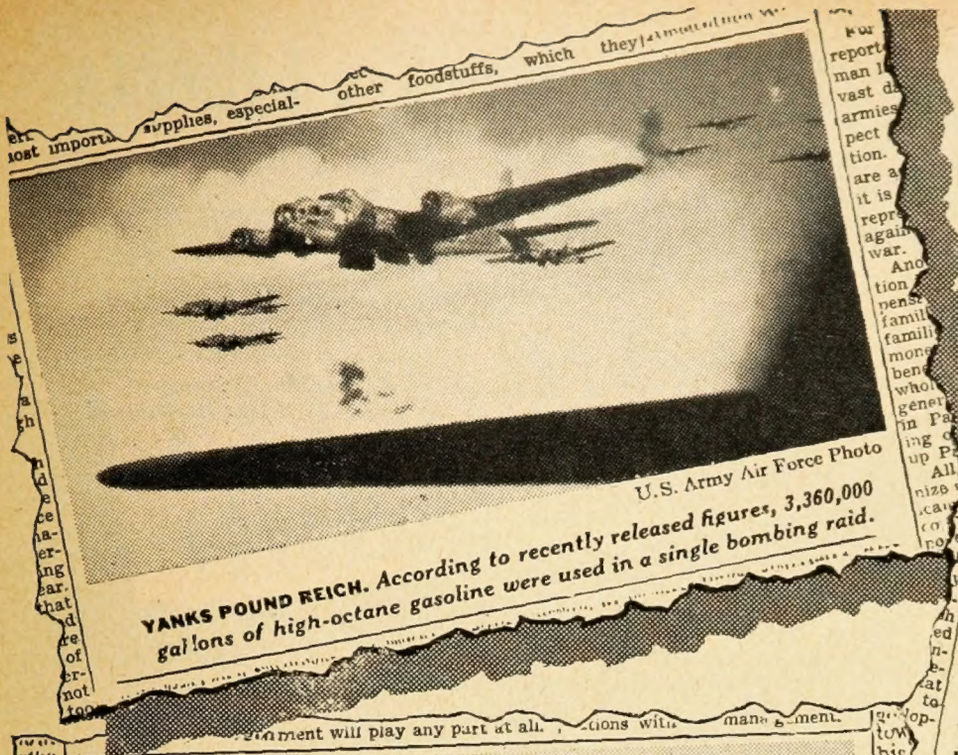
Telephones—light whiskey . . .
those are just two steps on the path of progress credited to the Gay Nineties.

And that same famed better taste of light whiskey is yours to enjoy because the original distiller, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, still personally supervises its blending. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

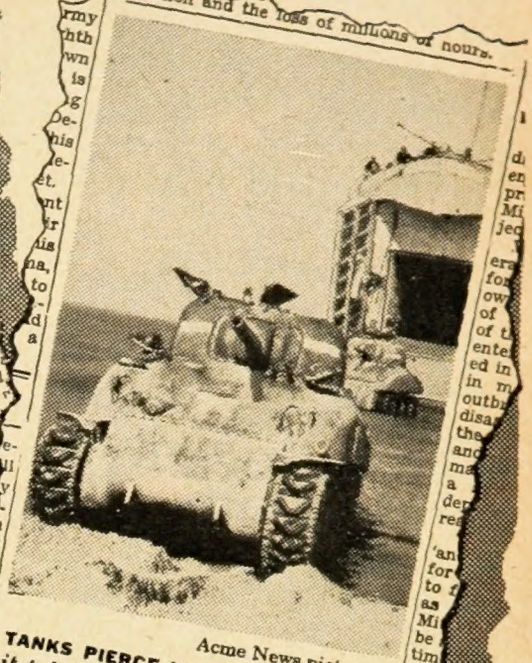
ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR . . . NOW AS IN 1892

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits



U.S. Army Air Force Photo

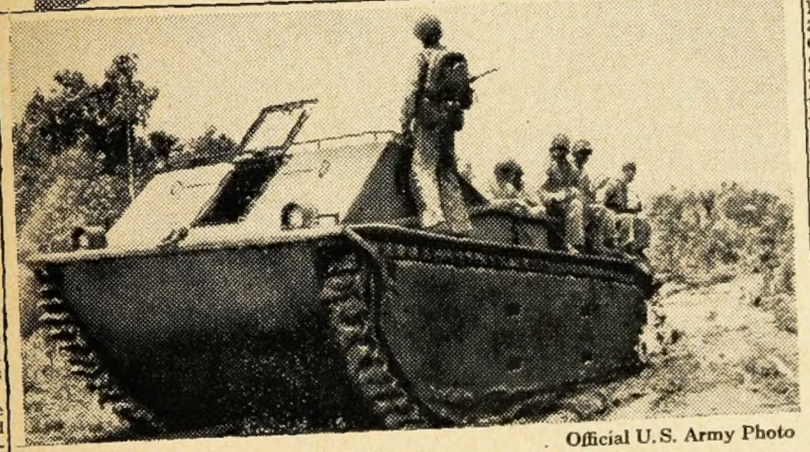
YANKS POUND REICH. *According to recently released figures, 3,360,000 gallons of high-octane gasoline were used in a single bombing raid.*



Acme News pictures

TANKS PIERCE NAZI LINE . . . *but it takes a lot of high-octane gasoline to keep 'em moving. Tanks of just one armored division will need about 2,500 gallons of high quality gasoline to go ten miles.*

NAPLES, [illegible]—The campaign in



Official U.S. Army Photo

ANOTHER JAP ISLAND TAKEN. *Every Jap outpost that is captured is quickly turned into an American base. Thousands of barrels of high-octane gasoline are needed to supply these captured air-fields from which further U. S. offensives are soon launched.*

By Telephone to The New York Times. | LONDON, [illegible]

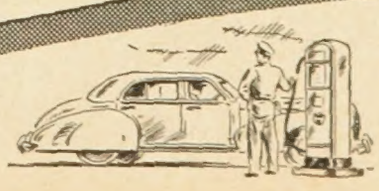
Coast Guard Photo

MILLIONS of drums of gasoline are going overseas—and practically all of it must be gasoline of the *highest quality*.

That's why oil companies use Ethyl fluid to improve the anti-knock quality of fighting gasoline—aviation and motor.

The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of this war. It is to help oil companies meet these demands that government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

ETHYL CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York City



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BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
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ETHYL *is a trade mark name*

Schick Injector Blades are back!

No more need to get along with less-than-perfect shaves. You can take your favorite razor down off the shelf and give your face a long-missed shaving treat. Those keen Schick Blades are back *in force.*

Yes, they're back ready to be teamed up with the razor that has brought shaving comfort to millions. And we're happy to say that we're meeting all demands for these blades—both military and civilian! Now, you can rediscover these Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years!

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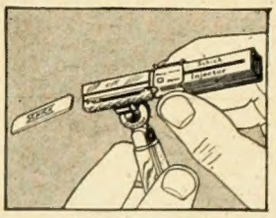
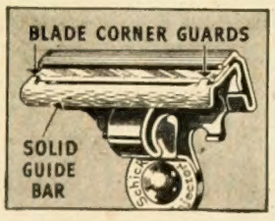
...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



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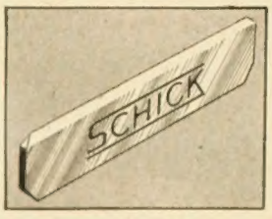
. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

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Cover: The Unforgotten Man
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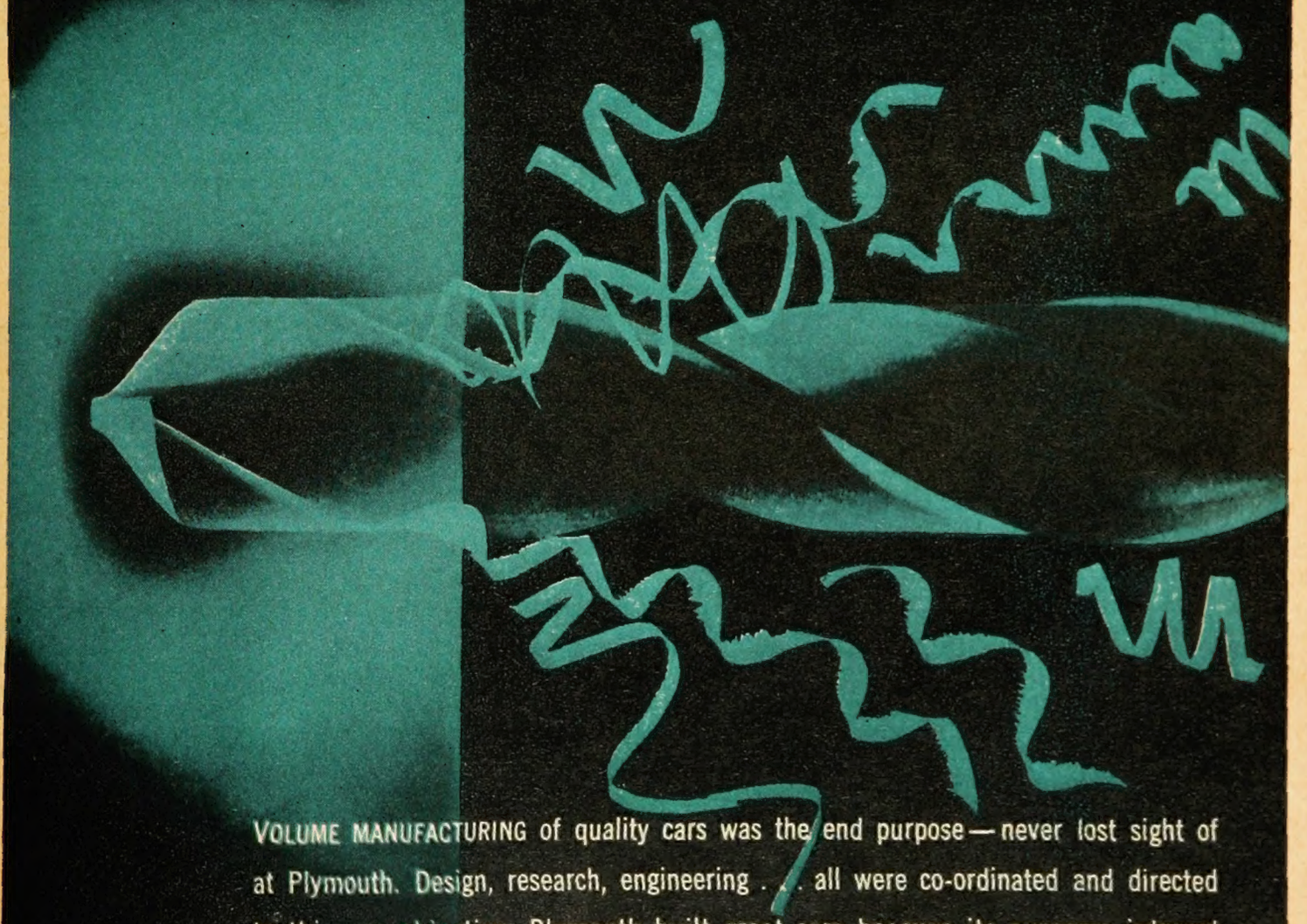
SECOND EDITION

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

True Yesterday—

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS THE "R

In Trust for Tomorrow

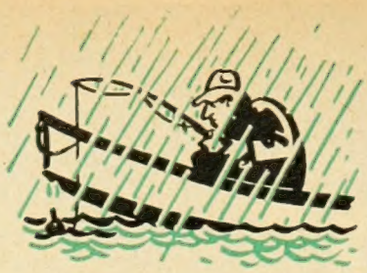


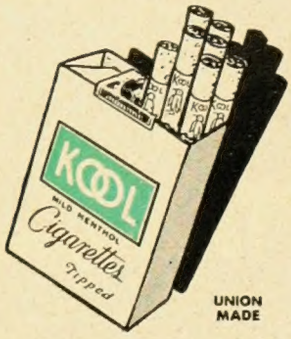
VOLUME MANUFACTURING of quality cars was the end purpose—never lost sight of at Plymouth. Design, research, engineering . . . all were co-ordinated and directed to this one objective. Plymouth built great cars because its supreme interest was in building them. That quality reputation is upheld today in the quantity manufacturing of war materials. And by Plymouth performance and Plymouth dealer service under wartime conditions. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BUY WAR BONDS!...TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

Remember that fishing trip

when all you caught was a cold?





UNION MADE

So you hooked up with a pack of KOOLS

and they felt so soo-oo-thing!

If you liked 'em so much when your throat was raw

Here's a whale of an idea: Why not smoke 'em all the time?

Catch on? Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

LIMIT OF DARKNESS

By Howard Hunt

Liberty's Book Condensation

This is the story of the men whose planes lash and rip at the enemy above the islands of the Pacific—what they are doing—how they live—and what they think about.

This is what they remember of their wives and the girls they knew. This is what they knew of love in the past, of what they can snatch of love in the present, and how they hope for the future.

It is such a close-to-action novel that you will live with these men every word of the way. And we think that you will remember them always.

ROOSEVELT'S PLACE IN WAR STRATEGY

By Michael Degnan

How much, actually, does President Roosevelt have to do with the way the war is fought? The straight-from-the-shoulder answer is punched home in this article.

SOLD—TO 55,000,000 PEOPLE!

By Edith M. Stern

There's a powerful lot of selling know-how behind the big totals rolled up in bond drives. And even though a man named Gamble handles the promotion, not one single move is left to chance!

THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON

By David Brinkley

Meet The Man—BILBO! He's the Boisterous Baron of Backwoods Billingsgate who now burdens the nation's capital with his bombastic theories.

OUR WAR IN ITALY

By John Daly

For awhile our Italian campaign seemed like one big mistake. But it's been proved that our long stalemate paid big dividends—and is still paying them.

BOYINGTON, LOST ACE

By Fred Hampson

South Pacific correspondent for the Associated Press

He strove to break Rick's record—and on his last mission tied it, but he failed to return. The flyer left behind him a story which has become a legend of the Pacific air war.

NO IMAGINATION

By H. Vernor Dixon

A thrilling story about the men who brave the sea bottom in diving suits. It takes hardy men—not cocky ones—to come through.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In the May 6 Vox Pop the Hun-loving Dan McPhee again shoots off his mouth in praise of the lover of Prussianism, McCormick of the Chicago Tribune. And a LeRoy Williams sounds off on a question he does not understand, or else deliberately misrepresents.

There may be several definitions of the "isolationist," but in the United States an "isolationist leader" is a Hun-lover who desires to destroy all that has been accomplished for humanity since Bunker Hill. It is true that there still is room for improvement, but that cannot be obtained by turning the United States over to McCormick's beloved bloodthirsty Huns.

This does not mean that I am a Roosevelt-lover either. But the President's idea that the United States must try to work with the other civilized nations in destroying and holding down the Huns in Europe and Asia is correct. Obviously I am *not* an admirer of the Hun-controlled "America First" organization. But I *am* for AMERICA First, and I realize that the only way to make that slogan mean anything good is by working and fighting with our friends against our common enemies, in this instance, Germany and Japan. Yours for victory!—*L. B. Jackson.*

PRETTY PICAYUNE

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Reading the story Double Sawbuck (May 6 Liberty) by Ernest Lehman, I am wondering who is

right—the taxi driver, Ernest Lehman, J. C. Crothers, or the Army designers.

The cab driver saw a blonde-headed girl and "a G. I. haircut underneath an overseas cap."

In the picture the overseas cap looks to me like a garrison cap. Or was that a sunshade?—*R. J. Brody.*

Gosh! Maybe it was a sunshade. Sorry!—VOX POP EDITOR.

FAIR ENOUGH!

NORTH REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.—Your article Are War Workers as Bad as That? (May 6 Liberty), by Peter Redfield was of great interest to me as I am a war worker. I have tried to get in the service, but Uncle Sam says I am worth more where I am. Mr. Redfield is 90 per cent right. But I am sorry to say there are a few men working in defense factories merely to dodge the draft. Give us more of these articles and maybe we can bring this minority of war workers to time.—*W. A. G.*

ISABEL RINGS THE BELL

TOLEDO, 9, OHIO.—I just finished reading I'll Go My Way (May 6 Liberty), by Isabel Moore, and I am rarin' to go—that is—to explode. My heart is overflowing with appreciation and gratitude for giving Liberty readers such a timely, thoroughly realistic, and patriotic "sermon" in story form.—*Mrs. Frieda Corman.*

GOING NATIVE . . .

FORT BRAGG, N. C.—I would like to make a little comment on Mrs. H. Shayer (On Hershey and Hirohito, May 6 Vox Pop), who has turned from a nice peaceful woman to the primitive type. In fact, so primitive that she thinks it an easy matter to kill 90,000,000 Japs. According to my

figures, if we averaged one thousand Japs every day, it would take about 225 years or more. I'm sure that I don't want to stay in this Army that long! I hardly think that Mrs. Shayer wants her sons away for that length of time. While we're killing all those Japs, we're going to lose a few men, too. Just think of all the old maids there will be after 225 more years of war! Of course she is a Mrs.; she has her man. —*Cpl. Jack Palmer.*

GAELIC WIT

DUNEDIN, FLA.—Paul Hunter's editorial Make No Little Plans for Postwar America (May 13 Liberty) is good sound advice. But I want to go on record to the effect that no matter whose plans you take, nor how glorious they are, they will still be far below the mark. They will be like the Irishman's skunk: "No man could smell the half of him!"—*Maynard D. Follin.*

FOR MEN ONLY

PORTALES, N. M., R. H. 2.—To the pure all things are pure. The obverse naturally follows. Therefore I read with amusement the attitude of Mrs. Ronald Dovile (May 6 Vox Pop) in regard to the girl who chose between two men as the father of her child. Why not? If both men were exposed to fatherhood with her, why not let the girl take her choice, so that for once the unmarried mother would not come out the little end of the horn?

It is rather startling to note in all literature that there are only unmarried mothers. If there are any unmarried fathers, I have not heard about them.

Nature, of course, does not ask for a marriage certificate. I believe that we, who

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ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

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TO BUY BOMBS

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LICORICE SWEETIES

Gay, candy-coated licorice flavored for 'Sweet' Eating.

We're supplying the Armed Forces. They come first. So if your dealer doesn't have these sweets today, look for them tomorrow.

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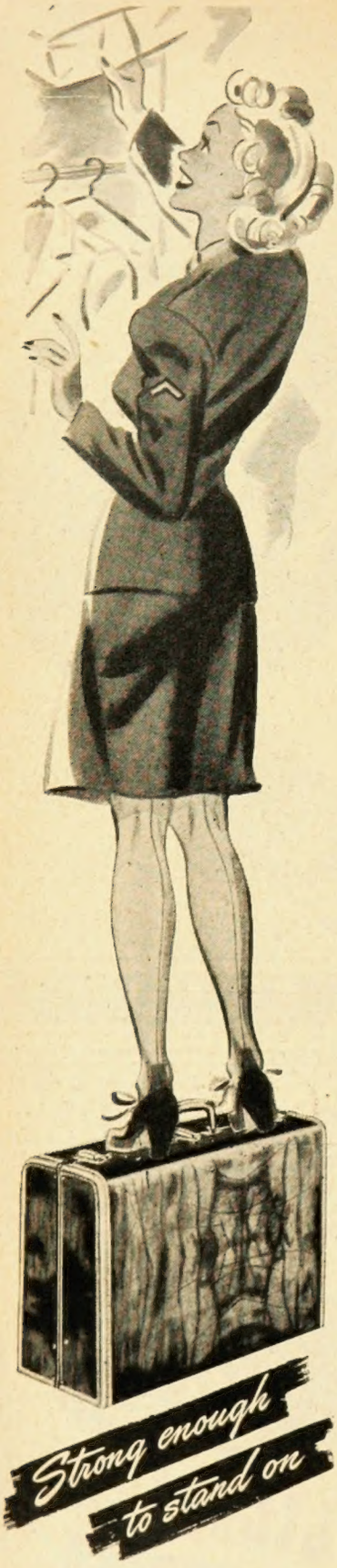

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Streamlite Luggage

» » America's most popular luggage, for him—for her. At better stores, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work

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Buy More War Bonds

so smuggly wear our wedding rings should be more tolerant of those women who have children contrary to Hoyle, because for every woman who becomes an unmarried mother, there is a *man* who *becomes* an *unmarried father.—Eunice Bailey Wood.*

IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU STAND!

DERRY, N. H.—Having just read Are War Workers as Bad as That? (May 6 Liberty) I just sat back in disgust.

I am in the Army, having given up a well paying business that I cannot hope to resume after the war. It has cost me about $15,000 to do my bit.

Being in the Army, I have been around the country a bit and have seen and heard things that have practically turned my stomach.

I'd like to know where these war workers get off at, claiming they are doing something for their country. I have *never* met even *one* who ever went into war work for his country. A job in an essential industry usually provides two or three benefits. The worker usually earns far more than he or she ever dreamed of earning in their lives. Secondly, for the male sex, it means a draft deferment. Thirdly, the fact that they are doing war work flatters their ego intensely.

For example, I am only working fifty hours a week, but I don't have a day off. Our shifts are just split evenly through the week. One day I work in the daytime, next in the evening, next at night, and then we start over. Talk about irregular hours and meals! Try my schedule sometime!

Last year, for several months, I worked ten to sixteen hours a day, with no day off, seven days a week. Of course the incentive to work like that is *great*. We get, theoretically, $50 a month. Sometimes we get a raise.

Some of these overworked war workers might try getting up at 6 A. M., being at work at 7 A. M., and working till midnight —of course with reasonable time off for lunch and supper and a couple of hours on the obstacle course in between. Then they might try getting up at 2.45 the next morning and doing eighteen hours of K. P. Or they might try doing their regular day's work from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M., then be assigned as charge of quarters until 7 A. M. the next morning.

Well, that's how the Army does things. Yet these war workers sit back and say that they are working too hard!

It's too bad that the war workers can't be put in the service and let the servicemen replace them in their jobs.—*A. D. S.*

THIS MAN WOULD WILLINGLY TRADE PLACES WITH A. D. S.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA.—After having read Pfc. Daniel O'Neill's letter, Give the Boys a Break (January 1 Vox Pop) I can't help but reply.

We of New Guinea realize, of course, that Pfc. Daniel is fighting a hard war, and that after having fought it for four months on the California desert he really needs a furlough. We all realize that he hasn't had a crease in his pants, nor a strawberry malt to spill on them, for the same length of time.

We also realize that he is probably a thousand miles from home and probably doesn't see a white woman for days. It's also pretty tough to stay in camp during a week-end and eat in a G. I. mess hall and sleep on a bed which has only a single thick mattress and only two white sheets.

In fact, we in New Guinea just don't realize there is a war going on. After all, some of us have only been here for twenty-two months and have had one leave in that time.

We have only to dodge a few bombs, sweat out an occasional strafing raid, and wait for our buddies who are out on missions. A good deal of our food consists of bully beef and carrots for several months.

The climate is ideal, with beautiful palms and those beautiful girls one reads about

in the States. We happily live in tents on dirt floors, with only a few spiders and lizards for companions.

It only rains here occasionally—once every twenty-four hours.

Also we have been fortunate enough to have seen at least three varieties of American candy—consisting of assorted fruit drops. *Usually* the chlorine has some water in it.

We are not bothered with U. S. O. shows. So far, only Una Merkle, Phyllis Brooks, and Gary Cooper have intruded into our otherwise happy existence. We are not bothered with air-conditioned theaters. We use a starlit roof, and we hardly notice any more when the sky clouds over suddenly and a tropic deluge wets us from stem to stern.

Nor are we bothered with ice-cold water freezing the fillings out of the *four* teeth that we have left. We have heard that there is beer somewhere on the island. One fellow was even fortunate enough to get a quart of Scotch, for which he paid only twenty-nine pounds—which is ninety-three dollars and thirty-eight cents in American money.

Yes, Pfc. O'Neill, my heart bleeds pure salt water for you—not for the fact that you are winning the war back on the California desert, not because you missed getting transportation for your furlough—but for the fact that you missed your calling. *You* should have joined the WAC.

So keep up the good fight, fellow. Some day we will get home and you can tell us all about your major campaigns.—(*Also*) *Pfc. Edward C. Merkle.*

ATTENTION, McGINNIS!

LOS ANGELES, 3, CALIF.—I agree with Pfc. Victor W. McGinnis (April 29 Liberty). How about an article and pictures —lots of pictures—of Susan Peters? I will

be as persistent as McGinnis if it will help. —*Mrs. Clare Hoppe.*

MASON CITY, IOWA.—To never-say-die Pfc. McGinnis (April 29 Liberty): WIPE YOUR CHIN!—*H. Aldrich.*

All for fun and fun for all!
FRANK SINATRA ★ GEORGE MURPHY
ADOLPHE MENJOU ★ GLORIA De HAVEN ★ WALTER SLEZAK ★ EUGENE PALLETTE
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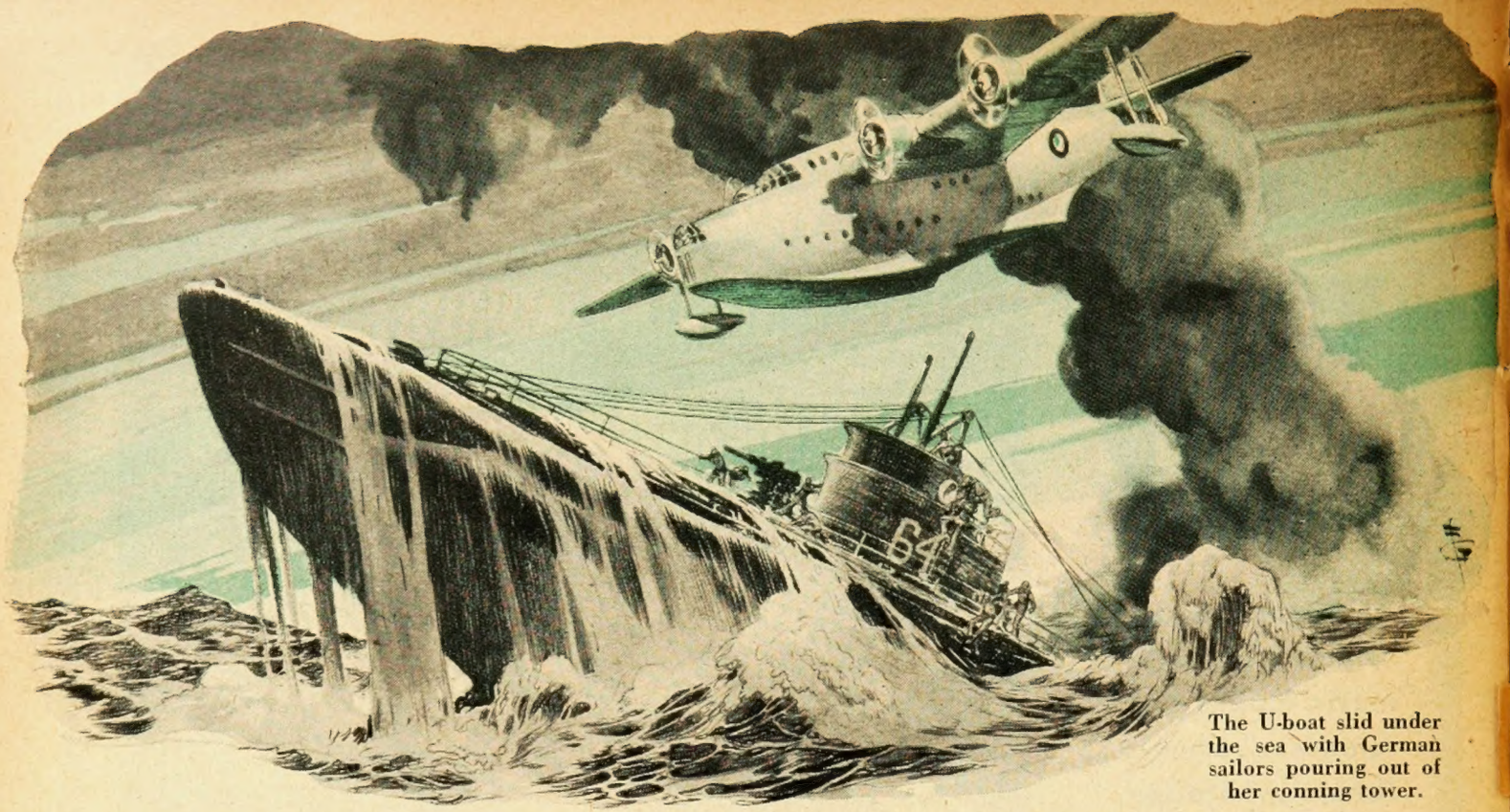
WITH
WALLY BROWN ★ ALAN CARNEY ★ GRANT MITCHELL ★ ANNE JEFFREYS
Produced by Robert Fellows
Directed by Tim Whelan
Screen play by Warren Duff and Peter Milne
A bubbling adventure in glamour, music, laughs and romance...when a theatrical troupe without an 'angel' invades New York's swankiest hotel.
Songs
7 NEW SONGS... AND SINATRA SINGS 5 OF THEM!
ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO



The U-boat slid under the sea with German sailors pouring out of her conning tower.

MAKE IT RARE AND JUICY

BY LT. COL. B. L. JACOT

War Correspondent, U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THIS is the story of a steak. No ordinary steak, this, but a prime Scottish sirloin, nearly two inches thick and as long as your forearm.

You've never seen such a steak.

It came up with special rations for the Sunderland crews at an Australian station somewhere in Great Britain, and the moment Flight Sergeant A. J. Spence saw it, he licked his lips.

The flight sergeant, who comes from Muttaburra, Queensland, Australia, is no mean cook. He's the nose gunner of the Sunderland U-for-Uncle, and he doubles in the role of cook on the long vigils out over the Atlantic. These huge British flying boats which day in and day out carry on the work of keeping the U-boats under are elegantly fitted with a galley and bunks.

The crews are well fed while they are aloft. They sit down to it in the wardroom with knife and fork, and the flight sergeant is one of many boys who, one of these days, are going to present a pretty domestic problem to their wives.

This steak, now, was clearly something special. The flight sergeant passed the word round as the R. A. A. F. crew made their way out in the launch to board U-for-Uncle.

"Boys!" he said. "What a steak I've got for you this trip! Two inches thick, and tender as a woman's heart!"

"I'll take hash," the captain said. His last two letters to his girl remained unanswered.

"No kidding! It's a beaut! Steak and chips—eh?"

"Good-oh!" agreed the rest of the crew.

So the steak went aboard with the rest of the rations for the trip. It lay between two plates by the side of the stove in the galley, and the Sunderland plowed her way through the gentle swell and, pulling unstuck, turned her nose out toward the Atlantic.

The hours passed with the gray spread of the Atlantic beneath their wings. From time to time the Australian flight sergeant flicked his switch and spoke into the intercom from his position right forward in the nose.

Here's a different story out of the war. You don't usually mix juicy steaks with U-boats, but this R.A.A.F. crew did. It makes good eating

"Boys!" he would announce. "Two inches thick! Juicy steak. Ninety-seven minutes to go."

And later: "Chaps! Only fifty-seven minutes. Who wants it rare and juicy? Any one for browning it just a shade crisper? Goes better with the onions that way."

With twenty-five minutes to go Flight Sergeant Spence had worked the crew up into a gastronomical near riot. The voting was now unanimous for rare and juicy.

At the appointed moment (appointed by himself) Spence left his post in the nose of the great ship and made his way to the galley. From tail gunner to astrodrome word went round the ship, *"Spence is cooking the steak!"*

The crew of U-for-Uncle licked their lips. Steak and chips, with French beans and tender American corn!

The Sunderland droned on over the wastes. The evening sun shone from a cloudy sky. The sizzling in the galley below deck began to send a delicious smell of fried onions drifting through the ship.

The second pilot, sweeping the seas ahead through his binoculars, was debating with himself—so he reported—whether he would take tomato catchup or horseradish sauce, when an odd line in the pattern below attracted his attention.

He stiffened as he watched. "That looks like a wake, skipper!" he suddenly said. "Out on the starboard bow."

The captain followed his jerked forearm with his binoculars. For a moment he was tense. Then, "By golly! You're right!" he said. *"Action stations!"*

In a flash the crew was in position to attack.

"The crew drill was so good," the captain reported, "there was no need for me to press the alarm button. Every man was on the job as soon as I had got into the pilot's seat and taken over the controls."

The Sunderland made a steep turn, maneuvering without a split second's delay into the perfect position for attack.

Flight Sergeant Spence—a moment ago, cook—was back in the nose at his guns. The stoves were out; the food, the pans, the dishes swept away; the galley deserted.

No one noticed the lingering delicious

(*Continued on page 60*)

AMERICA DISCOVERS... a new favorite

Wherever you go—the big swing is to Blatz Beer. In fine hotels! In leading bars! In clubs the country over!

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Back the Attack!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The Bell Aircraft helicopter, flown by test pilot Floyd W. Carlson, shows its maneuverability in and around all types of obstructions.

Your Future Travel Plans

Months ago we warned you that you'd be hearing a great deal about helicopters in the future. Well, here's the latest newcomer in this promising field, the product of Bell Aircraft Corporation at Buffalo, New York. After two Bell helicopters had been flying for a year, the company decided to announce that its new design, incorporating important principles which make for stability in flight and for precision control, is beyond the preliminary experimental stage.

The greatest single problem in helicopter design has been stability in flight. Bell designer Arthur P. Young believes he has solved this problem, after twelve years of study, by rendering the rotor independent of the mast by a new stabilizing device. The rotor tends to remain in a horizontal plane.

The Bell machine uses a conventional antitorque propeller on the tail and has a three-wheel landing gear. The Franklin 160-horsepower engine is of the horizontally opposed air-cooled type, and is mounted vertically directly aft of the pilot's compartment. The closed-cabin model utilizes generous sections of transparent plastic. The two-bladed rotor makes possible a simplified hub design. Rotor, mast, transmission, and engine are mounted integrally.

The span of the rotor is thirty-three feet, and the diameter of the antitorque propeller is about five feet. The main rotor blades are of solid wood construction, with a steel insert in the leading edge to aid in mass balancing and for added strength.

Bell is one of the many companies that have designed and produced experimental helicopter models, and for the war has been building P-39 Airacobras and the new jet propulsion planes.

Something Out of H. G. Wells

Early in May members of the Aviation Writers' Association were let in on one of the war's best hush-hush secrets—the 400-passenger airplane proposed by Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation. At its huge Fort Worth plant, the writers were shown through the big full-scale wooden mock-up of the projected six-engined plane. While few details can be disclosed publicly, an idea of the size of the airplane can be given.

"The effect of walking through this huge empty fuselage gave the impression that somehow one had wandered into an unused section of the subway," was the reaction of Albert D. Hughes, aviation editor of the Christian Science Monitor.

It's no dream. Some component parts are already being fabricated. Its six engines are "pushers," that is, they are in the trailing edge of the wing instead of the leading edge, thus providing a cleaner and more aerodynamically perfect wing. The wing itself is a superior air foil developed by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and is placed midway of the natural diameter of the fuselage.

In postwar air service this great airplane will be able to make three round trips weekly between New York and London, carrying mail and cargo in quantity and a great number of passengers. We wish we could tell you something of the dimensions. There's only one word that is suitable: colossal.

Almost Like Commuting

Let anyone who doubts that transatlantic flying has grown into a huge business hearken to the latest reports of the Air Transport Command of the Army Air Forces.

During a recent month 500 crossings were made by cargo and passenger planes operating between New York and destinations in the United Kingdom and Africa! Of this total, a substantial number were made by domestic and international air lines operating under contract to A. T. C.; the remainder were operated by A. T. C. itself.

This 500 total does not include the ferrying of purely military aircraft across the ocean, a vast volume of traffic which has been in progress for many months. The 500 cargo and passenger planes are types easily convertible to commercial operations, mostly four-engined transports especially designed to carry military cargo and passengers.

For the month, the A. T. C. figures show that some 2,500,000 pounds of cargo and 4,000 war-important passengers were carried.

Penetrating Germany's Defenses

For many months one of the most dangerous jobs tackled by Army Air Forces fighter pilots has been the strafing of airfields deep inside Germany. Such strafing has been necessary to insure the destruction of the enemy air force.

To destroy enemy planes on these distant fields, the War Department points out that it has been necessary for P-47 Thunderbolts, P-51 Mustangs, and P-38 Lightnings to fly through hundreds of miles of enemy territory and run the gauntlet of hundreds of ground guns. Some of these guns shoot as high as 40,000 feet; others are set to cross-fire above the fields, and even rifles and "tommy guns" are brought into play.

Some idea of the hazards facing these pilots is seen from the fact that they zoom down and across the enemy fields at speeds up to 450 miles an hour, flying sometimes only ten feet above the ground. Because of buildings and other obstructions—plus watching out for other planes of his own force—the slightest error in judgment is likely to end in a crash.

In the initial stages of his attack the fighter pilot is protected by his speed, and as long as he stays low, using shelter of trees and hills, he is a difficult target. However, when he turns homeward, he often must climb high enough to pick out landmarks. And, the War Department points out, "the moment he sticks his nose up, like a prizefighter coming out of his crouch, he becomes more vulnerable." While climbing, his speed falls and his evasive action becomes restricted—he's like a clay pigeon for flak batteries. Also, enemy planes have the advantage of being able to dive on him.

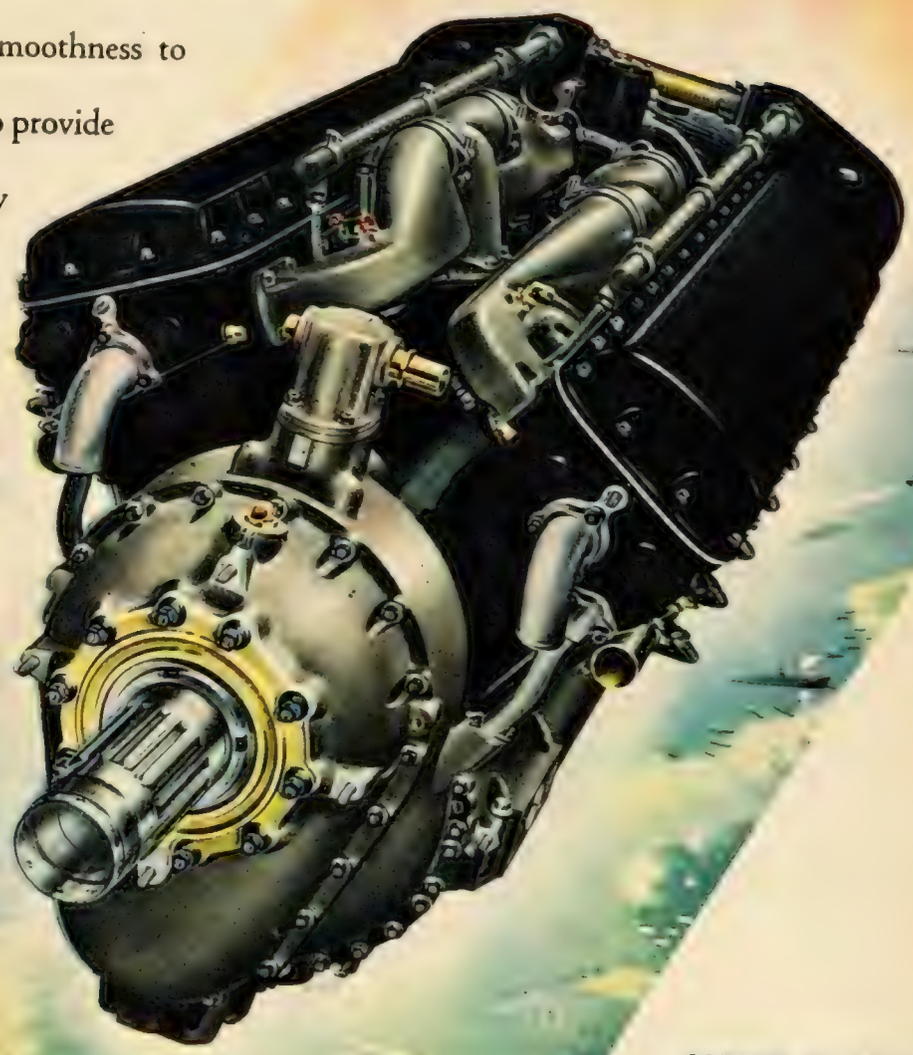
Unless a plane is seen to explode and burn, strafing pilots claim only that the enemy aircraft was damaged. Their reports are checked carefully with those of accompanying pilots. Gun cameras, synchronized to operate in conjunction with the fighters' guns, provide additional evidence. Photos made by reconnaissance planes often give a further check.

In a fighter pilot's official score of victories, planes destroyed on the ground are kept separate from those destroyed in aerial combat. This permits an accurate appraisal if any question arises as to how his record compares with other flyers' scores.

One of the leading strafers in the European theater is Major James A. Goodson, A. A. F. twenty-three-year-old Mustang squadron commander of Toronto, Canada. Of the twenty-six enemy planes that Major Goodson has destroyed, fifteen were on the ground.

WORTHY WEAPON

America's fighter pilots using Allison-powered planes are downing the enemy on every battle front. ★ Allison engines by superb performance have proved their ability to take punishment, their smoothness to lessen pilot fatigue, their economy to provide long range. ★ These engines—worthy weapons today — will contribute to the comfort and safety of the planes you will ride in tomorrow.



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When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Democratic Chairman Bob Hannegan. If Roosevelt does not run, his job will be plenty tough.

CAN THE DEMOCRATS WIN WITHOUT ROOSEVELT?

BY BLAIR BOLLES

If Roosevelt doesn't run, who'll get the nod from the Democrats, and what are his chances? A top political writer looks up Hannegan's sleeve

WHEREVER you find a politician these days you find a man asking himself a question: Will Bob Hannegan have an ace up his sleeve?

The problem pressing Robert E. Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is that at the Democratic Convention, which opens in Chicago on July 19, the most successful Presidential candidate in American history may announce his impending retirement from politics. In this event the Democrats, accustomed to victory, would be certain to face the toughest battle they have fought since 1928, when the Republicans' Herbert Hoover overwhelmed Al Smith. The zestful, confident Republicans look strong this year.

For months Democrats have been wondering whether they can win the Presidential election in 1944 without Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He hasn't said he won't run, but he hasn't said he will. In voting three times, in 1932, 1936, and 1940, to send him to the White House, American citizens have cast the unprecedented total of 77,539,996 ballots for Roosevelt. He has given the Democrats the winning habit.

If he declines to try it a fourth time, whom should the party pick in his stead? Hannegan is looking for an ace to play at Chicago—the name of a substitute vote catcher.

For Hannegan the convention problem has two aspects. He wants the Democrats to win. He wants Roosevelt to run. Should Roosevelt say no, Hannegan will be forced to decide whether to string along with a conservative or to try to obtain from the 1,176 delegates a nomination for a man friendly to the New Deal tradition.

Hannegan has had to carry on his search for a substitute out of sight of the public. Because of the uncertainty about President Roosevelt's future plans, only conservative opponents of the present administration have been pressed into the open as prospective candidates for the Democratic nomination. Three names stand out in the conservative group—Senator Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, former Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, and former Postmaster General James Aloysius Farley of New York. Ely and Farley probably would swing their support to Byrd.

Byrd, a powerful figure in the Shenandoah Valley, has steadily increased his national stature by his reneated cry for economy in government. In these days of stiff taxes for even moderate incomes, it is a cry that is heard farther than it was four years ago.

Byrd has been insisting that he will not accept a nomination at Chicago, but the forces behind him reflect the growing dissatisfaction of many Southern Democrats with the administration. Most outspoken among these Southern Democrats is Ellison Smith, Senator "Cotton Ed," from South Carolina.

"I want to nominate Harry Byrd for President right now and call on the Southern States to organize a Democratic Party and let us try to get one decent President." That's Cotton Ed talking last December. The "Solid South" may split asunder this July, although it probably won't.

Meanwhile Roosevelt's friends have been staying in the background. Perhaps

(Continued on page 55)

An hour before noon a Navy patrol plane circled overhead while we waved from windows.

THE CRUISE of BARRACKS No. 2611

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. CROTHERS

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Personal

DEAR Mr. President,

You will no doubt be surprised that once again Pvt. William Crawford is bypassing Army channels to write his Commander in Chief direct. The more so because this time I have no solution to offer for any large-scale project such as winning the war or easing the labor shortage. However, I do feel that the cruise of Barracks No. 2611 poses a situation that should be resolved, and only you can do it.

Our company reached the port of embarkation late at night, and was placed in three barracks. It was my fortune, or misfortune, to be among those assigned to No. 2611. We naturally were more concerned with our possible destination than with the place we would spend the next few days. Too, we were tired from the long train ride, and it was a nasty night. And there was no reason to notice this particular barracks among the others lined row upon row along the bank between the river and the bay, except that it was out of line.

In barracks that behaved like a boat, soldiers go down to the sea. Their weird adventures result in another letter to the President

Barracks No. 2611, as I said, was definitely out of line with the other barracks in the long row of two-story structures. Too, it was shored up on cribbing. I overheard the sergeant who was directing us to quarters mention that the blankety-blank building had slipped its foundations again. It was not until later on that night that I began speculating on

the real significance of that word *again.*

So we piled inside, slipped our packs, made up beds and fell into them. The building rocked slowly in the wind, like a cradle, lulling me to sleep.

"Say," Ed Barnes said, waking me just as I dozed off. "Say, Will, there's something funny about this barracks. Some of the boys down at the PX say—"

I'm afraid my retort was on the short side, Mr. President, and Ed went away muttering.

I immediately felt sorry, and called to him, but he wouldn't answer. I called again, and this time Sergeant Grite answered from the door of the squad room, and that, for the nonce, was that.

I lay there wondering what Ed had been about to tell me. Thinking about it, I fancied the sway of Barracks No. 2611 was in a sense peculiar; though I must admit I had had no previous experience sleeping in a storm on the upper floor of a barracks shored up on cribbing. Finally I put the sensation down to the combined sounds of the wind and rain, the river, and the lapping of the waves on the bay shore. I finally dozed off.

"Say, Will," Ed said, waking me again. "Say, have you got any of them pills?"

My first impulse to anger vanished as, sleepy as I was, I noticed the genuine concern in his voice.

"Sick?" I asked.

"Well, no," Ed said. Ed Barnes, Mr. President, was, as you will recall from my previous letters, the garbage collector of Prairie Center, before he and I were inducted. "I ain't exactly sick, Will. Just dizzy. Almost fell on my face, coming over here from my bunk. Felt like the floor heaved up. I guess I need one of them pills."

"Sure, Ed." I got up and, stooping to feel in my barrack bag, suddenly felt myself lurching forward.

"Guess I need one of those pills myself," I muttered.

"Feels just like the whole floor was tilting under your feet, huh?" Ed said. "Must of been something we et on the train. I didn't like the looks of them meat balls at supper."

"Maybe that's why you only ate nine," I said. "Here's the pills. Take—"

"Now, wait a minute, Will. I don't like your insinuations about my appetite and —well, everything. Now, take tonight when I tried to tell you— Hey!" he yelled. "Hey, Will! That's it! That's *it!*"

"At ease," I advised. "If you wake up Sergeant Grite— What's *it?*"

HE moved unsteadily to the window and stuck his head out. Meanwhile soldiers awakened by his yelling were advising him to pipe down.

"He's sick," I said.

"Well, he don't have to yell about it," somebody said.

"O. K.," Ed said, turning from the window. "You guys can find out for yourself." And he reeled to his bunk.

Something was definitely wrong with me. The floor kept tilting, first this way and then that. I gulped three pills and groped to the latrine for some water. The latrine lights were out. Worse, no water came from the faucets. I felt my way back and got a drink from my canteen. And it was just then that a thought occurred to me. Perhaps I wasn't sick after all. Perhaps Ed hadn't been sick.

Going to the window, I found my suspicion realized. What I saw, Mr. President, I will remember to my dying day. Below me was water—deep water tossed high in heavy seas. A wave hit me in the face. I ran to Ed's bunk.

"Ed! Ed! We're afloat! We're out in the bay. And this wind is blowing us the devil knows where!"

"Afloat?" Ed yawned. "Sure we are. I seen that." He turned over. "Leave me alone. I want to get some sleep. It's Saturday inspection tomorrow."

"But we've got to do something! The bay must have risen with the storm and washed us away!"

"Whoever heard of a bay rising with a storm?" Ed said scornfully. "No—that ain't what happened."

"I've seen beach houses, after a storm, undermined and carried away— Wait a minute," I said. "What do you mean?"

"I mean maybe the bay rose up—and maybe this barracks went down to the bay," Ed said. "And don't pester me." He pulled the blankets over his head.

Meanwhile my shouting had aroused others. After a few acid remarks, one man got out of bed and looked out the window. He began to yell; the others, following his example, did likewise. Presently Sergeant Grite's voice, that can cut through a storm or the bedlam of a frightened mob, inquired as to the unprintable cause of the hurrah.

"We're afloat," I said. "The building is out in the bay."

"Crawford, I'll have no smart lip out of you, and I won't tell you again," he said. He strode down the aisle, shooting the beam of his flashlight here and there, his erect bantam figure bristling. "Hit those flea sacks now, or we'll have a little extra duty around here."

"We're afloat!" I said desperately. "Look out the window!"

A lurch of the floor emphasized my remarks. Sergeant Grite reeled.

"I said back in bed!" he roared. "Afloat or ashore, you're still soldiers!"

So we got back in bed, and then he condescended to investigate. He made the rounds of the windows. Finally he took a stance in the middle of the heaving floor.

"All right, you guys!" he roared. "Who shoved this here barracks into the river? Which one of you goof-ups done it? I been easy of late, on account of we was headed across, but this is too much! Somebody's going to get K. P. for a week for this!"

"Sergeant," I pointed out, "it would be kind of hard for one man to push a two-story barracks into the river."

"Yeah? Well, a barracks don't crawl into the bay of its own hook. All right, you guys. Nobody gets a pass until I find out who done it."

"It might be something else. Ed Barnes started to tell me—"

Sergeant Grite whirled to Ed's bunk and began shaking him.

"So it's you pulled this building into the river, huh?" Grite bawled. "Don't try to lie out of it! Crawford just told me you admitted it!"

Without going into harrowing detail, Mr. President, let me simply say that once an idea is implanted in Sergeant Grite's mind, nothing can transplant it. The upshot of it was that Ed and I were detailed to stand guard the remainder of the night, with plenty of time to consider the prospect of a court-martial for malicious destruction of government property.

"You and your big mouth!" Ed remarked, and with that, he shut up like a clam.

SERGEANT GRITE blew his whistle a half hour early. It was still dark. "Pile out of them flea sacks," he roared, "and get ready for inspection!"

"Inspection?" a voice said bleakly. "How can you have an inspection? It don't make sense."

"Who said there *was* gonna be one? I said get ready, didn't I? On Saturday, you get ready for inspection. That's Army. What do I want you guys to do—loaf around and get soft? Get them beds made and this place mopped up and them rifles cleaned. And any man goofs-up he'll hear from me!"

It goes without saying, Mr. President, that Sergeant Grite is an old Army man and strictly G. I.

"But, sergeant," somebody said, "we're out in the bay—"

"You want to argue about it?"

Nobody did. So we went to work.

Luckily the mops and brooms were hanging from nails just outside the door. There was plenty of water for mopping purposes. We had the place mopped when

(*Continued on page 51*)

"Standing by for inspec—!" The colonel's face became red; he swallowed.

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

Those tender, juicy cuts of beef come from cattle fattened on corn, but nowadays the hogs are hogging all of it.

RARE BEEF? YOU SAID IT, BROTHER!

WHEN the OPA declared a ration holiday on all meats but beef roasts and beef steaks, early in May, it was the final touch to the great American mystery—What Gives with Beef? For months, stories about how the nation had more beef on the hoof than ever before ran in the same newspapers with official insistence that meat rationing was dead necessary. Then, just as the bewildered consumer was giving up the riddle, meat rationing was dropped. Then he was quickly warned that relief was only temporary; next winter might well see meat scarcer than ever.

Furthermore, what there was would probably be of lower quality.

Grappling with such confusion, the citizen tends to conclude that it's just some more of those games they play in Washington. But the wrongest guesser in the whole land is probably the housewife who suspects that, now the meat-rationing yoke has been broken, happy days are here again and pretty soon all she'll need to get a good steak legitimately will be the price and the impulse to phone the butcher.

The trouble is, she doesn't know how complicated the beef picture is. Even in peacetime the beef industry is as sensitive as an old-time gas mantle, as cranky as a two-cycle engine, and as speculative as betting on the weather. A knowledge of how whiteface calves are turned into Sunday dinner may help forestall the worst of those dizzy spells arising from what happens next to beef—whatever does happen next.

It's a real job to explain to a housewife in a small Western city why there isn't an ounce of sirloin in town when the ranges are so loaded with cattle that her husband mutters that they may have to shoot their calves this fall to save pasture for the balance of the stock.

It's easiest to start with what isn't true. Contrary to much you hear, beef's recent and coming difficulties have little to do with lend-lease shipments. Lend-lease largely takes grades of cow you wouldn't waste money on. And the large quantities of meat, beef included, that Australia and New Zealand supply to our men in the South Pacific as reverse lend-lease considerably reduce our armed forces' calls on American-raised steers.

Nor is there much in uninformed squawks about "beef-hoarding" ranchers. True, some experts think current income and profits taxes tend to make ranchers hang on to stock, since profits from the last bunch of steers sold get pretty small per animal. But nobody in the know considers that a major factor. Like other wartime food producers, the rancher is starved for competent help these days. Deliberate stock hoarding would make disastrous the already high disproportion between the number of critters on the range and the number of cow hands to look after them.

Actually the 41,000,000 head of beef cattle we now have—11,000,000 more than in 1939—are a rancher's nightmare. The cattle regions had a good spring; grass

KEYSTONE PHOTO

Prime beef receiving U. S. label. Cuts like these are scarce and will probably get scarcer still, unless the corn farmers outdo themselves.

The ups and downs of the meat supply have every housewife in a dither, but it's a far cry from the calf on the hoof to the roast on the platter

BY J. C. FURNAS

doing fine. But the ranges were already at capacity last fall because of a string of good seasons and changes in cattle distribution occasioned by war. This spring's fresh millions of calves may make crowding deadly serious. Drought would play unmitigated hell. Few take predictions of calf shooting seriously, except as an indication of how baffled and enraged the rancher feels. As he sees it, first the nation asked him to step up beef production as a patriotic duty and then fixed it so he can't market his beef profitably.

Here comes another paradox. On points or off, prime roast or "good"-grade chuck, beef has been anything but plentiful for civilians. Yet during the last twelve months the United States slaughtered more beef than the prewar normal, and it expects another record slaughter in the coming year. More beef on the range and in the slaughterhouse; much less beef on the domestic menu. How can that possibly add up?

The armed forces, of course, are part of it. This year three of every ten pounds of beef go to men in uniform, much of it the steaks and roasts so dismally missing from your table. In 1941 that figure was only one pound in twenty. The well-paid war worker, however, rather than the soldier, is probably chiefly responsible for the beef scarcity.

BEEF is our king of meats. Remember that two-inch porterhouse at Jim's or Tony's, charred in stripes outside, rosy rare inside, cutting tender but not cheesy, gravy flooding steadily as carving progressed? Uh-huh, most Americans feel that same way. And millions of them, never able to afford much beef on prewar earning power, just naturally buy it to the limit of their points and newly fattened pocketbooks when war jobs put them in the chips. With other meats off rationing, this pressure on steaks and roasts, when available, will be stronger than ever.

Retailers in poorer sections of cities, the bulk of whose business used to be cheaper pork cuts, report they needed twice as much beef last winter as they could lay hands on. An expert guess is that current civilian demand for beef is at least half again higher than available supply. Due to share-alike rationing and more pay checks for more people, civilian beef has had to spread much thinner per person than it did in 1939.

The same is true of other meats in varying degrees. That is the only explanation for the fact, incredible to many dining-car patrons and better-than-average-income families, that American civilians are actually eating more meat per capita than their 1933-39 average—126.4 pounds a year each then, 138.8 pounds in 1943. On the same basis, beef consumption has dropped hardly at all—55 pounds a year then, 50.5 pounds in 1943. Few grudge beef to men in uniform, and not many mind sharing with people who seldom had their portion of beef in peacetime. But what happens next involves much more.

On the Bar-X ranch this spring a brick-

red cow with a solemn white countenance gave birth to a wobbly-legged calf. Many of his mother's older or less likely sisters were sold to packing houses last fall as the Bar-X, foreseeing trouble with crowded ranges, culled breeding stock to cut down the birth rate. But this sturdy matron was worth keeping. To her this calf is something to be licked, nursed, and protected. To the owner he is a developing frame of bones on which to grow beef for you and me to eat—if he can get it to us profitably.

In the old days the calf would have been weaned, branded, and, in due season, altered into a steer. Then his sole job would have been to graze and grow several years until, depending on quality of pasture and breeding, he was fat enough to be worth shipping to the packing plant. A lot of beef still comes normally from critters fattened only on grass. Most of the beef you will get for the duration will be that kind. It can be toothsome and quite nourishing, but don't expect it to be like that steak at Tony's.

Gradually a different system grew up. Families grew smaller and wanted smaller roasts than come from big-framed, grass-fed animals. Modern hurry called for faster beef production. So calves were bred for smaller bone and quicker growth and, when prices were right, were sold young—as calves, yearlings, maybe two-year-olds—to Midwestern "feeders" whose specialty was packing meat on cattle intensively. Kept in fenced feed lots, regularly crammed with corn, cottonseed meal, and other bovine dainties, such cattle didn't waste energy walking round looking for pasture, and fattened much more rapidly than they would on the best of range grass. Their meat made small cuts of high-quality beef, rich, juicy, and tender, something to dream about. The adjective "corn-fed" became part of the language.

THIS rancher-feeder relation was like that between the greenhouse man who starts tomato plants and the gardener who buys, plants, and matures them. Before the war, practically all beef of the fancier grades and much of the "good" grades took that route to your table. The blocking of that route is a prime reason why all beef will probably be back on points eventually and get steadily tougher. Feed is the hitch. The rancher-feeder arrangement is tied as closely to cattle feed, predominantly corn, as ship production is to steel. In matching the national economy to war needs, Washington saw fit to set beef and corn prices at relative levels that go far toward putting the cattle feeder out of business.

Official estimates say we have 23 per cent fewer cattle on feed than last year. Feeders say it will be 50 per cent by fall. Out through the Midwest the feed lots are still there—lines of troughs, grassless surface, dead trees girdled by gnawing cattle—but the cattle are missing. The last batch of feeders bought from Texas or Arizona ranchers were sold off last fall. Their successors were never bought, because that would be a sure way to lose your shirt. Cattle feeders are born gamblers, or they would never be in a business teeteringly dependent on guessing right between the fluctuating prices of feed and beef on the hoof. But current odds against them are more than Coal-Oil Johnny would have bucked.

"I had seven hundred steers on feed usually," you hear. "This year I only got sixty bull calves, and I donno where I'll get corn for them. Now here's old Judge [illegible] place. He used to carry maybe [illegible] hundred head right along. I bet you

(Continued on page 72)

MONEY FROM HOME

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

THE half dollar was for luck, so Old Planisek, Steve's father, gave it to him when Steve left the hot mill to go to war. He drilled a hole in the half dollar and strung it on a cord and tied it around Steve's neck.

There was a story with it. When Old Planisek came to America in 1906 he brought with him the gold ring of his mother's family, a treasure that was to be sold only in extreme need. He landed in New York penniless and scared, sick from the passage, and fourteen years old.

He said later that his judgment was pulled apart by his fear. Never in his life was he so scared, Old Planisek said. He was lost in the strange enormous noise of America. He wanted to lie down in all the clang and clatter of the street and die. Wherever he put his face in at a door, hands reached out at him demanding money, and he had none. He was made jelly by the sickness of his fear, and decided that the time of extreme need had come already, and therefore he sold the ring.

He sold it to a kindly man he met on the street, a gentleman who spoke a few words of Old Planisek's language. The gentleman gave him a half dollar for the ring, and went to the trouble of pointing out the wonders of the coin, the letters on it that spelled LIBERTY. Old Planisek knew that word; any steerage baby had that much English. Old Planisek—Young Planisek then—wept over the letters on the half dollar; in his distraught state it might have dropped into his hand, a spark from the lady's torch out there in the bay; and the gentleman wished him luck with it and shook his hand, and went on his way with the gold ring.

Good luck can't be bought and sold, Steve's father told him, and a coin that saves a life is worth more than what it can buy

The next day a labor agent hired Young Planisek as shear scrapper in a distant steel mill. Young Planisek still had the half dollar, and he still had it two years later when he went over to doubler's helper, and it was in his pocket when he was married, three years after that. He clapped it for luck when each of his five daughters was safely born, when his beautiful wife Anna was sick with pneumonia and recovered, when he went on in the hot mill to charger, matcher, rougher, heater. He prayed for a son, and a son was born, after five girls.

In everything, Planisek was lucky and prospered. With his savings he bought a small farm, and when the first daughter was married it went to her for a dot. By then Planisek was a roller, running his own turn at his own mill. The children went to college and the girls learned music. He thought often of how proud his own mother would have been of them. He was able to give a gift of land to each of his daughters, as they married.

And to his son Old Planisek gave the half dollar.

"Be good luck," he said, when he tied the coin around Steve's neck. "You read in the papers how the bullet is bent by good-luck something. Maybe that happens, hey?"

He slapped Steve's shoulder. He couldn't tell Steve all he felt in his heart about the half dollar, and the magic of its word LIBERTY—the word that had penetrated his fright, that had given point to his work and courage to his ambition through the years. He slapped his son's shoulder and laughed until the tears came.

"Money from home," Steve said. "Money in the bank. I'll never be broke." He grinned and toasted the coin gravely with wine, and they all drank to its luck in silence, in a ceremony that became for a moment fully as impressive as Old Planisek could have wanted.

WHEN Steve came back, the half dollar was famous in the town. Its picture had been in the paper, showing the dent in it from a Japanese bullet, and beside it a photograph of Steve in his hospital bed, holding up the coin.

"But it isn't as good as it sounds," Steve said. "The publicity guys built it up."

"It saved your life!" Old Planisek exploded.

"The doctors said it didn't make much difference. It was a light machine gun at extreme range, so the bullets were pretty well spent, to begin with, and as it was, I was hit five times in the arms and chest area. It would have been more surprising if they'd missed the half dollar. Although," Steve added quickly, "I wouldn't kick around my luck. More power to it!"

"Yes," Old Planisek said. He was quite angry. "You give it respect. Don't forget that." He thumped the arm of his chair. "Money in the bank, good luck. I tell you what it means—I know—"

"Yeah, dad, sure," Steve said. He had heard the story of the half dollar many times. "And that reminds me." He flipped the coin on its cord and dropped it down his shirt front. "I don't know whether I ought to tell you this or not, but—" he

Old Planisek slapped his son's shoulder and laughed until the tears came. "Money from home," Steve said.

hesitated—"I know how much you think of this half dollar, and—"

"And what? But what?"

"Why," Steve said a little uneasily, "it's counterfeit. They noticed it at the hospital when every one was looking at it. I mean it's no good, dad. You can't spend it."

Old Planisek said, "Is that so? Oh? And that is something wrong with it?"

"Well—"

"Look," Old Planisek said. He leaned forward in his chair.

"See, Steve. It is not half a buck. It is a meaning. There is the word on it. That is LIBERTY. See, it is a meaning only. LIBERTY. It was a sign. It was a sign to me."

"I see what you mean, dad; but if it's counterfeit, then the liberty—"

"Is not counterfeit when you got it, is it?"

Steve looked puzzled. Old Planisek worked his mouth, seeking words.

"It is LIBERTY. See? You got it, it is good. Only when you want to cash in on it, it is phony. Only when you go to sell it, it is phony. When you cash in on it, it is made of lead. You keep it, you hold on to it, it is finest silver. Sell it—sell it—it is nothing."

Old Planisek sat back in his chair, puffing.

"Sure," he said. "Sure it's no good money. I found out the day I got it. I went right away to spend it. Sure it's no good money, but it's a damn good word. You remember that. You keep it."

THE END

LET LEO DO IT

Leo Crowley, one of Washington's more potent figures, is also one of its more obscure. A profile of the man who meant to say "no" to the President

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

ONE cold day in the winter of 1934 Leo Thomas Crowley, a small-town banker, emerged from the White House. He was in a slightly dazed condition, as if he had been tapped on the head ever so lightly with a piece of the Blarney Stone. The President had asked him to head the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, an agency created to protect the interests of those citizens who still had a little money in the bank. Crowley had been tipped that the President would offer him this job and had resolved in advance to turn it down. But when he opened his mouth to say "No" to the President, Crowley was very much surprised to hear the word "Yes" come out.

Once outside the White House, he shrugged his shoulders and marched off. He decided to go back to his home town of Madison, Wisconsin, wait a couple of days, and write to the President that he'd changed his mind. But when he arrived in Madison he found a telegram summoning him back to an FDIC meeting in Washington. Wearily, Crowley packed for the return trip, firmly resolved he would be back in Madison—permanently—by the following week-end.

But he hasn't been back to Madison since, except for week-ends. His weakness for the affirmative, when the President asks him to do something, has increased through the years. In fact, as a result of his inability to say "No" when the President offers him a new job, Crowley has come into more power and responsibility than most Cabinet officers.

Crowley's main job now is as Chief of the Foreign Economic Administration. This is, as Humpty Dumpty would say, a portmanteau title. The FEA combines agencies formerly known as the Lend-Lease Administration, the Board of Economic Warfare, the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, the State Department's Office of Foreign Economic Co-ordination, the Export-Import Bank, and several subsidiaries of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In addition, Crowley still runs the FDIC, and for many months was Alien Property Custodian at the same time.

Crowley plays penny-ante poker as relaxation. This may, or may not, be an escape device. For it is his job to direct an operation involving some thirty billion dollars, and even in Confederate money that wouldn't be hay. As FEA Administrator, he is responsible for all of the nation's foreign trade and economic dealings. This involves the procurement, allotment, and shipment of materials to our Allies; the procurement of American relief supplies for UNRRA; the carrying out of [illegible] deals designed to hurt our enemies or help our friends. If Crowley does his job well, the war will be shortened. And if he works a miracle, we won't lose too many of those thirty billion dollars.

Crowley is a business man and therefore is somewhat prejudiced against giving money away in business transactions. There is nothing smacking of a global WPA in the way he runs FEA.

Representatives of foreign governments, who have been dealing with Americans on economic matters for some time now, have met something new in the hardheaded Crowley. Ben Smith, one of the chiefs of the British Supply Mission, was conferring recently with members of his staff to determine how much Crowley would ask for some materials the British were buying. At length Smith summed up the British estimate of Crowley by saying:

"He'll give his figure. We'll give ours. Then we'll agree to his."

ONE of the most potent figures of the administration, Crowley is also one of the most obscure. He has deliberately courted this anonymity. He alone among major Washington figures does not hold press conferences. He meets newspapermen singly, answers their questions, tries to sell no bill of propaganda goods, and keeps his name out of the papers. He is the most nonsocial citizen in Washington, now that Jack Garner has left. Crowley does not drink or smoke, and he's a bachelor with fairly strict ideas on how women should behave. When he first came to Washington, he was invited to a party at the home of Evalyn Walsh MacLean. The sight of women, dressed in low-cut evening gowns, smoking and drinking rather shocked him. He stood about looking uncomfortable for some time before spotting a sweet-faced old lady, also standing aloof. She neither smoked nor drank, and Crowley was delighted when he found himself next to her at dinner. They chatted for some time and at length she learned that Crowley was a banker.

"Do you know Mr. ——?" she asked, referring to a banker who had just been arrested.

"Yes, I've met him," Crowley replied.

At that moment a lull occurred in the table conversation, and you could have heard a dollar bill drop as the sweet old lady said:

"Well, that crooked son of a ----- stole a million dollars from me."

Since then Crowley has been a strong man for getting ten hours' sleep every night. He gets his exercise by walking home from work; he eats an apple a day, and sticks to a diet which took thirty pounds off his big frame five years ago. He wears conservative clothes, buys suits three at a time from his home-town tailor, and orders three new hats every six months. Crowley keeps two pairs of glasses, one for reading and the other for twirling as he thinks.

THE key to Crowley lies in his sincere belief in the fundamental dignity and importance of the individual. This explains his politics and his method of administration. He is a part of the New Deal because his sympathy for little people has colored his conservative character. He stands somewhere to the right of President Roosevelt, who calls him "one of the best administrators in or out of government," and to the left of Jesse Jones, whose close friend he is. Crowley considers his job simply a problem in human relations—getting along with the people who work for him and getting them to carry out his ideas.

When Crowley took over what had been the Board of Economic Warfare, Milo Perkins, the harried, mussy-haired young New Dealer who had been running it, warned him:

"I've been working eighteen hours a

He runs his various jobs to the satisfaction of Congress and the armed forces. Crowley conferring with Secretary Stimson and Congressman Bloom, right. Representative Eaton at left.

FEA Chief Crowley. A former Midwest banker, he bosses all foreign economic dealings.

day on this job and making important decisions every hour."

"Well," Crowley replied easily, "I've always done my work between nine and five and I'm too old to change my ways."

He has kept this schedule. He doesn't encourage others to work overtime. He picks subordinates in whom he has complete faith and delegates all routine to them. He doesn't dictate letters; he just tells his secretary what he wants to say and lets her phrase the epistles. Since he is responsible for the success of his agencies and liable for their failure, he insists on being absolute boss when it comes to making decisions. But once the policy is decided upon, he gives his people complete freedom in handling details.

"This is your job," he will tell a new man. "I expect to hear from you from time to time. You won't hear from me unless you do something wrong."

CROWLEY was born fifty-four years ago in Milton Junction, Wisconsin. His parents had come to this country from Ireland, and Leo was the third of nine children. He worked his way through school and, when he was eighteen years old, became a salesman for the General Paper and Supply Company of Madison, Wisconsin. Three years later he owned the outfit. His prematurely gray hair and title of president of a company enabled him to pass himself off as a mature man. He associated exclusively with successful middle-aged business men, and he prospered. He became a large frog in a small puddle. He moved his family into a nice house in Madison, owned two automobiles and a prize trotting horse. He made money in the stock market during the '20s and became president of the Bank of Wisconsin. Because of his work in raising money to build a hospital in Madison, the Pope made him a Knight of St. Gregory. He was a Democrat—which in those days in Wisconsin was something like being a Republican in Mississippi. But he was instrumental in electing Albert Schmedeman, one of the other Democrats, as mayor of Madison.

The depression did Crowley no good in a financial way. By 1932 Crowley's banks and stocks were looking very anemic. There were those in Madison who felt that Crowley's days as a large frog were over. They were convinced that he was washed up when they heard he was getting Schmedeman to run for governor. There hadn't been a Democratic governor of Wisconsin for forty years. But Schmedeman and most of his ticket swept in, and, once elected, the governor called Crowley to act as quarterback for the regime. Crowley went to Washington fairly often, and once complained to Henry Morgenthau, head of the Farm Credit Administration, about FCA policy. Morgenthau allowed that if Crowley didn't like the way things were being run, he could take charge of the FCA Midwest region, and Crowley did.

A year later the President made him chairman of FDIC. When Crowley's nomination went to the Senate, an objection was raised by Senator Vandenberg, Michigan Republican. Crowley, who had not wanted the job, did not want to be barred from it, either. So he went straight to Vandenberg, whom he'd never met, to straighten things out. Vandenberg, after talking with Crowley, withdrew his objection. Because he has always taken this very direct approach to members of Congress, Crowley rates high on Capitol Hill. On the wall of his office hangs a framed letter which praises his work in FDIC and says: "I am grateful to kind Providence, which caused our paths to cross." It is signed by Senator Vandenberg.

The FDIC was not popular with bankers at first, but under Crowley's regime became highly regarded. Bank failures, which had occurred at an average rate of 900 a year between 1923 and 1932, dropped to twenty a year. In 1939 Crowley accepted a job as chairman of the board of the giant waterlogged Standard Gas and Electric Company. This holding company was under a legislative death sentence and the Securities and Exchange Commission was getting an itchy trigger finger when Crowley moved in.

Three times Crowley went to the White House to offer his resignation from FDIC, but each time was talked out of it. "As long as I am in office, I want you to run the FDIC," the President told him. Crowley stopped taking salary from the government, however, and lived on the $50,000 which Standard paid him.

THE cynics concluded that Crowley had been hired by Standard to put the political fix in. But, instead, Crowley started a clean-up job on the company. He reduced its debts from $72,000,000 to $60,000,000 and began to dispose of the operating companies which it controlled. He reorganized some of these companies, and recently the SEC commented on the satisfactory way the company was being rehabilitated.

Our entry into the war resulted in Crowley's again being summoned to the White House. A row had developed between the Justice and Treasury departments over control of enemy alien properties.

The President asked Crowley to become Alien Property Custodian, and

(*Continued on page 54*)

NO FALLOW GROUND

BY MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

LUTE GRANGER stood on the mud-caked asphalt of Vine Street, dressed uncomfortably in his city clothes, and looked at the line of people outside the new office of the rationing board. The sight disgusted him. There they stood, meek as cattle. One sure thing—they'd never regiment him into a line like that! He'd rather do without and save his pride. To Lute, pride was the one thing that was indispensable.

He was a lank stubborn-jawed man, with graying hair that lay against a dark weathered skin. Reluctantly he let his eyes return to the second-floor windows of Dr. Wheelwright's office. The short bitter smile which had been on his mouth a moment before disappeared. He looked at those windows with apprehension.

Lorraine's visit was longer than usual.

Against his thoughts, he was aware of the Saturday-afternoon shift and sway of the crowd, the snort of a farm truck's exhaust, the wail of a child, the high eager laugh of a girl with her soldier.

With a quick lift of his shoulder, he quit his stand and crossed the street to Craighead's hardware store.

Martin Craighead, a small cheerful man, was unrolling fence wire on the oil-stained floor.

"You have your purchaser's certificate for this, Bessie?"

The woman stood over the kneeling man, the pride of the privileged on her face as she groped in her purse for the slip. "Certainly have! There she is!"

Lute said, "If I was to buy a tongue for my plow, would I need to get down on my knees to the board for a permit or something?"

Craighead looked up, smiling. "Couldn't very well sell you one without, Lute."

"Then don't," Lute said shortly. He walked out of the store.

The crowd's tempo had accelerated. Two soldiers strolled by, healthy, powerful boys, with the world at their feet and death still a word you read in the papers. A couple of kids home on leave before they left for another country. A couple of kids, like his own sons. There was the same air of careless self-confidence about them that came from being in tune with the times.

He moved along the street until he came to the stairs leading to the doctor's office. He stopped there, filled a straight pipe, and lit it, drawing evenly, his eyes lifted above the pipe's bowl toward the dark interior staircase.

Until the last year or so Lute had always thought of himself as a young man. He and Wilma were a sensible hard-working couple, respected by the community, with two growing boys, and a good rich piece of land that he worked as his father had worked it before him.

In the past eighteen months all his life seemed to have changed. The earth had moved slowly, relentlessly, under his feet. He had become old and outdated. His sons had grown up and pushed him aside. Even Wilma was different. She had set herself with the boys—against him.

Lute clung to the ways of the past until a desperate emergency forced him to get in tune with the times

He had felt a curious loss of respect from his neighbors, a diminishing of importance among them. And yet, he told himself angrily, it was they who had changed, not he. He was the same man who had always headed the school board, to whom the neighbors had come when they had a sick horse or wanted advice of some kind. They were the ones who had changed—the old ways weren't good enough for them. He thought with contempt of Ed Tomlinson, at seventy, sitting on the seat of his shiny new tractor, his toothless old face foolish with delight.

When his mind moved this way, he always kept one thought at the back to sweeten his bitterness. This was the thought of Lorraine, his daughter-in-law, Melvin's wife. Mel had brought her home to the farm, three months before he and Clyde went into the Army, and she had lived there with Wilma and Lute ever since.

There had never been any one in the h use like Lorraine. When she came in to breakfast in one of those starchy flower-bright dresses, her curly hair springing away from her face, pert as a kitten's, with her "Golly, it's a beautiful day!" then it *was* beautiful. Lute would have the same good warm feeling that he had when the spring sunshine soaked into his back. And at night, after she had done the supper dishes, Lorraine would go into the front room and play those swingy records of hers on the old phonograph, and dance around and put on some kind of a funny act, until both he and Wilma were laughing.

Only lately, as she got heavier, Lorraine wasn't doing much dancing.

Usually, on these trips to town, Wilma was along, and went to the doctor's with Lorraine. But today he and Lorraine had come in alone.

Now he saw her. She came down the stairs carefully. A protective feeling, strong because Wilma wasn't along, made him clear his throat before he could speak.

"Well, what did doc have to say? Everything all right?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Putting on a lot of weight. Wonder if I'll ever get back to a hundred and ten again!" She was ruffling through her pocketbook. "Did you get everything on the list? Are we ready to go home?"

"Not everything. There are a few things I thought you might get—all that point and coupon stuff gets me so damn rattled."

He felt her hand sag a little on his arm, and he realized suddenly that she was tired. Shopping in a crowd like this would be tough on her.

"Tell you what," he said, guiding her to the pick-up truck. "We'll go home. Wilma can come in Monday."

When they reached the truck, Lorraine slid in behind the driver's seat, and Lute got in beside her. He thought uneasily, Maybe I ought to offer to drive. Maybe she isn't up to it.

But she was sitting back, relaxed and smiling now, handling the little truck easily, so he didn't say anything. The truth was Lute hardly ever touched the

Lorraine, at the door, said wistfully, "Bring a letter from Mel."

truck. From the time the boys were half grown they'd taken it over, slamming it expertly around the farm, on trips to town, and pleasure jaunts. And now Wilma was the one to run errands and get in supplies. That suited Lute. For too many years, traveling had meant the comfortable sight of a horse's jogging rear end. It still did.

LORRAINE said softly, keeping her eyes on the road, "The doctor talked more about you today than he did me. It wasn't behind your back either—he said I'd be doing him a favor to repeat it. 'Lute Granger's an old fool,' he said, 'cutting off his nose to spite his sons. He can't run that place alone without the tractor, and if he's too old to get the hang of it, least he can do is to hire it out. Letting good machinery go to waste is a crime these days,' he said."

Lute felt the burn of anger spread in him. "What business is it of doc's, or the government, or anybody else how I run my farm? They can take the damn tractor and all the fancy gadgets, if they'll give me a good team of horses and one honest hard-working hand."

His mind started in again on the old, weary, bruising round—the way the boys had kicked him aside, putting the farm on this bloodless mechanical basis. They'd taken the money he and Wilma had saved for their education, and bought machinery with it. Then they'd marched off to war, leaving him in the lurch. Oh, he was proud of 'em, of course—you couldn't help that—but when he thought of the way they'd put it over on him—

There was the time they had gotten him to try out the tractor.

"You'll have to learn," Melvin had told him cheerfully. "She's all yours now, and with us gone, you've got a job of work to do."

They had watched him advance gingerly to crank her; they had yelled directions at him as the thing spun uselessly in his hand. Then suddenly it had caught and slammed back at him, and he had heard the bone crack in his arm, and the big red-and-green monster had stood there shaking all over and chuckling at him.

When the boys had put the tarp over the thing, talking to it as though it were a baby, he had stood by, the bone in his hurt arm aching all over his body.

"I'll never touch it," he told them grimly; "not while I've got the team. Let it stay there till it rots."

They were nearly home now. Unexpectedly Lorraine put her hand on his knee. "Don't let 'em get you down, dad. This is still a free country. Even the government would rather you did your own changing than do it for you."

He heard only the soothing quality of her voice, not bothering much with the words. "That's right. If I want to work hard—that's my business."

"That's your business."

Bitterness dissolved in him. No matter how others felt, Lorraine was on his side.

She swung into the long lane and stopped the truck in front of the house. Before getting out, she leaned back for a moment against the seat. Remorse touched him—he shouldn't have let her drive, after all. He saw Wilma run across the yard from the house, a worried look on her face.

But before she reached the car, Lorraine had sat up again, smiling.

THERE was a stillness about the heavy humid Monday morning which depressed Lute as he walked back to the house. The row of cottonwoods, tall and gaunt, stood without motion, and the cattle hung close to the barn. The red globe of the sun, low in a cloudless sky, promised heat and a spring storm.

Wilma had already backed the pick-up truck to the kitchen door, and was standing on the stoop, checking over her list She was a neat alert woman, with a tipped-up nose and frank penetrating eyes.

"Keep an eye on Lorraine," she said without looking up. "Heat's hard on her now. She's fixing dinner for you. Come in from the fields little after eleven."

She stood there, looking at him, a vague distress in her blue eyes. "I've got a funny feeling I ought not to go in today. Maybe it's just the weather."

(*Continued on page 65*)

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

As two old friends turn up in Reno, Whit's suspicions are aroused; and when murder enters the picture, he realizes his life is in danger

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

JAMES WHITNEY and Kitty MacLeod were on their way to be married. Whit was looking for Pop Foster, justice of the peace and an old friend, who lived a few miles from Reno. But when the couple reached Pop's lonely house, at four o'clock in the morning, they found a Walter Gates, obviously directing Pop, and sinister Sammy Kohler. Gates became menacing when he found Whit did not have a marriage license, evidently not believing his story.

Though puzzled by the situation, Whit controlled his anger when he noticed Kohler had a gun, and he and Kitty got away.

While waiting for the license office to open in Reno, the couple visited Lorenzo's Club, where they met Colusa, the manager; Jess Caldwell and Gladys Warren. Whit could not know that Gates had phoned Caldwell to keep an eye on them, but he was suspicious of the latter's overfriendliness.

On the way to be married, Whit noticed a very shabby man watching them. Casey Jones, an old friend from San Francisco!

PART TWO

"THEY were married, all right," Jess Caldwell said to Walter Gates. "I was one of the witnesses."

Gates scowled. "It doesn't prove anything. We've still got to watch them. Where are they now?"

"We took them to a hotel. The Truckee."

"Who's we?"

"Renzo's latest floozy and I. She got tired of Renzo and went with us when we left the club. He thinks I stole her from him."

"What he thinks doesn't matter. Was she with you at the wedding?"

"She was the other witness."

"Then you did steal her from him. I want you to spend a lot of time with Whitney, and it will be easier if you have a girl. Find out everything you can without making him suspicious. Be careful."

"If you're worried about him, why don't you let Sammy have him?"

"I may when I'm sure I know what I'm doing. Get back on the job and keep me posted."

"'OH, who will kiss them ruby lips?'" Whit sang lustily in the shower. "'Oh, who will kiss them roo-hoo-hoo-bee lips, when I am dead and gone?'"

Seven hours of sleep had done wonders for him, and once more he was back on top of the world. The strange events of the night before seemed remote and not very important. His imagination had been bothering him—imagination and lack of sleep. All he would think of now was the week that lay before him. He was not concerned with what might come after, nor with what had gone before.

Oh, who will kiss them roo-hoo-hoo-bee lips?'" he sang, as he put on a bathrobe and began to lather his face in front of the mirror.

In the other room the telephone rang. He heard Kitty answer. She called through the doorway. "It's for you," and he strode, half-lathered, from the bathroom, soapily kissing the roo-hoo-hoo-bee lips as he passed. "Hello," he said into the telephone.

"This is Pete Weston. I heard you just got married."

"Pete!" Whit was startled. "Where are you calling from? I thought you were in New York?"

"I'm in the lobby. I represent the Associated Press in the State of Nevada now. Can I come up and meet the bride?"

"Sure, sure. About fifteen minutes."

"O. K."

Whit replaced the telephone receiver and stared at it thoughtfully.

Kitty said, "Who was it?"

"Newspaperman I used to know. He's coming up."

Kitty said, "Oh?" Whit's expression indicated that there was more to it.

"Come into the bathroom while I shave, Kitty. I want to tell you something before Weston gets here."

She followed him into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the tub.

"I thought I was having a pipe dream up until a minute ago." Whit went to work with the razor as he talked. "Do you remember that tramp I chased across the street from Lorenzo's Club this morning?"

"What tramp?"

Whit told her about the man who looked like Casey Jones. "I thought it was Casey at first. Then I convinced myself that it was only a resemblance and forgot about it—until Pete Weston called. Now I'm not so sure. Weston and Casey were thick as thieves when I knew them."

"It could be a coincidence."

"Oh, sure. Casey was one of the best electrical engineers in the country and Pete Weston won the Pulitzer Prize for reporting, so they both end up in Reno—one on the bum, one holding a job that he would have laughed at two years ago. And there are a lot more coincidences rearing their ugly heads around here. Did you notice Walter Gates' fingers when we were at Pop's house last night?"

"I was too scared to notice anything."

"Did you notice Jess Caldwell's hands while you were playing roulette?"

"They were dirty, if that's what you mean. As if he had been working with something greasy."

"Gates' hands were the same way. And Gates was awfully interested in what we were doing at Pop's place, Kitty. He didn't try to stop us from leaving and he didn't send his weasel to follow us, but as soon as we hit town we were picked up by Lorenzo and Jess Caldwell. Right now I'll bet Gates knows everything we've done since we left him."

"There, there," Kitty said soothingly. "Hurry up and put on some clothes before your friend gets here, and stop imagining things."

Whit shrugged and wiped his face. He was respectably dressed when Pete Weston knocked on the door a few minutes later.

Weston was a tall young man who wore collegiate clothes and a bow tie and would always seem much younger and more innocent than he was. He and Whit pumped hands and called each other names.

"Pete Weston of the Associated Press," Whit said. He cleared his throat. "My—uh—wife, Pete. Mrs. Whitney. My—uh—wife."

"Your—uh—wife," Pete repeated, grinning. He shook Kitty's hand. "I'm happy to meet you, Mrs. Whitney."

Whit said, "How did you find us, Pete?"

"Part of my job. Reno's a fine place to begin a marriage or finish one, so I keep an eye on the vital statistics. I saw your name on the list this morning and checked the hotels."

"It doesn't sound exciting for a man with your background. What happened to the New York job?"

"I got a promotion. I'm in charge here."

"Is that the only reason you're in Reno?"

"I don't get you."

"Let it go," Whit said. "How about having breakfast with us?"

"Sure. But what about dinner first? It's six P. M."

"Breakfast," said Whit. "We're night owls. Where's a good place to eat?"

Pete's favorite eating place turned out to be John's Grill, a small clean Greek joint. There was a big range and a steam table between the window and a lunch counter, and four or five curtained booths. The prop., according to the printed menu, was John Masilikos. He turned out to be cook as well. Pete called him away from the cookstove to meet the Whitneys.

JOHN was happy to know any friends of Pete. He was a tremendous ape of a man with a close-cropped head and a bull neck growing from a thicket of black fur on his barrel chest. The black hair covered his forearms and the back of his hands, which were the size and shape of fielders' mitts. He wiped them carefully on his apron, shook hands with the newlyweds, and promised them the best breakfast in Nevada.

Pete gave the Whitneys the local dirt while they waited for food, mostly chitchat about what's-his-name and what's-her-name, and so on. Whit said, "Do you do anything else besides run a gossip column?"

"My real job is clearing war news through the censors. And I earn my salary, believe me. They're tough cookies."

"What war news is there in Nevada?" Kitty asked.

"Plenty. There's a big Army command here, a couple of training bases within a few miles. The largest Navy ammunition depot in the country is down the road at Hawthorne. There's a lot of activity. The difficulty is getting the news cleared."

Casey asked Whit: "Is that why you're in Reno?" "Yes. And I'm tired of having my nose rubbed in it."

"I suppose you want to give the public the details of the secret bomb sight."

Pete shrugged. "If it's news."

"Nice patriotic attitude," Whit said. "Talking about news, I've got some for you. Casey Jones is in town."

"Casey Jones?" Pete's expression was blank. "I don't know— Oh, Casey! You're crazy. He's in Washington."

"He's in Reno. I saw him this morning, looking like he hadn't had a bath or a shave for a week."

"Where?"

Whit told him. Pete looked incredulous.

"You're full of beans," he said. "I can believe anything except Casey needing a bath."

"You didn't know he was in town?"

"I still don't know it. You've been seeing things."

Whit shrugged. "O. K. Have it your way." He would get nothing from Pete, whatever the newspaperman might know.

THE breakfast was all that Pete had led them to expect. Whit and Kitty had not stopped for food since leaving California, so they made up for it until their eyes bulged. After they had paid the check, thanked John for his cooking, and been invited to return any time, because friends of Pete were friends of John, they headed first for the telegraph office, where Whit gnawed at his pencil trying to compose a satisfactory telegram to his partner. He had an idea that the ex-client whose pants he had kicked might try to hurry the draft board.

In its final form the wire read:

JUST MARRIED AND SPENDING HONEYMOON IN RENO. WILL BE BACK IN ONE WEEK. CAN BE REACHED HERE AT TRUCKEE HOTEL IF ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY BUT WANT PEACE FOR A FEW DAYS. IF YOU ARE QUESTIONED, AM IN NEW YORK AND CANNOT BE REACHED.

After that was taken care of, Kitty demanded a return match with the wheel at Lorenzo's Club. Pete didn't mind. His evenings were free, and he had a big auto with a C sticker. They drove to Lorenzo's in style.

The club was beginning a big evening when they arrived. The casino was crowded, the tables around the dance floor were full, and an orchestra was grinding out dance music. They worked their way to the bar for lubrication before tackling Lady Luck.

Over the second lubricator, Whit said, "Do you know Pop Foster, Pete?"

"The j. p.? Sure. Everybody does. He's a local fixture."

"How about Walter Gates? Or Sammy Kohler? They're—uh—friends of his."

Pete shook his head. "I don't think so. Not by name. Why?"

"It isn't important. I just thought you might—"

"Oh, *hello*," Kitty said. Whit and Pete turned around.

Gladys the blonde and Jess Caldwell were bearing down on them. Gladys wore a different dress this time, but it was mounted on the same wheel base as the night before and was just as effective. Pete took one look and jumped off his stool, brushing his hair into place with his hand.

Whit introduced Pete and moved over to make room for the newcomers at the bar. He said, "We're celebrating. Have a drink."

He was not surprised to see Caldwell again. He had an idea that Caldwell was going to cling to him like an abalone, for reasons which Whit had not figured out yet but which did not worry him.

Jess Caldwell said, "We don't mind if we do, since it's a wedding day. How about it, Gladys?"

"It's a little sudden," Gladys giggled, "but if you really think we'd be happy—"

"A drink," Jess said; "not a wedding. I was talking about the Whitneys."

"Oh. Well, just one." Gladys batted her eyes tentatively at Pete to see if he'd react. He did.

THEY had just one and just another and just a third. Whit looked at Caldwell's fingernails and waited for him to say something that might give away his reason for showing so much interest in the Whitneys, but Caldwell was as pleasantly noncommittal as ever. They gambled for an hour —nobody won or lost much this time—and then moved to a table near the dance floor. Pete spent most of his time dancing with Gladys, and Caldwell was attentive to Kitty. Whit began to get bored waiting for things to happen. He even wished that Lorenzo would turn up so he could enjoy disliking him.

The break came when Pete and Gladys got on the subject of boogie-woogie. They agreed it was certainly a shame that there wasn't one place in Reno with a real hot

(*Continued on page 48*)

TORPEDOED IN THE ARCTIC

BY CARL B. WALL

The icy sea and 30-below cold form the background for this courageous tale of a merchant seaman who stared frozen death in the face and came through

FOR four days and nights the 10,000-ton Porto Rican had been fighting the Arctic storm, and she was now about 400 miles north of the coast of Iceland. In convoy when she left a Russian port, for the last two days she had been alone, cut off from the world by radio silence.

She was also cut off from the immediate world of the horizon by the storm. Even in the four daylight hours of that time of year, the sea itself was obscured by blinding snow. Spray continually breaking over the bow froze as it fell. The temperature stayed at a constant 30 degrees below zero. The water was 21 degrees above zero—11 degrees below freezing. Decks and rigging were coated with ice.

The torpedo struck at exactly ten o'clock at night. Wallenhaupt was asleep in the crews' quarters. He awoke instantly and knew at once what had happened, for he had been torpedoed before. While the other men took time to grab only their heavy coats before making for the open deck, Wallenhaupt dressed warmly, putting on his kapok life preserver and over it a rubber lifesaving suit. He finished by putting on a heavy woolen seaman's coat, knee-length, with a hood which could be pulled up over the head.

He went outside, to his position at No. 4 boat. In the darkness he could hear men cursing, yelling as they worked to free lifeboats frozen solidly under eighteen inches of ice. They were not working with axes. They were hurling themselves like battering rams against the solid mass, like men trying to break down a door. Here and there was a flashlight, but for the most part they worked in an intense blackness, holding on to each other, slipping, falling on the icy decks, hurling themselves against the boats, chanting "One-two-three."

WALLENHAUPT joined the men at No. 4 in the methodical battering. "It was like ramming your shoulder against the Empire State building and expecting it to fall." But the boat cracked loose suddenly, "the way a frozen tray breaks loose in an ice-box."

By the time the boat reached the water there were from twenty to thirty men in her. Her capacity was twenty-eight. Then Wallenhaupt noticed a curious thing. The boat was back at deck level. He had a wild thought that the men on deck were pulling her back up. Then he realized the ship was sinking, and he feared that the boat would be capsized because the heavy ice on the falls made it impossible to release the lines

He threw himself backward out of the lifeboat, to get as far away as possible from the suction of the sinking ship. He was only about four feet from the side of the freighter when she went down, but there was little suction and he stayed above water without effort. Fifteen minutes had passed since the torpedo hit.

A few feet away he saw the emergency flare light of one of the small doughnut rafts. It was impossible to swim, but the motion of the heavy seas brought the raft to him. He reached up over the side of it and noticed for the first time that his hands were already numb—he had lost his heavy fur gloves.

He pulled himself up over the side and fell into the middle. These doughnut rafts had a sort of latticework in the center. To get into one didn't mean you were out of the water, for the sea sloshed through it at a depth of about two feet.

An oiler drifted along. Wallenhaupt helped pull him over the side. He was dressed only in a pair of dungarees and a denim shirt and was shuddering from the cold.

Within the next ten minutes, six other men struggled over the sides with Wallenhaupt's help. All had on heavy seamen's coats. Wallenhaupt was the only one with a watertight lifesaving suit. Their hands were already beginning to freeze, and to warm them they held them over the automatic flare light.

A large wooden raft drifted within reach. Wallenhaupt grabbed it, forming a bridge over which the others crawled. When five had crawled over him, he looked back and saw the oiler and one other man sitting motionless. He yelled to them. As one of the others held his raft, he slapped their faces, tried vainly to pull them to their feet. They were unconscious, their eyes still open. Wallenhaupt suspected that the oiler was dead.

He tried to climb from the doughnut to the wooden raft, but found that he now had no control over his legs from the hips down. He had stayed too long in that one position. The others helped him crawl aboard. They were six now, huddled together for warmth in the center of the wooden raft. The spray of the breaking seas formed a film of ice over them. They could see nothing. The flare light of the doughnut was gone.

They tried kicking their legs at intervals to keep up circulation, but after two hours they stopped because the effort was too great. One man, an Englishman, by this time had gone out of his mind. He kept muttering to Wallenhaupt, "Help me, Auggie. Help me." Wallenhaupt told him there was nothing any of them could do.

They tried praying aloud. "But the water got in our mouths and we couldn't hear anyway." After that they muttered prayers to themselves. Wallenhaupt prayed almost continuously.

The seas now were at least thirty feet high. At least once every five or ten minutes a particularly heavy wave would send them tumbling in a heap to one side, clawing at the lines, clutching at each other in the blackness. It was after one of these scrambles that Wallenhaupt noticed that the Englishman had been washed away.

Wallenhaupt, who was still dry beneath the waterproof suit, shivered throughout the night. The others did not. They were numb with the cold.

All night they huddled together in pairs. Each man, except Wallenhaupt, took off shoes and socks and placed his bare feet against his partner's chest—inside the heavy coats, which were opened and then buttoned again around the feet. Waves broke over them all night.

At daybreak (about 11 A. M.) it had stopped snowing and there was a gray half-light. Wallenhaupt saw that one of the pairs was gone—washed overboard sometime during the night. Shortly, a great wave washed another man over. He clung to the ropes alongside for a moment, and Wallenhaupt tried to take hold of his clothing. But Wallenhaupt's frozen hands had no grip. Then they hooked forearms together. Wallenhaupt tried to pull upward, the other to drag himself up. Both were too weak.

They stayed like that, clinging to each other, for perhaps five minutes. "His eyes were only about ten inches from mine and we kept looking at each other. His were sort of glazed and he looked at me as though he wasn't really seeing me. Then he said, 'Gee, Auggie, can't you please

help me?' I said, 'I'm sorry, I can't do anything.' Then his strength gave out and he slipped away."

By this time there was a warm, lazy feeling all through Wallenhaupt's body, and no pain. He was unable to move his legs or to feel them, or to feel any other part of his body. His arms he could move at the elbow, but the hands were frozen stiff, half open.

Sometime during the night, between fitful stretches of waking and sleeping, Wallenhaupt heard two words:

"Aug, boy."

They were spoken almost in a whisper, casually. Wallenhaupt knew it was the voice of his best friend on the ship—a Navy gunner who had slept in the bunk beneath him and with whom he had played cards often. Wallenhaupt called back, "John, boy." There was no answer. At daybreak he saw that his friend was gone and knew he had called to him as he went over.

Only Wallenhaupt and one other were left on the raft now. The other man was lying on his stomach, his head bare, his hair iced over. Wallenhaupt called to him, then crawled over and nudged the head with his elbow. He couldn't budge it. Both

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

the head and the body were frozen solidly to the bottom of the raft.

In thirty-six hours on the raft Wallenhaupt had not thought about food or drink. But now, alone with the dead man, he began to feel thirst.

There was a water breaker with a metal screw cap. He was unable to close his hands to turn it. He found a piece of wood wreckage, managed to hold it in his hands and then thump against it with his chest.

PHOTO BY DAVE ROSENTHAL

Seaman Wallenhaupt today—smiling, courageous, cheerful. Three days on an open raft in icy waters punished his body but could not damage his spirit.

After hundreds of thumps, the soldered cap broke loose. But the water was frozen solid. The ice was perhaps six inches from the top and frozen at an angle which broke sharply downward away from the opening. Wallenhaupt found a knife, opened it with his teeth, and began dropping it on the ice, holding the blade clumsily between his frozen hands. Each time he dropped the knife, a few chips of ice would come loose, only to slide down out of reach. He had to give it up.

It snowed again that afternoon and throughout the night. Wallenhaupt partially quenched his thirst by bunching the snow which fell on the raft into tiny mounds and then lapping these with his tongue.

The raft still plunged and heaved in the heavy sea. The wind was almost gale force and terribly cold. To protect himself, he lay down on the lee side of the dead man. The frozen body several times kept Wallenhaupt from rolling off the raft.

"I didn't think of him as a dead human. It was something frozen, or something like a piece of the earth or an anchor. By this time he was covered with at least ten or twelve inches of solid ice."

Wallenhaupt now lay motionless with the hood of his coat pulled up over his head. From time to time he dropped into sleep, letting the sea wash over him. At times a warm flood seemed to pass through his body. He seemed to dream almost constantly, even when he knew he was awake. He dreamed mostly of childhood things. He tried to shut these dreams out, but they came back again

It was sometime before daybreak of the third day that he heard voices. He brought his face from under the hood and looked around in the blackness. He could see nothing and he knew he must be having hallucinations. Yet the voices continued. He listened intently, trying to make out the words. They called him "Wally," a

(*Continued on page 69*)

Guerrillas lined up outside one of their mountain hide-outs in the French Alps.

FROM THE MARCH OF TIME "UNDERGROUND REPORT"

The GUERRILLAS of HAUTE-SAVOIE

BY PHILIP HARKINS

THE snow never melts on the towering peaks of the French Alps. All through the summer it stands on the summits, cold, gleaming, breathtakingly beautiful. It is now a symbol of eternal France, for the French Alps are the headquarters of an army of French guerrillas.

From their mountain stronghold known as Haute-Savoie (Upper Savoy) these guerrillas have spread a wave of resistance and sabotage felt as far north as Paris and as far south as Marseille. They have blown up factories manufacturing war goods for the Germans, assassinated Nazi officials sent to rule them, and killed French collaborationists. Time after time they have crippled the key railroad which runs through the Alps carrying supplies from France to the Germans on the Italian front.

Early this year the Germans and the Vichy French launched a military campaign to wipe out this army of patriots armed by the underground and by R. A. F. planes. Details of the ensuing battle have come out of French underground headquarters in Algiers. There a French officer with the *nom de guerre* of Captain Passy manipulates the thin but strong liaison lines which not only supply valuable military intelligence but also produce prominent Frenchmen who have led the heroic fight against the invaders and so earned the right to represent their countries on the French Committee of National Liberation.

Before the Nazis themselves moved into Haute-Savoie, Joseph Darnand's Vichy French militia under Colonel Lelong had twice been hurled back by the French patriots, led by Lieutenant Morel, a graduate of Saint-Cyr. The Germans then threw in their first team, five battalions of mountain troops, two battalions of S S men, two batteries of heavy artillery, one battery of mountain artillery, and a number of dive bombers.

This formidable force slowly climbed to the Plateau de Glières, about twenty miles from the lakeside town of Annecy. Waiting on the plateau stood five hundred French patriots, led by officers who had formerly served with the famous Chasseurs Alpins, French ski troops. They had chosen the spot for a delaying action that would give the main body of patriots more time to prepare their defenses.

An army of Frenchmen awaits the coming of the Allied forces. Meanwhile they've not been idle, and from their Alpine bases provide the Nazis with a major headache

The Plateau de Glières is a snowy shelf, one of the steps in the staircase of plateaus that leads toward the summit of Mont Blanc. Here three former lieutenants in the Chasseurs Alpins, Morel, Jerome, and Barillet, had elected to give battle before falling back to the Glières pass. Somewhere beyond lay the guerrillas' headquarters.

To hold off the Germans with their mountain artillery and dive bombers, the guerrillas had machine guns and hand grenades taken in raids on French and Nazi arsenals and a special light submachine gun developed by the English and dropped by parachute from R. A. F. planes.

For ten days the Germans blasted the plateau by plane and artillery. The slowly retreating guerrillas picked off the slowly advancing Nazis, and the patches of melting snow grew red. By the eleventh day the main body of guerrillas had fallen back to the pass. But a smaller detachment under Lieutenant Jerome had been cut off. Lieutenants Morel and Barillet decided to launch a desperate counterattack while Lieutenant Jerome and his isolated men made a dash for the pass. But the maneuver failed and Jerome and all of his men were killed. The rest then withdrew to the safety of higher ground.

In this bitter two-week fight the guerrillas lost two hundred men—one hundred killed, one hundred taken prisoner. The Germans had cleared the Plateau de

(Continued on page 60)

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

This Little Pig Stayed Home

BY WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE

She stayed home to dig the Victory garden, push the car on wintry mornings, and keep a roof over the family head.

It wasn't always funny to her, but this is the woman's side of keeping the home front humming — and it's funny enough to keep you chuckling, and to remind you that home was just like this.

ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS

Off with the Old

September, 1942.

My way of life has begun to change so gradually and yet so definitely, here on the home front, that I feel I should put it down on paper. The first thing I know, I shall be living an entirely new existence and, unless I get it down in black and white, I shall have no idea how it happened.

Just a month or two ago I was saying, "The war hasn't touched me at all; really touched me, I mean." And that was so. The roommate and the four offspring and I were still living comfortably in a large ancient white brick house in the lovely rolling country of Kentucky, eleven miles outside Louisville. The roommate was speeding daily in his Ford coupé to the Courier-Journal and Times, where he labors; the Shug, who is nineteen, was singing blithely away in Louisville's light opera company; Bubber, just turned eighteen, was smoking a pipe and learning how to tie a Windsor knot in the accelerated freshman class at Princeton; the Sixteen-Year-Old was flitting in the Buick from swimming pools to wiener roasts and from wiener roasts to movies without too serious a thought in her gay blonde head; the baby, who at the adorable age of going-on-four staggers under such nicknames as Mr. Big, Hot Shot, Precious, and Lamb, and talks too old for his years, or, for that matter, even for ours, having been born into a family of grown-ups, was doing too many things to mention; and I—oh, heavens! I can't remember what I was doing, but it certainly wasn't anything important, though, of course, I wouldn't have admitted it then under grilling.

We had several thousand gallons of oil in the storage tank underground for the furnace; we had fifty gallons of kerosene in the tank in the basement for the hot-water heater; we had a bushel of coke and innumerable bags of a special kind of coal for the Aga stove—that Swedish cooking stove, you know, that is supposed to be insulated

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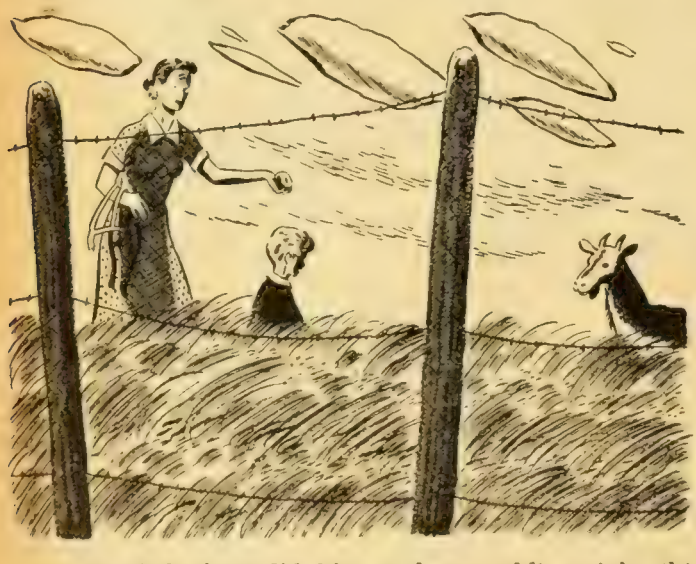
like a Frigidaire and to stay hot three hundred and sixty days in the year on a ton and a half of coal; we had water, except when the well and cistern both went dry; and we had sugar.

That was how things stood just a handful of weeks ago. But now things are different. Not so terribly different, 'tis true; but changed enough to make even slow-thinking me realize that this very pleasant way of living which I have enjoyed more years than I like to acknowledge is fading into a strange new day.

Now, in this fall of 1942, Shug is at Duke, and Bubber is back at Princeton for the second half of his freshman year; but both of them are muttering about the part they should be playing in the war. Especially Bubber. He is getting exceedingly restless and insists in every letter that he should come home and join up. The roommate and I are pleading with him to finish at least his freshman year. The Sixteen-Year-Old, who is a senior this year at Collegiate, is talking about going into nursing when she graduates, instead of going away to college. And Mr. Big



is saying, "Oh, boy, I'd like to be a soldier right this minute, and kill all the enemy dead."

As for me, I am rolling bandages weekly at the Red Cross and casting about for other ways to be of service. Folding little squares of gauze over and over into still smaller squares isn't very satisfying, even though it is necessary, but I cannot take a full-time war job, with the S. Y. O. coming home from school every afternoon at three o'clock and Mr. Big at home all the time. They both need me at home, though neither of them is conscious of it. Who would listen to them talk hour on hour? Who would darn their clothes, sew on buttons, wash out socks? Who would criticize the compositions of the S. Y. O.? Who would read to Mr. Big? Who would get the S. Y. O. off the telephone? Who would groan and puzzle over her Latin translations? Who would ride horseback with her and Mr. Big? Go for the mail? Plan picnics for Saturdays and parties for the holidays?

Yes, my place is in the home. It isn't as romantic or exciting as a WAC camp or a thundering defense plant, but it has its moments.

Lewis Chooses Defense Work

September 22, 1942.

LEWIS PETERS, our hired man for the past six beautiful years, has gone to labor across the Ohio River in Indiana at the Du Pont powder plant, leaving our household sadly crippled. For months he has been telling the roommate and me about the fine wages paid in the defense plants. "A man jes' starting can git as high as twenty-five dollars a week," he has been saying, "and in no time a-tall he kin be drawin' thirty-five and forty dollars. I got friends who ain't half as smart as me making forty dollars a week right now. I knows I could do it, if I ever got a mind to."

Well, yesterday he got the "mind to." He announced importantly: "The Du Ponts done sent for me. They phoned me dis mawnin' early and said for me to come right over. It 'pears like they needs me awful bad."

As soon as he had eaten a hearty breakfast he left and I faced the bleak prospect of no man on the place Of course I have the roommate, but he is definitely no man on the place. At the Courier-Journal and Times, yes, but on the place, no. He doesn't know the first thing about keeping the fire going in the Aga stove, or switching the well from the cistern, or, as Lewis says, "vicie versie," or putting in a fuse, or cleaning out the soot in the hot-water heater, or raising the pressure in the water tank for the radiators, or any of the other dozens of things that Lewis knows. And what's worse, he refuses to learn. "I make the living," he says, "and that's all I intend to do. It's your job to run the house."

Fortunately, I still have Octavia, the most amiable, soft-spoken cook a family ever had. She agrees to everything, it makes no difference what. If I say, "Octavia, what was the matter with the biscuits last night? They weren't as good as usual," she answers enthusiastically, "Yas'm, weren't they terrible? I do declare I never made such terrible biscuits as them before."

Or if I suggest cooking rice, or chicken, or waffles, or blackeyed peas differently from the way she is accustomed to cooking them, she never mutters a protest, though she is a fine cook, but simply murmurs: "Yas'm. I sho will. I bet they will be mighty good that way."

If the roommate is an hour late for dinner, she simply welcomes him with the gracious words: "I'se that relieved, Mr. Mark, you didn't have no accident. When we didn't have a hearin' from you, I was afraid somethin' had happened to you."

And, no matter how we look, Octavia insists we look "mighty nice." Once I passed through the kitchen with my hair screwed up with bobby pins and curlers, which I planned to take down leisurely on the ride into town, and Octavia murmured, "That sho is a pretty new way you'se wearing your hair, Miss Willie. Yas'm, it sho does favor you."

IN addition to Octavia, we have Margaret, a large German woman who helps to look after Mr. Big and cleans the upstairs. Margaret is as loud as Octavia is quiet; she is bossy and faithful. She has been with us for five years and feels that she owns us. She lectures me roundly for my haphazard ways. She stomps up and down the hall, shaking the whole house, as she fusses about everybody except the roommate and Mr. Big. She adores Mr. Big. She can't understand how any one so lovely as he could have been born into such a family as ours. She is convinced there was a mix-up at the hospital.

So, even with Lewis' going, I'm not completely bereft. Just handicapped. But before he left, he initiated me into the mysteries of the water pumps, and pipes, and hot-water heater, and oil furnace, and Aga stove, and cistern, and well. It took him an entire afternoon. I followed him around with a notebook and pencil in hand, sketching in my inimitable way the wheels and levers and switches as he explained them to me.

"Now you see this switch here, Mis' Ethridge? You turns it on or you turns it down, 'pending on which way 'tis when you wants to switch the water off the well to the cistern," he explained carefully and a little proudly as we crouched in a dank cobwebby corner of the basement. "If she's up, you flips her down. If she's down, then vicie versie. It ain't hard. Next you turns this little wheel here as far as it will go."

"Which way do you turn it?"

"Whichever way 'twill turn," Lewis answered. "It won't turn but one way. And you turns it till it won't turn no further." Lewis moved over to the other side of the machine. "Then you turns this udder wheel on this side."

"Yes, I see," I said, writing it down.

"Then you turns this udder wheel down here. But when you finishes turning these three, you has to go in the front basement and turn one in there right behin' the door." He stood in thought for a moment, then said resignedly, "I reckon I had better show you."

He led me up the steep steps of the back basement and down the steps of the front and pointed out another pipe with another wheel.

"Which way do you turn it, Lewis?"

"Jes' the same as the others. Whichever way it will turn."

"Gosh!" I said with feeling.

"Yas'um, it's right complicated, but I always manage." He tossed this off with such an air of superiority that my pride was pricked, and I determined to perk up.

"Well, now what do I do to turn the water back from the cistern to the well?" I asked jauntily.

"The exact same thing, Mis' Ethridge, 'cepting vicie versie."

"Oh, good! Well, now, how about the hot-water heater?"

"Yas'um."

We returned to the back basement and studied the long red tank with a flame at the bottom of it.

"Now, this here heater won't give you no trouble if you keep the sut cleaned out and the tank filled with oil."

"The soot cleaned out?" I lost my jauntiness.

"Yas'um. You has to clean it out good at least onct eve'y month. Oftener wouldn't hurt it none. I always aims to do it onct eve'y month, but, of course, sometimes I can't get to it." He eyed me accusingly. "Naturally, then it goes out."

The lesson went on—and on—and on. Finally night came, and with it the roommate from his newspaper office. He greeted Lewis pleasantly and casually, as if our world hadn't slipped from the latter's rounded shoulders to my frail, hollow ones in the last few hours.

"Well, Lewis, how is everything?"

"Fine, Mister Mark. I'se jes' been showing Mis' Ethridge how to work the well, and the cistern, and the hot-water heater, and the furnace, and the Aga stove, and how to feed the horses and pigeons."

"Good, Lewis. I hope she understands everything."

"Yas, suh, I think she does pretty good for a woman."

"That's fine, Lewis. I don't want her making any mistakes."

If there was a twinkle in the roommate's eye I could not see it, and I have no reason to suspect there was.

"Well, now, Lewis," he went on affably, "what are you going to do at the powder plant? Have you found out yet?"

"Yas, suh. I went over yestiddy mawn'n' as soon as I left here and looked around. I'll tell you, Mister Mark, I chooses to do day labor. Yas, suh. I wants to learn the biz'ness from the ground up."

September 28, 1942.

We passed Lewis on the road this evening and stopped to ask him how he was getting along.

"Everything all right, Lewis?" the roommate inquired.

"Yas, suh."

"What are you doing now at the powder plant?"

"I'se still learning the biz'ness from the ground up, Mister Mark. I'se on a window-washing gang."

October 6, 1942.

The Billy Goat

We have bought Mr. Big a billy goat. It's our way of getting around gas rationing. Instead of using the car for short trips to see our neighbors, we'll just pile in the billy-goat wagon. Of course we might never arrive at our neighbors', but at least we'll have made the effort.

We bought the goat from two little colored boys who live on the farm adjoining our place. They broke him in in their spare moments and drove him with a soapbox wagon.

"Do you want to sell your billy goat?" I asked them one morning, when Mr. Big and I met them on the road.

"Yas'um, we sho do," they answered in unison.

"How much do you want for him?"

"We don't know, ma'am," the larger of the two answered, rolling his big eyes. "How much you aim to pay fer one?"

"I have no price in mind," I told him truthfully. "I have no idea what billy goats are bringing on the market these days."

"Is three dollars too much, ma'am?" he ventured. "There's some harness me and Franklin Roosevelt made we'll throw in."

"No, three dollars is not too much," I answered, trying to hide my exultation. There is nothing I love like a bargain, except dancing. "When can you deliver him?"

"Will tomorrow afternoon suit you, ma'am?"

I said it would, but when the afternoon came, I had to go to a War Fund meeting. I left a five-dollar bill with the Sixteen-Year-Old and told her to get it changed and give the boys three dollars. Knowing the S. Y. O., I should have known better, for of course she gave them the five-dollar bill and told them to keep it.

"Mother, they were so cute I had to give it to them," she explained when I got home. "They looked so precious with that little billy goat, I didn't have the heart to give them just three dollars. And, besides, they had never had a five-dollar bill before. I thought their eyes were going to pop out right on the front steps."

Next morning Mr. Big was in a fever of impatience. "When are we going to hitch up the billy goat?" he asked as soon as he opened his eyes. "What's the use of having a billy goat if we ain't gonna hitch him up? By gosh! just tell me that. By gosh! just tell me that."

Thus I was pushed into going to Belknap's and buying a set of brand-new goat harness for five dollars and a wagon for seventeen dollars. Why, with my original investment of five dollars for the goat himself, I had now spent twenty-seven dollars, more than the price of a War Bond. Instead of a bargain, I ended up with a luxury. I would certainly enter the goat in the Kentucky Horse Show at the State Fair if it hadn't been called off because of the war.

ALL the mornings now that I'm not rolling bandages are given over to chasing the billy goat. Catching him is just about as easy as catching a kangaroo, and it takes Mr. Big and me from one to two hours. He runs loose in the barn and the barn lot, which is about the size of a five-and-ten-cent store, but which during the chase seems as large as a city block.

Once we have captured him, we devote ourselves to getting him hitched up. Certain straps have to go through certain loops and certain buckles have to be fastened to certain bellybands, and the goat has to be backed into the shafts of the wagon. It takes all the remaining hours of the morning.

But at last it is done, and Mr. Big climbs in the wagon and sits down. Because the goat is little, I do not get in, but walk or run alongside. Of course I don't have to run often, because the billy goat doesn't run often. In fact, he frequently doesn't move at all.

I get a stick and beat him, but he doesn't give the slightest indication that he feels it. I stand in front of him and pull with all my might. He takes one or two steps. I pull harder. He takes two more steps. I pull still harder. He takes another two steps.

After an hour of this I have him far enough away from the barn for him to turn around and head back toward it. Immediately there is an amazing transformation. Without batting an eye, he moves like Winged Victory. He doubles his little feet beneath him and simply sails through the air with the greatest of ease. Now and then his paws touch the highest grasses lightly, but that's all. The wagon with Mr. Big sways like the tail of a kite, and I, clutching the reins, run madly until I fall on my face.

Reaching the barn, he comes to a sudden and permanent stop. Looking at him, you'd never suspect he had ever moved.

Several times Mr. Big and I have pulled him as far as the orchard and have tied him to a tree while we filled the wagon with apples. Of course we keep feeding him the best apples, hoping to win him through his stomach, but up to this hour we haven't. He doesn't care for gathering apples, a haughty, disdainful sneer on his long, quivering nose announces, and once he went so far as to catch me from behind while I was stooping over and butt me flat.

But Mr. Big and I will not be outdone. We have bought this billy goat to save our tires and we intend to save them, if it kills us. It looks at present as if it

will kill us, but even if it doesn't, we will stay too exhausted to drive anywhere in a car.

October 12, 1942

Mr. Big and I Go Goat Riding

HAVING worked diligently on the billy goat for a week, yesterday Mr. Big and I decided to drive him to the home of Mr. Lewis, three miles down the Rose Island Road, on the bluff of the wide Ohio. It wasn't a pleasure trip; we went from necessity.

For years we have been renting from Mr. Lewis—every two weeks during the spring, summer, and fall—a mule to pull our lawn-mowing machine. Lewis Peters has always contacted Mr. Lewis and arranged for the mule, but with Lewis Peters doing defense work for Mr. Du Pont, the contacting was up to me.

I had succeeded in getting Mr. Mathis, a wiry, energetic little man who has recently moved into a small house across the road from us, to promise to mow the lawn when I produced the mule.

So today Mr. Big and I had to drive the billy goat to do the arranging. Catching him was, as usual, the most difficult part. After an hour's chase from stall to loft and from loft to roof and from roof to the first floor, Mr. Big flung himself like a football tackler at one of billy's hind feet and clung to it.

"Hold on, Mr. Big," I cried foolishly. "Hold on."

And he did, while that devilish monster dragged him over the rough wooden floor. By the time I got my hands on his horns and brought him to a stop, Mr. Big's knees were bloody.

"Oh, my Precious!" I wailed. "Why didn't you turn loose?"

He stared at me accusingly. "You told me to hold on."

"I know, but you don't usually do what I tell you."

He grinned guiltily and changed the subject. "That old fool billy goat makes me so damn mad and I—"

"Hush, Lamb, don't say that ugly word." I looked at him sternly.

"But he is a damned fool," Mr. Big persisted.

I turned my back, as if I hadn't heard him, and I began straightening out the harness. Mr. Big had expressed my sentiments perfectly. And, besides, I was convinced punishing wouldn't help. Mr. Big has a predilection for cursing that he evidently inherited from the roommate, for since he was an infant he has loved "damn" above all other words.

Naturally, I have done my best to stop him. Once, when he was only two, I gave him a list of other expletives.

"Why don't you say 'my stars' or 'shucks' or 'gosh'? Now, 'gosh' is a good word to use."

"Does daddy say 'gosh'?" he asked.

"Why, er, yes, sometimes." I felt this was no moment to quibble over facts. "Yes, indeed, daddy says 'gosh.'"

"He says 'God-damned' when he hasn't got any clean handkerchiefs."

Handicapped in this fashion, I had an uphill fight. On one nightmarish occasion when, in a rage, he cursed Octavia because she would not give him a sweet potato just before dinner, I resorted in desperation to a switch.

Mr. Big yelled bloody murder, and my heart cringed within me.

"Are you going to say those bad words any more?" I demanded. "Are you ever going to curse any one again?"

"No, God damn it," he cried. "No! No!"

I threw the switch away for all time. I would rely on love and kindness.

So now, after this mild reproof, we got on with the harnessing of the billy goat. When it was completed, and we had broken a long whip from the willow tree, we both got in the wagon. When we first bought the goat, I didn't ride in the wagon, thinking I was too heavy for him; but after he had dragged me numberless times swinging to the reins across the grass without once slackening his pace, I decided to ride.

Sitting in the back of the wagon with my legs apart so Mr. Big could sit between them, we started on our pilgrimage to Mr. Lewis'. Slowly the billy goat moved. Slowly—slowly—slowly. He would never make it, his whole sagging body proclaimed, but, as he was only a dumb beast, he would die resignedly in harness.

People came out of The Store as we approached and eyed us coldly. The idea of that woman making that poor little goat pull her and that child! She should be ashamed of herself! She should be reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

To make matters more grim, the goat decided suddenly to turn around and go home. Without flicking his tail, he whirled and started for the big gate. I jerked on the reins. He kept going. I jerked harder.

"Stop, you old fool," Mr. Big yelled. "Stop, you old damn fool!"

The people in front of The Store shuddered. I didn't see them; I felt them.

The goat reared on his hind legs. I jumped from the wagon. I grabbed the bridle. I pulled him down to his feet and turned him around. I got back in the wagon.

"Now, get up, there!" I said.

But, instead of getting up there, he began turning around again. I fell over the side of the wagon and grabbed his head. Then, patiently, doggedly, I pulled him by The Store, across the Cincinnati Highway, and down the incline into the Rose Island Road. I thought I was going to have to pull him all three miles to Mr. Lewis', but finally he began moving under his own steam. Slowly, of course. Very slowly. I climbed back in the wagon.

During the next hour and a half we covered two miles, but the snail's pace didn't worry Mr. Big and me. We were at least moving.

At long last we turned into the rutty road leading up to Mr. Lewis' ancient house. He was in the barn lot, puttering with a broken plow. I explained my need of the mule, and he said, all right, I could have it. Then, calling good-by, I turned the goat around.

Instantly the goat smelled the barn—which, the roommate commented later, was perfectly understandable, as he could smell it at the Courier-Journal when the wind was blowing that way. A distance that had taken us two hours to cover was now clocked off in twenty-nine minutes flat.

We zoomed around curves on two wheels; we flashed by dogs before they could catch our scent; we sailed up hills as if they were valleys; we swooped across the Cincinnati Highway without a glance to right or left; we tore in the gate; we streaked across the grass; we arrived at the barn.

"By gosh," gasped Mr. Big, who had been holding on for dear life, "by gosh, this old fool billy goat can sho run. It's too bad, ain't it, Muh-muh, he can't always be headed for the barn?"

"Yes, but I don't see how it can be arranged."

"We could send him away by truck, couldn't we, and then drive him home?"

"Maybe," I agreed, unfastening the traces. "Maybe, if we had a truck."

November 25, 1942.

Dear, Dear Ration Board 157

I SPEND most of my days and many of my nights now writing letters to my Ration Board for a little kerosene oil to heat our hot-water (at least it is supposed to be hot-water) tank.

"I don't want any fine fuel oil," I explain patiently, "but just a little common everyday kerosene, dear, dear Ration Board 157. I am perfectly willing to keep the house so cold our breath comes out in white fog and our fingers grow purple beneath the nails, but I would appreciate a little hot water just now and then to bathe. That's not unreasonable, is it, dear, dear Ration Board 157?"

But evidently it is, for the Ration Board turns a stone-deaf ear to my pleas. It says that by filling our fuel-oil tank last summer we have 700 more gallons of fuel oil than we are entitled to under rationing, and though we must not touch these gallons, under threat of imprisonment or death or both, we cannot have one quart of kerosene for the water heater.

I explain to the Board that it is impossible for me to get the oil out of the underground tank into the water

heater, unless I sit day and night and draw it up through a hose, and that my lung capacity isn't what it was before I had four children, but the Board just shakes its head. I also explain that I cannot heat the water with the furnace that heats the house unless I keep the furnace going by night as well as by day, and in moderate weather as well as in cold, which, of course, I can't do with the modest rationing I have; but still the Board shakes its head.

This being war, I am not complaining—not much, anyway. If washing in ice water is necessary to win the war, I'll be glad to go dirty. But it is inconvenient. We have to heat water on the stove for bathing, just as in pioneer days; but, unlike pioneer days, the roommate refuses to bathe in the kitchen. I bought a big zinc tub, which was an achievement in itself, a screen, and all the other accessories of kitchen bathing, but no, he must have the hot water in the bathtub. So Octavia, Margaret, and I work like a country fire brigade passing buckets up the stairs. First there is a bucket for shaving; then, a little later, the buckets to temper the water in the tub.

"Just set the whole thing, bucket and all, in the tub," the roommate directs crossly. "Maybe the heat of the bucket will help heat the water."

I can't help feeling sorry for the roommate. For him—who on one occasion when the well went dry announced, "Listen, I make enough money to have water"—to be deprived of hot water touches me deeply.

"You mustn't mind it too much," I beg him. "Did you read what Ernie Pyle wrote about the hardships in Africa? He says they go two and three weeks sometimes without a bath."

"I don't give a damn what Ernie Pyle says about bathing in Africa. If I were in Africa I'd expect to put up with hardships and unsanitary conditions, but I see no reason to have to endure them here in the middle of the United States. It seems to me there should be some difference between the battle front and the home front. G-r-r-r-r."

He has hit all six inches of the water in the tub, and evidently the buckets have failed to heat it.

"Is it cold, darling?" I call.

"Of course to hell it's cold! Why don't you try it sometime and find out?"

I pen another note to Ration Board 157.

December 1, 1942.

The Buick Makes Way for Rationing

With gas rationing, we have swapped the Buick for a small secondhand Hudson which the dealer assures us will go seventeen miles on a gallon. Living eleven miles in the country, we realize every extra mile is going to be vitally important.

We should have been relieved to get rid of the Buick, for it has been a Job-car ever since we had it, but we love it as a mother loves a wayward son. A weakness for getting into trouble is, for some queer reason, a human, lovable quality in a person or a car.

This Buick slid off a precipice on a bitter cold night, when its brakes either froze or thawed (I never did understand which); it has had its windshield battered by the shaft of a wagon between two hardheaded mules who didn't stop when the light turned red; it has skidded into a stone wall and mashed in its side on the slippery Country Club Road; it has been hit by a station wagon—of all the humiliating things; and it has run out of gas at the most unfortunate times.

We got it one Saturday when the University of Georgia was playing a football game with the University of Kentucky in Louisville. In fact, on the way to the game we stopped and picked it up. That evening we had a party and, when it was over, the roommate offered to drive four guests to the Brown Hotel, where they were stopping. The hour was late, and the roommate was dead tired, for he always takes being a host very seriously, but somebody had to drive them, and he was elected.

The rest of the household went wearily to bed, but Shug and I couldn't sleep for listening for the roommate. Instead of returning in forty-five minutes, as we expected, he didn't return for an hour and a half.

"Something has happened to daddy," whispered Shug dramatically, tiptoeing in her nightgown into my room. "I feel something terrible has happened to him."

"Oh, I don't think so, darling," I assured her. "It has started to rain, and he no doubt is driving very slowly. That's all."

Shug flourishes on dramatic situations. "I have a feeling, I tell you, mother, that something dreadful has happened to him. I think we ought to notify the police immediately."

"Oh, I don't believe so, Precious. Let's wait anyway until five o'clock."

"All right, if you say so; but while you lie there waiting he might be lying at the foot of one of those drops on the Cincinnati Highway, bleeding to death."

I shuddered and covered my eyes, for it really was peculiar that he hadn't returned. I was positive he wouldn't have gone into the hotel with the guests to have a nightcap. Maybe—the idea came to me for the first time—maybe he had run out of gas. We hadn't looked

at the gas all day. But then, surely the Buick people would have turned the car over to us with a full tank. Anyway, we would wait until five. . .

At five minutes of five we heard him. He was calling beneath the bedroom window.

Shug flung herself down the stairs and let him in. He had on no hat or overcoat, for the day had been fairly pleasant. His evening clothes were soaked through, his pumps were full of water, and his thin hair was plastered to his head.

"I gave out of gas on the way back at Harrods Creek," he explained bitterly, "and had to walk all the rest of the way home."

"Oh, my dear, I was afraid that was what had happened to you!" I cried.

"If you were so damned smart, why didn't you have Lewis put some in before I left?" His tone was withering.

I was aloofly silent until my curiosity got the better of me. "Where did you leave the car?"

"Right where it gave out of gas, and if anybody wants it he is welcome to it."

Almost in a daze, he removed one soaked garment after another, until he stood nude in the middle of the floor. And, as he stood there trying evidently to remember where his pajamas might be, the doorbell rang.

Pushing his wet hair back from his forehead, he walked to the window and yelled: "What is it?"

It was the County Police. They had found the car, looked up the number, and come to tell the roommate he must move it off the road before something happened to it. They would drive him to St. Matthews, they said, to get gas.

"Lord, and I'm so tired!" the roommate mourned, standing in the middle of the room.

"I know it, darling, but I was just thinking the County Police might come and make you move it."

"Oh, hell!" he cried out. "Hell, you know everything! You're so damned smart you ought to write a column."

So, after that unhappy experience and all the others we've had with the Buick, I should be pleased to get this secondhand Hudson. Yet I eye it as if it were an alien, and an enemy alien at that.

January 23, 1943.

The Gas Is Watered and Iced

THOUGH I know only too well I haven't yet begun to feel the war as I should, considering the tragedies it has wrought in other lives, I have come much nearer to it during the recent zero weather. Not only has the blood solidified in my old body and milk frozen in its pail, but the meager ration of gasoline in the secondhand Hudson has become clogged with chunks of ice.

Of course, offhand, I wouldn't think there was enough gasoline in the Hudson to form an ice block, but Mr. Brooks, our garageman, assures me that it is so. Somebody, he says darkly, has watered the gas.

Well, all I can say is that it has given the S. Y. O. and me many miserable moments. It would be her week—when the thermometer is sitting on zero—to drive herself and two schoolmates to Collegiate. She picks up one passenger a mile and a half down the road and the other about three miles away at the crossroads.

It is her custom to dash to the garage at five minutes of eight, turn on the switch of the car, jab the starter, mash hard on the gas, and go chugging down the road. She doesn't have one minute to lose. She must be at the crossroads at five minutes after eight. Her last passenger is always standing there, stabbed to the heart with cold.

Well, on Tuesday morning of this horrible week, she tears out as usual, turns on the ignition and steps on the gas, but nothing happens. Absolutely nothing. For long, ghastly minutes she fights with the starter and the gas pedal. But still nothing happens.

Finally she screams for me. (The roommate, like all other men, is in Washington.) I crawl out of bed, where I do everything except cook and roll bandages, in my desperate effort to keep warm without heat, and rush out. I have an old black fur coat on top of my bed garments—a nightgown, a pair of snuggies, a bathrobe, and two sweaters—but the freezing wind off the steppes of Indiana cuts straight through me.

Margaret, Mr. Big, and Octavia also hurry out. "Mommie, look at her!" screams Mr. Big, pointing at the S. Y. O. "She's blue in the face." And so she is, a reddish blue, like old beefsteak.

We all get in front of the Hudson and push it out of the garage. Then we shift to the rear and shove it along the drive. We shove and pant. Shove and pant. It is terribly heavy for such a little insignificant-looking car.

"Try it now!" I yell to the S. Y. O. "Give it plenty of gas and put it in high."

For a minute it jumps ahead like a frog, but it does not catch up.

My bare ankles are purple, my fingers are stiff as the piston rods, and my ears and nose ache so I am afraid to touch them for fear they will snap off. If we only had a man! But there is no man left now in Prospect. They are all on defense jobs, or in Washington, or in the Army. I bawl for Beulah, the Skaggs' cook, and she strides over in her overalls and sweater and gives us a hand. But it's no use. Even when we reach the little slant on the way to the barn, it will not start.

We run to the house, and I call Brooks' garage, a mile down the Cincinnati Highway. Mr. Brooks says he will be right up, and in thirty-five minutes he comes, and bumps the Hudson, with the S. Y. O. shivering behind the wheel, out of sight.

I do not see the S. Y. O. again until late afternoon, though she telephones me from the garage to call the mamas of her passengers to go out and collect their offspring before they turn into pillars of ice.

She spent quite a while in the garage, she tells me when she gets home. Almost the whole morning.

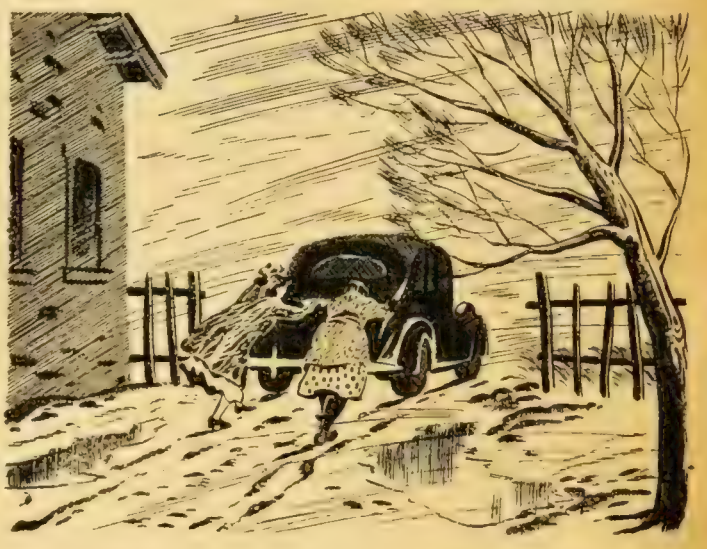
"At first two ten-year-old boys and an old man lifted the hood and peered in for several minutes," she relates, munching an apple. "The boys ran and got a can of oil and poured it over the motor, and the old man spat tobacco juice on it. Nothing happened.

"Suddenly a man romped in and said, 'I have a tick in my car.' I didn't know what a tick was, but something pretty wonderful, I judged, for their faces lit up and they exclaimed, 'Ah, a tick!' and dashed out. Finally they came back and, after stomping their feet and warming their hands at the stove, started to work.

"They were saved, though, for a man came in, calling, 'Callie can't get up.' This threw them into a state, and they patted me on the shoulder and drove off to get Callie up with the wrecking car filled with pulleys and ropes." The S. Y. O. stops talking long enough to chew on the core and spit the seeds into the fire. "When they got back this time, the old man said Callie was Tom Murray's twenty-nine-year-old mare, and she often had trouble getting up these cold mornings. Rheumatism, he guessed.

"By that time it was nine thirty, and I begged them to hurry, because I simply had to get my friends and me to school. This touched them, and they started to work again. The boys poured more oil over the motor, and the old man spat more tobacco juice. At last the motor turned over and, after some sputtering, ran smoothly. I got to school all right, but I left the car at the garage on my way home, to be thoroughly checked."

When the car is brought home, Mr. Brooks assures me it is perfectly fine and will give us no more trouble.



"There was considerable ice in the carburetor, but we got it out."

The next morning, with the thermometer at six above zero, the S. Y. O. speeds out at five minutes of eight, turns on the ignition, steps on the gas. I pull my head from beneath the covers and listen. The engine turns over, but it does not catch. Again and again that empty churning sound.

"Mother!" the S. Y. O. screams.

I crawl out. It has begun all over again.

March 3, 1943.

May-ling Soong

LISTENING to Madame Chiang Kai-shek last night, as she spoke at Madison Square Garden, I traveled back over thirty-four years to the time I had known her as a fresh, saucy, chubby little girl in Macon, Georgia.

She was ten, and I, I hate to admit, was not much younger, and we belonged to a small club with the bombastic name *Esse Quam Videri.* I did not know, though May-ling may have known, that *Esse Quam Videri* was a Latin phrase meaning "To Be Rather Than to Seem."

May-ling had come to Macon in the fall of 1908, to be with her two older sisters, E-ling and Chung-ling, who were students at Wesleyan College. As she was too young to matriculate in the college, she was tutored by two Wesleyan teachers in their spare hours. I and the other members of the *Esse Quam Videri* were struggling in

the fourth or fifth grades of Nesbitt Grammar School.

May-ling was introduced into the club by one of the original members, Carrie Belle Marshall, who was in school at Nesbitt but, for some reason I have never known, lived at Wesleyan. We accepted May-ling gladly. She was a novelty; none of us had ever known a Chinese girl before. Then, too, she was an excellent Up Jinks player, which, queer as it may seem for an organization with the uplifting title, *Esse Quam Videri*, was our main occupation. May-ling could hide the penny in her fat fists, slam them down three times on the table, and straighten out her fingers without once letting the penny make a sound. And all the time her full round face beamed with excitement.

We met every Friday afternoon in the flower-bedecked front parlor of one of the members. When we grew tired of Up Jinks, we played parchesi, dominoes, rook, and jackstraws, and then we ate cookies and swilled hot chocolate crowned with marshmallows.

May-ling was very gay and talkative on those afternoons, and no doubt witty, though we wouldn't have recognized wit if we had heard it. She wore American clothes and wrapped her long shining plaits around her head and tied them with white bows behind her ears.

She was already studying subjects far beyond our comprehension: French, Latin, history, algebra, and composition. English was very easy for her, and she spoke it effortlessly and, I believe, with a Southern accent, for I was unconscious of her speaking differently from the rest of us. I know she thought of herself as a Southerner, for I heard once that a teacher asked her to describe Sherman's march through Georgia, and she answered, "Pardon me, I am a Southerner, and that is very painful to me."

As I was reminded anew last night while listening to her speak, she always had a way with words. She got out of every sort of mischievous deed with her quick, clever tongue. Once she painted her cheeks, which in those days, at that Methodist institution, was considered shameful. A teacher reprimanded her. "Why, May-ling, I believe your face is painted."

"Yes," came the answer. "China-painted." And she ran laughingly out of the room.

On another occasion she saved the freshman history class from the consequences of a huge joke they played on the teacher, Professor J. W. W. Daniel. He used to carry a little square satchel (this was before the time of briefcases) to class every day. A rumor started that it not only contained papers and books, but powder, a comb and brush, and a girl's picture.

ONE day, all of the freshmen marched into their history class carrying suitcases of every size and description, and, as soon as they were seated, they opened them and took out powder and puffs, perfume, toothbrushes, and boys' pictures.

May-ling sat on a front seat, and she had hauled out the most disreputable old bag from some closet. Her mouth was tight with suppressed giggles as she arranged her toilet articles on her desk.

"What do you think you are doing, Miss Soong?" Professor Daniel demanded, his face red and his eyes flashing.

I do not remember May-ling's exact answer, if I ever knew it, but it was so smart that Professor Daniel burst into cackly chuckles and a storm was averted.

May-ling was really too smart for the comfort of the freshman class, especially in algebra. She caught on to the problems so quickly that she frequently threw her head back and laughed loudly at the others' mistakes. The teacher finally had to point out to her that her intelligence was nothing to her credit; it was a gift of God and she should be humble about it.

"You could have been stupid just as easily as brilliant, if God had willed it," the teacher lectured. "Then, how would you have enjoyed being laughed at?"

May-ling did not care for the lecture, and for a long time she did not care for the teacher; but, nevertheless, the teacher always insisted she was the most brilliant student she ever taught. May-ling always wanted to know why a rule in algebra was so. She accepted no statement on faith.

And that is the reason, perhaps, that she could stand up before that tremendous audience last night and deliver such a scholarly address with perfect poise and fiery assurance. It was an erudite, literary achievement, teeming with little-known historical allusions. My, my, I kept thinking, she has gone a long way and learned a lot since we were little girls together down in Georgia.

March 24, 1943.

Seeds for the Victory Garden

THE roommate has sold me on the idea of having a Victory Garden. For weeks now he has been saying, "Anybody who doesn't have a garden this summer is a damn fool. Now, I'm telling you. There isn't going to be enough food for the Army and for home consumption unless everybody pitches in and plants a garden."

"Yes, sir," I said in my customarily meek way. "Yes, sir. I intend to have a garden."

"Good. Now, I'm telling you. Everybody with a piece of available land should certainly use it for a garden."

No mention, naturally, was made of his planting a garden. I began reading newspaper articles and Victory Garden pamphlets on what to plant, and how, and when, and where. Having never put a seed, other than a morning-glory, in the ground in my life, I realized I must cultivate my own mind before I could cultivate a piece of ground.

I read everything and got more and more confused. No two experts ever seemed to agree. When I was baffled beyond measure, I came across a chart, prepared by the College of Agriculture of the University of Kentucky and published in the Courier-Journal. The chart was for a family of five—which seemed close enough, if all of us ate sparingly.

But, even if it wasn't enough, the space called for was as large a garden as I could plant singlehanded, and I had a feeling, which was stronger than a hunch, that I *would* have to plant it singlehanded. The space must be one hundred feet by one hundred feet, according to the chart, and that, as I discovered when I went out and measured it off with the tape measure, is a lot of feet. It may not be quite as big as a football field, but it looks as big.

The Victory Garden pamphlet said I should have plowed the garden last fall, but, if I had been a procrastinator, I could plow it as soon as the ground thawed sufficiently. Also, fertilizer should be spread over the garden before plowing, so it could be turned under.

Frantically Mr. Big and I began hauling fertilizer from the barn in the wheelbarrow and spreading it on the selected spot. Day after day I hauled and spread, until my back cried out it would crack if I wheeled one more load. Yet I got no land covered. It is the queerest thing, but a wheelbarrow full of fertilizer goes nowhere when it is spread out. In the barn it looks like a lot of fertilizer—in fact, it looks terrible; and in the wheelbarrow it looks and feels like a lot of fertilizer; but the minute it is pitchforked out on the land, it looks like a few starling droppings.

Naturally, with it acting this way, Mr. Leek arrived to plow long before the land was covered. To tell the truth, only one little corner was covered.

"What shall I do?" I asked Mr. Leek, who is a farmer of long experience.

"Oh, you can spread it on afterward," he answered casually. "It don't make any difference. Just spread it on and dig it in when you get ready to plant."

He settled down to plowing. But I wasn't satisfied. I strolled over to see Mr. Mathis, when he came home from building L. S. T.s (landing ships for tanks) over at the Jefferson Boat Works, and asked him what to do about the fertilizer.

"The best thing to do," he said in his breezy manner, "if you don't get it on before the land is plowed, is to wait and put it in the rows after they are dug."

"Really?"

"Sure. Just lay a little along the bottom of the row, and it'll work fine. It's really better that way, I figure. It puts it right where you want it. There's no waste. A little goes a long way."

Still I wasn't convinced. I went over and talked to Beulah, who, after all, is the best gardener in Prospect.

"How about putting the fertilizer in the rows after they're dug?" I asked.

"It'll more'n likely burn your seeds up," she answered, "unless the fertilizer is pow'ful old and rotted. I always put mine on before the ground is plowed."

"You would," I said ungraciously, and stalked home.

The ground being plowed by now, and the fertilizer still unspread, I went to Bunton's Seed Store to buy my seeds.

"I want enough White Tip Scarlet radish seeds, please, to plant two rows seventy feet long at two different times," I said to the elderly gentleman who offered to serve me.

"Did you say White Tip Scarlet?"

"Yes, sir."

"I couldn't believe my ears. Why, we haven't sold any White Tip Scarlet in years. That's the pithiest, hottest radish ever grown. Nobody plants it any more."

I felt my face getting red. "Just give me whatever kind you think is good."

"How many packages did you say you wanted?"

"I want enough for two plantings of two rows seventy feet long."

"That's a mighty lot of radish. How many's in your family, anyway?"

"There will be six to feed this summer."

"Well, you're planting entirely too many radish, but it's all right with me, if that's what you want."

"Thank you, sir."

"What else, now?"

The next item on the list was corn. From April 15 to June 1, I should put in, the chart said, four plantings of corn of three rows each.

"The chart doesn't say how much seed I'll need," I explained timidly, "but it says to plant during April and May six rows of Adams sweet corn, three rows of Golden Cross Bantam, and three rows of Golden Bantam."

"How many did you tell me were in your family?"

"I said I expected there would be six of us to eat from the garden."

The old man shook his white head slowly and sadly. "And how long are your rows?"

"About one hundred feet."

"That's too much corn," he said emphatically. "Why, my wife and I eat corn three times a day from the 10th of July until the end of summer, and I don't plant anything like that much corn in April and May. We don't miss a meal having corn. We eat all the corn we can hold three times a day." He scratched the back of his neck and pondered. "Yes, lady, that's entirely too much corn to plant. Here, let me see that chart."

Reluctantly I handed it over. It had already been wrong so often, I hated to expose it to his critical gaze.

For a minute he studied it in silence; then he grunted deeply, like a man who eats corn three times a day. "I don't see anything here about planting twelve rows in April and May."

I leaned over the counter and pointed. "See these '3s' in this column. That's how many rows I'm to plant at one time."

He looked at the column. "Umph!" he snorted. "That '3' has nothing to do with the number of rows. That '3' is the number of feet apart to plant the rows."

"Oh."

"Have you bought all the seed that way?"

"Yes, sir. I believe I have."

He shook his head and sighed deeply. "I'm afraid the government has gone too far with this Victory Garden business," he mumbled, sorting through the packages of seed. "Yes, sir, I'm afraid the government has oversold it." He seemed to have forgotten me, and I prayed he had. "It takes common sense to plant a garden. A lot of people are going to be planting gardens what oughtn't."

April 18, 1943.

I Weep What the Roommate Sows

For days now I have labored alone, except for Mr. Big, who swaggers at my heels, in the Victory Garden. I have planted lettuce, onions, radishes, and mustard. It has been terrifically hard work. In spite of Mr. Leek plowing the garden, it is still veined with the slick, tough roots of Johnson grass and clotted with lumps of unrotted weeds. I have to spade and rake for hours to get a small piece of ground in shape for planting.

Until this Sunday morning, the roommate has been perfectly indifferent to my labors. When he has come home in the late afternoon and has found me bent double with exhaustion, he has asked casually, "How's the garden coming?" and when I have answered, "Oh, very, very slowly, darling, for there is so much to do," he hasn't even bothered to answer, but has sunk as usual into his big chair and buried himself in the papers. You would never suspect it was he who urged me to plant a garden; that he had said anybody who didn't plant a garden was a damn fool.

BUT this morning was different. Something moved him. I can scarcely believe it was the sight of me spading up the heavy dirt and grappling in the ground for the Johnson roots, for he has seen me spade and grapple before and has not been moved; but something touched him. About eleven o'clock, after I had been working for two full hours, he tossed the numerous sections of the Courier-Journal aside, donned a torn shirt and an old pair of slacks, and sauntered into the garden.

"Well, here I am," he announced like Pershing to Lafayette.

"Oh, swell," I said.

"What you want me to do?"

"I'd like you to prepare that corner of the garden over there for peas," I said as casually as possible. "Do you mind?"

"No. I'd just as well do that as anything else." He picked up the hoe and began digging lightly on the surface of the ground.

"Darling," I spoke very softly. "Darling, I—er—I—er—think you had better dig a little deeper. The Johnson grass in this patch of ground goes terribly deep."

"All right." He picked up the spade and turned over a couple of clumps of ground. "This better?" he asked.

"Yes, that's just fine. And, when you turn it over, it's a good idea to pick out the Johnson roots when you see them."

He worked quietly for about ten minutes, then asked: "Say, when do we plant the seed?"

"Just as soon as the ground is ready," I answered with enthusiasm, "but it isn't ready yet."

"What's the matter with it?"

"We haven't begun to break up the clumps and get the roots out yet."

He turned over three or four more spade loads. "Don't you think it is ready for the seed now?"

"Do you?" I thought if I put the issue squarely to him, he would face it; but no.

"It looks all right to me," he said.

"But, darling, it is just full of unbroken clods and roots and even rocks."

"Rocks won't hurt it," he argued, but, nevertheless, he bent his back slowly and lifted two or three small rocks and tossed them under the mulberry tree. "How's it now?" he asked.

Of course, it wasn't any better, but I could see that if I didn't let him plant, his feeble flame of interest would go out and he would stalk into the house. It was better to sacrifice the little pea seeds, I figured, than to lose this chance of winning him for gardening.

"It's all right," I lied. "Go on and plant. The seeds are over there in the grass, by the lilac bush."

Unfortunately, at this point I had to go to the barn for fertilizer, and on my return what should I see but the roommate sowing seeds with wide, graceful sweeps of his arm. All he needed to look like the sower on Sunday-school cards was a sack over his shoulder and long hair.

"Say," he called to me excitedly, "I don't see why you gripe so much about working in the garden. There's nothing to it. It's just child's play."

"So I see," I said, and turned away quickly to count to a hundred.

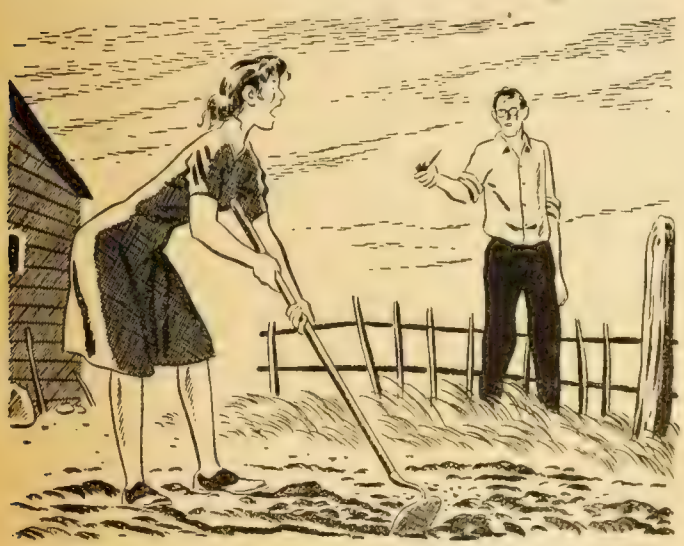
April 23, 1943.

Bubber Goes to War

For the past four days the roommate and I have been in New York seeing Bubber off to war. We have been waiting for him to sail with a contingent of the American Field Service for a distant land. Yesterday the wait ended.

Nobody told us, of course, the exact day of sailing, or the port of embarkation, but when we walked into the hotel late Wednesday afternoon, the roommate and I both knew instinctively that that evening would be our last with him for many long months.

Naturally, we didn't discuss it with him. We simply determined to have as gay an evening as it was possible to have. Bubber, being eighteen and shy and proud, would want no weeping down his khaki collar. We would put everything into the evening and have it go on and on so we would never have to face each other in our room



and say, "Well, it is over now. Today—today—this very day he leaves."

When the evening was over, Bubber and the roommate and I sat on my bed for an hour or more and talked about Shug, the S. Y. O., and Mr. Big.

"We've been a pretty close family," the roommate remarked as lightly as he could manage.

"Yes," said Bubber.

"We may not have always understood each other, but—"

"Oh, I don't know," Bubber interrupted. "I think we've always understood each other very well."

"Do you, Bubber?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, sure." He smiled at me reassuringly. "We've never talked much about it, but I think we've always known how we felt about things and—and each other."

"Yes, you're absolutely right"—and my voice was husky with gratitude. "We've always liked each other tremendously, haven't we?"

Bubber grinned sheepishly, pecked me on the cheek, and went into his room. "So long," he called back. "I'll be seeing you in the morning."

The morning, or what was left of it when he got up, was filled with eating breakfast and choosing a graduation present for his girl.

Then it was time for him to go. He shoved the last few things into his knapsack—a tube of toothpaste, razor, toothbrush, pajamas, and a pair of shorts.

"Here's a book daddy and I got for you."

"Thanks, mom."

"It's long enough to last the whole trip," I prattled on. "Seven hundred pages, I think. It's real long, but it's terribly good. It's—"

We were at the elevator now. The roommate and I weren't going any further with him. I said, "Good-by, Precious," and smiled. And he smiled too, that little shy, whimsical, tender smile of his, and rubbed his cheek where I had kissed him.

"Did you get lipstick on me?" he asked.

Then the door of the elevator slid to, and he was dropping down the sixteen floors of the Waldorf to start on his long, long trek halfway around the world.

I turned and my hand went out to find the roommate's Blindly we walked down the hall to our empty room.

May 6, 1943.

The British Are Coming

Since we are going to have as our guests this week-end the British consul of this area and his wife, I have been struggling to get the house fixed up a little. I didn't realize what a shambles it was until I tried seeing it with the eyes of the consul's wife. Then I saw it looked as if Sherman had just passed through on his way to the sea.

The wallpaper flaps from the ceiling of the front hall where the S. Y. O. let the water soak through from the bathroom; the front gate dangles from its post by one rusty hinge; the paint is peeling in long strips from the mantelpiece and other woodwork in the library; the windowpanes are out of two windows; the lights have no light bulbs; the toilet seat in the bathroom is cracked; and there is no hot water.

I don't understand how the roommate and I ever thought it looked nice enough for guests. But, since they are coming, I have been trying to get the front hall papered, the toilet seat fixed, and a little oil for hot water. The other things I decided to let slide; I didn't want to be unreasonable in wartime.

Up to this hour, on the eve of the visit, the paper still hangs from the hall ceiling. I can't get a paper hanger anywhere. All living ones have gone to the war or into defense work, except one who says he doesn't know when he can reach me. I chat with him the last thing every night, just before I go to bed; but he offers me no encouragement.

As to the toilet seat, it has been joined together temporarily with a bolt and some screws, while the plumber continues to search for something better. One day this week he found a brand-new seat, and was overjoyed. He came rattling up to the house in his truck with it.

"I hope you don't mind it being yellow," he said, standing up in the back of the truck and holding it up for me to see. "It's the best I could do. It's the very last one in town."

As the bathroom is cream and dark green, I did mind; but what could I do? A seat is such an imperative thing.

"Yes, it's all right," I answered. "Go right ahead and put it on."

He disappeared into the house, but in a little while he was back, the yellow seat still in his hand.

"It won't fit," he said unhappily. "It ain't the right size,"

"Oh, that's awful. What am I going to do?"

"I don't know anything you can do."

But he did bolt the old one together.

"I'm not saying how long it will last," he warned me darkly. "I'm just patching it, and it ain't at all satisfactory."

As to the hot water, we have it, and we are so proud of it we stand around waiting to see it come out of the faucet, like tourists waiting for Old Faithful to spout. The steam is perfectly beautiful.

We got the oil after hope had all but fled. Early in the spring, when we turned the furnace off, the roommate sent petition after petition for a little kerosene to heat the water, but they were rejected. Finally, one petition reached the Appeal Board of the OPA in Cleveland, Ohio, but it, too, was refused. "Your house is too large for this area," the Board said.

"What do they want us to do?" asked the roommate. "Burn part of it down?"

Naturally, after this the roommate washed his hands of the whole affair, but I, on hearing of the visit of the consul and his wife, called the head man of oil rationing in Louisville. "Couldn't I have just enough oil to heat the water for the week-end?" I pleaded. "We're to have English guests, and we do hate to ask them to bathe in cold water."

"Oh, I imagine the English are accustomed to cold water," he answered casually. "They don't have nearly as

much oil or coal for heating in England as we have here."

"I'm sure you're right, but I do think it is too bad, don't you, to invite them here to the hospitable South and throw cold water in their faces?"

"Well, maybe so," he said, and I could scarcely believe my ears. "I'll see what I can do, and let you know."

Next morning he called and announced he had located

thirty-five gallons for me. It made me feel like an Oklahoma oil king. I don't intend to do a thing all week-end except bathe.

May 10, 1943.

Not Even a Drop to Drink

My enthusiasm for bathing was short-lived. When the English guests, the roommate, and I returned home late Saturday afternoon after a day which began with the launching of an L. S. T. on the wide gray-blue Ohio, and continued with a luncheon at Churchill Downs, and the races, and a cocktail party, there was no water in the house. Not one drop. We had thirty minutes to bathe, dress, and get to a dinner; and there was no water.

"What are you going to do?" the roommate demanded excitedly, running in and out of the bathroom. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to turn on the cistern," I answered with as much composure as I could muster. "There's nothing wrong, darling, except the well has gone dry."

"Well, it has picked a helluva time to go dry!"

I rushed down the steps and out into the yard to make my descent into the basement. For some macabre reason, there is no entrance to the basement from the house. It was dark as carbon paper in the basement, and I could not find the light which swings on an elusive string from the ceiling. Feeling my way with my waving, outstretched hands, I reached the contraption in the corner that sprouts the wheels for switching the water. Still using the Braille system, I located one wheel, and turned it, as Lewis had told me, as far as it would go; then another, and another. Then I climbed out of that basement and went into the front one, and turned the wheel there behind the door.

Next I tore into the house. The English guests were hanging over the upstairs banisters in the front hall; the roommate was hanging over the banisters in the back.

"There is no water, my dear," the wife of the consul called. "Not one drop."

"There is now," I cried. "Go try it. I've just turned on the cistern."

All three heads disappeared, and I listened breathlessly for the swish of water.

"No, there isn't," bawled the roommate from the back bathroom. "Not a drop is coming."

"I'm positive there is," I bawled back. "You haven't given it time to come up. Just be patient a few minutes."

"Hell, this is no time to be patient!"

The British consul's head reappeared over the front banisters. "I'm very much afraid there is still no water," he informed me in his beautifully correct British voice.

"You haven't given it time to pump up," I explained. "After it is switched, it takes a little while to come. It's coming, I know."

"Right-o," he exclaimed, and withdrew to the front bathroom.

There was a moment of comparative quiet; then a lusty yell from the roommate. "I'm telling you there is no water! Damn it, the cistern is dry too."

"No, darling, it couldn't be," I shouted. "We haven't used the cistern all winter."

"There is no water, I tell you. No water!" He appeared at the head of the stairs and glared at me. "Come up here and try it yourself."

"I don't have to come up. You certainly know how to turn on a faucet to see whether there is any water coming out or not."

"Well, there isn't any water coming out. Does that satisfy you? There is no water. You evidently haven't turned something you should have turned. I wish to heaven Lewis was here."

I heaved a great sigh and fled out of the house and back into the basement.

Frantically, I turned all the wheels again, just as far as I could turn them. This time Margaret held a flashlight for me to see that I didn't miss a wheel. It didn't make sense, I knew, turning them back, for that simply turned on the well again, and the well was evidently dry. But I didn't know what else to do. Maybe there would be a miracle and there would be water in the well now.

Back again in the house, I saw the same three heads peering anxiously over the banisters, their eyes shining with unnatural brightness, like cats' eyes, in the semi-glow of the stair wells.

"Try it now," I called encouragingly. "I've turned it back on the well."

They retired and went through the same motions as before, except the roommate kept yelling the entire time. "Come up here and try it yourself," he yelled. "Come up here!"

"There is no sense in my coming up there," I yelled back.

"Come up and see for yourself."

"I can see in the kitchen."

"Well, you can see there is no water. Not a damn drop. Not even a drop to drink."

He and the consul and his wife were back in the hall now, eying me as usual from over the banisters.

"Are you positive you turned everything you should have turned?" asked the roommate.

"No," I answered flatly. "No, I'm not sure of anything."

"Why aren't you? I thought Lewis showed you how to turn everything."

"He did, but—" And then I thought of it, just like that! That little switch on the side of the box.

Like mad I flew once more to the basement, flipped on the cistern switch, and turned again all the wheels to open the cistern.

When I reached the hall this time, the three of them were still hanging over the banisters, but their faces were different: they were wrinkled with smiles.

"It's coming now," they chorused pleasantly.

May 29, 1943.

Three Men Who Loaf as One

"What's wrong with this picture?" should have been the line written under the little scene that took place in the garden yesterday afternoon.

In the foreground of the picture was me, digging, digging, digging. I was trying to get the ground ready for rows of butter beans and string beans. As usual, the ground was full of weeds and roots and hard clumps of earth, and, as usual, I was digging like the horny-handed farmer I have become. The sun was going down beyond the Ohio River, and I still had a lot to do if I was to get the seeds in before night.

Gradually I became conscious of voices on the far edge of the garden, and I looked up to see the roommate, the Tomato Man, who runs a small truck farm and sells us tomatoes during the summer, and Mr. Mathis standing

most casually there, watching me work. I don't know how long they had been there, but from their relaxed poses it must have been for some time.

"Hi," I called pleasantly. "How are you?"

"Fine," they answered almost in unison. "How are you?"

"Fine, thank you," and I turned back to my digging. I must have dug for four or five minutes before it dawned on me, fagged as my mind was with hard work, that there was something wrong with this scene. There was I, spading madly like a soldier making a foxhole, and there were those three men, lined up in a row, idly gazing at me.

I pulled my aching back to as upstanding a position as I have been able to get it since I began gardening, and looked them straight in the eyes. "What's the big idea of you three men standing there watching me work?"

"We were just wondering if you were spading that ground deep enough," the roommate answered calmly.

"Oh, you were, were you? Well, that's very thoughtful of you. And what conclusion did you reach?"

"We don't think you are. That's pretty hard ground."

"Well, why don't you three fall to and spade it deep enough?"

There was a moment of shocked silence. Evidently it hadn't crossed their minds that I would suggest such a thing. They looked quickly from one to another, their faces questioning.

Mr. Mathis was the first to recover. "I'd like to help you, Mrs. Ethridge. You know that," he said very earnestly. "I'd like to most in the world. But I've got to go home and fix a clock. I promised a fellow I'd have it ready for him in the morning sho. I just come over for a minute to ask you if I could have a wheelbarrow of fertilizer for my watermelons. I'd be awfully much obliged to you if I could."

"You're welcome to it," I said, "but I do wish I could get some help here in the garden."

"I'd like to help you," murmured the Tomato Man in his soft voice, "but my back has been giving me a lot of trouble lately, and I can't dig a thing."

"I'd like to, too," said the roommate, "but I want to catch the quarter to six news round-up on the radio."

Then, like a dancing team, they wheeled as one and began hurriedly to move away.

"You come in when you are through," the roommate called graciously to me over his shoulder. "I'll be waiting for you."

Then the three of them were gone, as if they had never been, and there I was left, as usual, digging, digging, digging.

June 12, 1943.

"I've Had Four Babies!"

YESTERDAY marked some kind of point in our lives. The S. Y. O. was graduated from Collegiate, and I gave a pint of blood to the blood bank. The two events had no connection, and certainly shouldn't have fallen on the same day; but that is the way things happen in our family. When somebody graduates, somebody gives blood.

I had offered, many weeks before, to give the blood whenever the newly opened Blood Donor Center had the time to take it, so the Center, not knowing, as queer as that seems, about the S. Y. O.'s graduation, notified me a few days ago that June 11 was the day and nine forty in the morning the zero hour. As the S. Y. O.'s graduation was at four o'clock, there was really no conflict. I just wasn't able to have my hair done and my face lifted, as I would have liked.

The Blood Donor Center was most solicitous when I went in. Everybody who spoke to me said, "It won't hurt much," as if I were worried about it.

"My stars," I said finally, "I'm not afraid of it hurting. I've had four babies."

"Oh," replied the nurse, who was leading me at that moment to a desk to have my finger pricked, "I suppose you know, then, what real pain is."

"Certainly, and I'm not bothered about giving a little pint of blood."

I sat down in front of the desk. The nurse behind it wiped off the tip of my ring finger with a piece of damp gauze and picked up a needle. "This won't hurt much," she said.

"I'm not afraid of it hurting," I said again. "I've had four babies."

"Really?" And she gave my finger a little jab. "Then I suppose you know what real pain is?"

"Certainly."

Nevertheless, when the finger stopped bleeding and she was wiping it off, she said, "Now that didn't hurt much, did it?"

"No, it didn't hurt at all."

"Yet a lot of people say that is the most painful part of the whole procedure."

"Well, I'm not bothered about any of it hurting."

Next I was led into a long room with beds up and down the walls, and told to sit on the edge of one until a nurse was ready to take me. In a few minutes the nurse came and ordered me to lie down. "Now, this isn't going to hurt very much," she said.

"I'm not afraid of it hurting," I said once again. "I've had four babies."

"Really?" she answered as she began wrapping a wide rubber band around the upper part of my left arm. "Then I don't suppose this frightens you."

"Certainly not. Nothing frightens you after you've had four babies."

SHE took a large needle then, and stuck it in a vein on the inside of my arm at the elbow. Slowly it sucked the blood out through a rubber tube into a bottle. My blood was shockingly black; not bright red at all, as I had expected.

"Now, that didn't hurt much, did it?" asked the nurse when the bottle was full.

"I wasn't afraid of it hurting," I replied. "You know, I've had four babies."

"Yes, you told me." She unwound the rubber band. "Now, lie right here and rest a little while before you try getting up. Sometimes people feel a little dizzy if they get up too soon."

I rested for almost five minutes; then I began thinking of the last-minute graduation present the S. Y. O. had told me to get, and of the long evening slip to go under the graduation dress. "Can't I get up now?" I called to a new nurse passing by.

"How long have you been resting?"

"About five minutes."

"Well, I'd rest another five if I were you."

"That's so silly. I feel fine. This isn't the first time I've lost a little blood. I've had four babies."

"Yes, but you should lie still for at least ten minutes."

I stayed down three more minutes, and then got up. There were so many things I had to do, I couldn't possibly remain still another second.

On the way out, I passed through a small room with tables, and an attendant asked: "Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee? Some liquid will be good for you."

Having made it a practice in those days of coffee rationing never to refuse a cup away from home, I said, "Thank you," and sat down at a table already occupied by a young girl.

"It didn't hurt much, did it?" she said, smiling pleasantly at me.

"Not any to mention," I answered. "When you've had four babies, a needle stuck in the arm is nothing."

"I've never had a baby, but I've had blood tests for syphilis, and I'm used to needles."

This turn in the conversation was so unexpected, I forgot about my babies and talked with her about syphilis. It was so enlightening that I was on my second cup of coffee before I remembered the graduation present and slip to be bought.

Quickly I got up and started out; but at the door another attendant stopped me and handed me a return-date card and a little button which I mistook for a pill.

"Do I take it right away?" I asked.

She answered me, but I didn't understand her. A cold green flood of water began washing through me. I put out my hand to steady myself.

"Catch her, nurse," I heard someone a long way off call. "She's fainting."

"No, I'm not," I said. "I've had four babies and I never fain—"

I felt people half lifting and half dragging me away.

When I came to, some minutes later, I was stretched out on a low cot in a small room. One nurse was waving smelling salts in front of my nose, and another was mixing a concoction in a deep-blue glass.

"Don't tell me that's the woman who has had four babies," the nurse with the glass murmured.

"Yeah, she is the one."

I closed my eyes and let the green flood take me.

June 29, 1943.

May-ling Returns to Macon

I AM, at this writing, in Macon, Georgia, where I came ten days ago for a reunion with May-ling Soong, now, of course, Madame Chiang Kai-shek. She came back to receive from Wesleyan College three honorary LL. D. degrees for herself and her two sisters, E-ling, now Madame H. H. Kung; Chung-ling, now Madame Sun Yat-sen, and to meet with old friends and members of the *Esse Quam Videri.*

When I, with Shug and Mr. Big, arrived last Monday, I found Macon and Wesleyan beyond themselves with excitement. Daily Dr. McPherson, the president of the college, was calling meetings to work out details of the convocation program. The small chapel would hold only nine hundred and two people. Thousands were clamoring for seats. People had come from all over the South and some even from the distant unfriendly North, hoping to get a close-up view.

Almost hourly, people came forth with beds in which May-ling had slept, with fireplaces in front of which she had sat and toasted marshmallows, and with back yards in which she had played baseball.

May-ling's special train was due to pull to a stop at Rivoli on the outskirts of Macon at twelve thirty on Saturday. An official welcoming committee, arrayed in all its splendor, was on the station platform, and a goodly portion of middle Georgia was scattered about on the grass in the shade of the trees. Macon's most prominent *grande dame* and former president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, stood now at the head and now at the foot of the official committee, holding an armful of yellow gladioli, entrusted to her by the American Flying Tigers for the Missimo, and two little girls, obviously the granddaughters of Somebody, dangled corsage boxes, and a nursery truck in the background bulged with peonies.

The train was late. Everybody stewed. Everybody who was a lady powdered her nose and freshened up her lipstick. Everybody who was a man fanned himself with his Panama hat. The train was very late. Everybody powdered her nose again and freshened up her lipstick and fanned himself with his Panama hat. Mrs. Lamar shifted the gladioli from one arm to the other.

At last the train was coming. The rails hummed with the news. It was actually in sight. Its five cars, with every curtain drawn down, slowed to a stop. The official committee surged forward toward the observation platform, where an enormous red-faced Irishman towered in silent contemplation.

Nothing happened. No curtains went up. No doors opened. No movement from the F. B. I. Irishman.

The committee streamed down the platform to another exit. More waiting. More staring upward expectantly; more staring forward, backward.

Trainmen and F. B. I. men sprang up from nowhere, as trainmen and F. B. I. men do, and waved handkerchiefs at the engineer. The train backed up a few feet. The observation platform was now directly in front of the station exit. Ah, that was what May-ling had been waiting for! The committee hurried back to the observation platform. Still nothing happened.

Finally Dr. McPherson, who had gone to Atlanta to attend a breakfast that Governor Arnall had given, swung off one of the forward coaches. Hope sprang anew in the breasts of the members of the official committee. They straightened their lines; they gave their hats little forward tilts; they pushed up their back hair.

But they were doomed once more to disappointment. "You had all just as well go home," Dr. McPherson announced in his biggest voice. "I'm the only person getting off this train at present. Madame Chiang, because of the heat, will remain on the train, which is air-conditioned, until just a few minutes before her appearance in the Wesleyan Chapel two hours from now."

The welcoming committee was so paralyzed it didn't know how to go home. It just stood about, gazing at one another blankly and now and then staring at the curtained train. Mrs. Lamar was the first to recover. She thrust the gladioli into Dr. McPherson's arms. "You give them to her," she said brusquely, and turned on her high heels and left.

And at last everybody left. The first act of the drama had been a complete flop.

But the second and third acts were as thrilling as the best movie out of Hollywood. From the moment May-ling appeared on the Wesleyan stage, fluttering ever so delicately a small white fan, until she left the college late that evening, throwing back her head and laughing lightly, she had everybody hypnotized. Like the exceedingly good—no, good isn't good enough, glamorous is better—actress she is, she played her roles perfectly.

In the second act she was the beautiful, dignified First Lady of China, coming back, as she expressed it herself with a quick, brilliant smile, "to the old folks at home," to be honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws; but in the third act she was the saucy, fresh, impudent, impulsive girl Macon had first known in 1908.

As soon as the chapel exercises were over, and she had received a handful of old friends and important personages, she threw dignity out of the window and let herself go. And oh, how the Maconites lapped it up!

"I want a strawberry ice-cream soda," she announced pertly. "And I want it at the 'Pharm.'" (The "Pharm" is the pet name of the Wesleyan girls for the drugstore on the corner, two blocks away.)

Out she went, with four friends, followed, of course, by cars of secret service men and escorts of motorcycle cops. At the "Pharm" she insisted on sitting on a high stool before the fountain, and she ordered the strawberry ice-cream soda with plenty of cherries on top.

"I do love cherries so!" she exclaimed, all but clapping her hands. "I never had enough of them."

She suggested ordering potato chips and peanuts, too; but one of the friends reminded her that dinner was just half an hour away.

Climbing down from the stool when the last drop of the bright pink mixture was gone, she remembered suddenly that she had no money with her. "Oh, Miss Lucy," she cried, turning to one of her long-ago tutors, "will you pay for the drinks for me?"

Miss Lucy also paid for some cartoon post cards which May-ling picked out from the stock on the counter.

BACK again in the car, she wanted to ride down Cherry Street, Macon's main drag, and by the department stores which she remembered, and out into the new suburbs. Then she must see the old fig trees on the back campus of Wesleyan, and the candy kitchens in the basement, and her other childhood haunts.

At the dinner for the five members of the *Esse Quam Videri* who had come back, and for her two former tutors and Mrs. Ainsworth, the wife of the president of Wesleyan when she was there, and the alumnae secretary, she was as gaily intimate as if she had seen us the day before, instead of thirty-four years ago.

Just as we sat down to the table and the fried chicken appeared, May-ling remembered that she hadn't washed her hands. "Oh, goodness," she cried, "I've got to wash my hands!" And up she jumped and started for the door, with that slightly swaying motion of hers. "Come on," she said, turning to us. "Don't you have to wash your hands too?"

No, we all said, for we had been washing our hands and powdering our faces all week.

Returning to the table with a little breathless rush, she announced she wanted the drumstick and the second joint. "And I'm going to eat them with my fingers, too," she said saucily.

As she ate she tried to get us *Esse Quams,* as she called us, straight in her mind again. We had all changed tremendously, of course, and she could recognize only one of us at first. That was Lamar Sparks, whose unusually large deep-brown eyes were the same as they had been when she was ten. "Lamar, I would have known your lovely eyes anywhere," May-ling declared, smiling. "Yes, they are just the same."

"Gee, I'm glad I had eyes," Lamar answered with such fervor that May-ling laughed delightedly.

BUT May-ling was more interested in figures than she was in eyes. Having such a beautiful slim one herself, with feet small enough to wear the fairy glass slipper, made her more conscious, no doubt, of others' shapes. "Carrie Belle, aren't you ashamed to let yourself get fat?" she demanded of her closest friend of those faraway days. "What does your husband say?"

And before Carrie Belle could answer, she turned to another *Esse Quam* and said, "Stand up, Ginny, and turn around. You haven't let yourself get fat, have you?" As Ginny obligingly stood up and turned about, May-ling nodded her head with satisfaction. "No, you haven't got fat at all."

She didn't ask me to stand up, thank goodness, because she couldn't remember me at first. "Of course I remember your name, but you don't look like any little girl I used to know," she said.

"Maybe I've improved so much you don't recognize me," I answered, grinning.

"Well, I'm sure there was room for improvement," she shot back. "And no doubt there still is."

Everybody laughed gaily except me.

"Willie, take off that hat," she said, eying a very fancy dinner hat I had purchased just for the occasion. "It might be that hat that confuses me."

"I hate to take it off," I demurred. "I'm getting so gray and bald."

"I haven't a gray hair in my head," she retorted, "and my mother hadn't a gray hair at sixty-two."

"You must eat something in China that we don't get in this country," I said. "You must take vitamins."

"I never had a vitamin until I came to the United States this time."

"What I want to know is, why haven't you any wrinkles?" Lamar Sparks asked, eying with envy May-ling's flawless golden complexion.

"I suppose it's because I don't use my bean," May-ling answered, and flung her head back and laughed elatedly at the absurdity of the idea.

"You look younger than any of us, in spite of all you've been through," I said.

"No doubt I am," she answered quickly; but, on seeing our shocked faces, she reconsidered, and asked how old each one of us was. She led off by saying she was forty-four, and no *Esse Quam* admitted to a year older. She then asked whom we had married and how many children we had. I told her about Bubber being on the way to India and eventually, I imagined, through the Burma Road to China.

"If he gets to China you must tell him to come see me," she said, and then changed the subject quickly, as if she wanted to stay away from the war.

"Carrie Belle, do you remember the time you stole the chocolate cake from Miss Rivers?" she asked, laughing and waving her fan.

"But I didn't, May-ling," Carrie Belle protested. "You did."

"No, no, Carrie Belle. You remember, it was being used as a model in the still-life class, and you stole the back half of it and stuffed the hole with cotton."

"Well, I know you helped me," Carrie Belle insisted.

"Oh, no. I always had lofty ideals." May-ling laughed and her eyes snapped with excitement. "And do you remember, Carrie Belle, how we used to make candy on Sunday afternoons, which was, oh, so against the rules, and hide the chafing dish in the dirty-clothes basket when we heard somebody coming?"

"And do you remember how we used to use cold cream for butter?" Carrie Belle asked.

"In the candy?" several of us protested.

"Oh, yes. We used cold cream almost altogether," May-ling insisted.

Then she and Carrie Belle reminisced about the paper they had published to make fifteen cents a week extra for strawberry sodas, cherry smashes, Hershey bars, and salted peanuts.

"The paper was a great financial success," May-ling gloated. "You remember, Carrie Belle, we were very clever and got out a personal edition for every subscriber. We used to go to a girl and say, 'We've got something nice about you in the paper this week. Don't you want to subscribe?' And when she said, 'Yes,' we'd write, 'Miss So-and-so has a beautiful new spring dress,' or fall dress or summer dress, depending on the season."

She and Carrie Belle laughed with great gaiety, and the rest of us joined in.

"May-ling, we have an account of your publishing experiences," the alumnae secretary murmured, when the laughter had died down, "written by a classmate of yours. You know, we have a Soong scrapbook."

"You'd better scrap it soong," May-ling punned, and again she laughed.

When it was time for her to leave for her train, she turned back quickly, as if a witch had waved a wand, to the great, bountiful, beautiful First Lady of China. Nodding her head, and waving her fan, and swaying a little like a slender reed in a breeze, she tripped out, leaving us standing with our mouths open. And we were still standing when she sent back from her automobile an armful of silver trays, one for each of us *Esse Quams.*

It was several days before I came to.

July 1, 1943.

Love Letters from the Roommate

THE roommate's letters to me here in Macon are full of woe and destruction, as they always are when I am away from home for a few days. I should feel complimented, no doubt, that he thinks the house falls to pieces as soon as I get out of sight, but I can't help being distressed at the tragic tidings.

Many other things have gone wrong at many other times. November before last, when I came to Georgia and left the roommate and the S. Y. O. to keep house for each other, the phone rang the first Sunday evening I was

away, and the operator announced to mother, "Louisville's calling."

Naturally, I was all aflutter. I had just been gone three days, and here was the roommate calling me long distance. Like a lovesick freshman, I swayed to the phone and quavered: "Hello, darling."

"Hello," came his voice, as clearly as if he were in the same room with me. "Hello, where in the hell is there something to eat in this house?"

"Why, darling, I don't know. Isn't Octavia there?"

"You know damn well it's Octavia's Sunday off, or if you don't know, you should, and there isn't one damn thing in the house to eat. We've looked everywhere."

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. Wasn't there anything left from dinner?"

"No, not one chicken bone."

"Aren't there some cans of soup?"

"Of course to hell there are no cans of soup. I've been trying to get you to lay in a supply of soup and pork and beans and tomato juice for years, but you never bought more than two cans of anything at one time in your life. And now there isn't a can in the house."

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry; but you could have gone to Goshen Gardens and had a wonderful dinner for what this telephone call has cost."

"Maybe so, but this has been more satisfying."

This time, he hasn't telephoned and he hasn't wired, but he has written twice, and both letters have been bearers of ill tidings.

"No matter how much we work the damned garden, the weeds take it," he wrote in the first letter. "I don't think it is worth the trouble. Your child and I hoed five rows of tomatoes the other day, and a little boy we have found is hoeing two now, and they all need it again. We have had showers and hot weather, and you can hear the grass popping up as you go down the rows. The hard wind yesterday blew down some of your bigger corn."

That was mild, though, to the letter that came today. Without any greetings about my health or happiness, he dived in: "Your darling daughter left the stove open Saturday night, and it went out. I tried yesterday, everywhere I knew, to get wood alcohol to start the stove, but all the drugstores said it was out for the duration. I woke up at six o'clock this morning, because Dirk was barking his head off at five cows that were pleasantly chewing up the corn that hadn't been beaten down by the storms, and I couldn't go back to sleep. I decided to start the damned stove if it killed me. And it almost did. I got about a pint of gas out of the car tank, poured it on the coals, and stood across the room and threw a match.

"Octavia will have the soot cleaned up by the time I get there this afternoon. Maybe, too, she'll have the stove cleaned up. All I got was an explosion and a little burn on my right thumb, where the exploding flames touched off a little gasoline that had dripped on me. For an hour and forty minutes after that I stoked a flame with paper and kindling (which I cut) soaked in gasoline. But *I got the stove to burn*, after, of course, Octavia had cooked breakfast on the electric plate. Don't fool with gasoline; it will explode, but not burn.

"You'll be interested to know, too, that both knobs on the water faucets in the bathtub broke off—just crumbled in my hands—and I can't get water in the tub unless I use a hose from the basin to the tub. Not even the shower will turn on.

"Your daughter was still sleeping when I left home this morning, as she doesn't have to go to the Nurses' Aide class until later. She has given me lectures on syphilis, gonorrhea (she says I'm one of the ignorant public), how to give an enema, and how to care for a mother after she has had a baby. I'm too old to be concerned with all such things, except the enema, in which I was much interested.

"Did Mr. Big get to catch a fish? I hope so. We're looking forward to having all of you back, not alone for your own dear selves, but because about half the bulbs have burned out, the lock is still off the back door, the bathroom has got to be fixed up, the basement still leaks, the water is still temperamental (although it hasn't run out), the garden is going to hell in a hand basket, and I don't care, because I don't intend to do any more about it, between the wind and the rain and the cows. And, oh, yes, one of my tires has given out. We'll be seeing you, MARK."

I am going home tomorrow, so I can't get any more letters like these.

July 27, 1943.

What Is Your Trouble?

THE S. Y. O. is having her struggles as a Nurses' Aide. It seems she is always doing something she shouldn't be doing, or omitting something she should be doing.

Yesterday she nursed eight hours, and she burst into the house with, "Miss Ethridge, what *is* your trouble?" and flung herself on my freshly made up bed.

"I'm so darn tired of hearing Miss Johnson say, 'Miss Ethridge, what *is* your trouble?' I could throw up!" she said. "In fact, I did throw up. Once, when I was in the utility room, I got so sick at my stomach the tears began rolling down my face, and I began gagging all over the place. And at that very moment in came Miss Johnson

and said, 'Miss Ethridge, what *is* your trouble?' Now, can you imagine her asking me, with tears streaming down my face and my stomach in my throat, 'Miss Ethridge, what *is* your trouble?' "

She mimicked an impatient, efficient supervisor so perfectly, Shug and I laughed.

Immediately the S. Y. O. pulled herself to a sitting position, her legs and feet folded beneath her, and looked at us accusingly. "Well, you two might think it is funny, but it is anything but funny." Her blue eyes flashed. "In the first place, I had to wash a woman who weighed four hundred pounds if she weighed an ounce, and her arms were too short to reach her pelvic region, and I had to do *everything* for her. Really, I mean, absolutely *everything.*"

The S. Y. O. gripped her legs with her hands and rocked back and forth on the bed. "It was ghastly."

"Yes, I can see it was," I said, trying to redeem myself.

"And then I had to wash a man who was all beaten up."

"A man?" My voice was incredulous.

"Yes, a man."

"Oh, darling, you didn't!" Now it was my turn to be sick at my stomach. The S. Y. O. seemed so young and so innocent I couldn't bear the idea of her washing a man.

"Wasn't it awful?"

"No, it was real interesting." And her eyes twinkled with devilment. "In fact, I enjoyed it."

"Oh, you couldn't have!"

"Mother, don't be silly. It's all part of the nursing procedure."

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed something," Shug commented.

"Yeah," and again she was sunk. "Yeah. It was time I enjoyed something. From the minute I walked in this morning, Miss Johnson was on me. She gave me one look and wanted to know why I hadn't pressed my uniform. 'Miss Ethridge,' she said, 'what *is* your trouble?' She threatened to send me to a laundry to get myself pressed, but I told her I'd try not to let it happen again."

"What else did you do wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was resting for a few minutes and I had my feet up in the window. That's all. Just had my feet up on the window sill, trying to get comfortable, and she came along and said—"

" 'Miss Ethridge, what *is* your trouble?' " Shug and I said it in unison before the S. Y. O. could get it out.

"Yeah. And then I was in the Negro baby ward, and was shooting craps with a little boy, doing my best to entertain him, and in came Miss Johnson and said, 'Miss Ethridge, what *is* your trouble?' She not only didn't

approve of me shooting craps with him, but she said it was supposed to be his rest period. But, I ask you, how was I supposed to know it was his rest period? Anyway, I won four pennies from him."

August 15, 1943.

Huh?

THE S. Y. O. had a romantic interlude with three young internes at the General Hospital yesterday which rocked the family. She told us about it last night, after some prodding from the roommate, to whom she had blurted it out impulsively on the ride home from town.

"Tell 'em about the internes who tried to flirt with you," the roommate urged.

"Oh, no, daddy," the S. Y. O. protested, grinning a bit sheepishly.

Shug and I sat wide-eyed, waiting. Mr. Big, I am sorry to say, had gone to bed.

"Well, they really didn't try to flirt with me, exactly," she began, her face flushed and her eyes very bright. "Or, at least, it isn't my idea of flirting. You see, this afternoon I had to go to the mothers' milk dispensary for some mothers' breast milk. The dispensary is about two blocks away from the hospital, you know, and I had to bring the milk back in a jug." She tugged at her ankle self-consciously. "Well, there I was, all hot and bothered, with my little jug of milk held carefully in front of me, when these three internes noticed me. They were standing on the landing of the stairs as I started up them."

She cast a quick shy look around the room at us.

"Well, they began acting funny," she went on in a rush. "They said, 'How do you do?' and 'How are you feeling this hot afternoon?' and 'Where have you been, my pretty maid?' and all sorts of silly things.

"Of course, Nurses' Aides aren't supposed to have anything to do with the internes, but I felt I should say something." She looked appealingly at me. "You know, they kept saying, 'How do you do?' and things like that, so I felt I should say something so as not to seem rude."

"Yes?" Shug and I both encouraged her.

"So I said, 'Huh?'"

"What?" Shug cried.

"Huh?"

"Oh!" Shug and I ohed and whooped with laughter.

"Wasn't it silly of me?" the S. Y. O. asked. "But I was so embarrassed, that was all I could think to say—'Huh?'"

"Tell 'em what the internes said then," prompted the roommate, wiping the laughter tears from his eyes.

"Oh, they said aplenty." The color leaped up on her damp forehead. "They said, 'Listen what that girl said to us. Huh? Huh? Huh?'"

The S. Y. O. pulled her lips far over her teeth and grunted like an imbecile. "Huh?"

We laughed uproariously.

"You see," the S. Y. O. went on, "I had to pass them on the landing, and then turn and go up another flight of stairs right above them, and just as long as they could see me, which seemed forever, they shouted: 'That's what that girl said: 'Huh?' Yes, sir, that's what she said: 'Huh?' I wonder what she means by 'Huh.' I didn't know we had a moron in this hospital. Huh? Huh? Huh?'"

We stopped laughing after a long time; but an hour or two later, when the S. Y. O. started upstairs to bed and called out: "Well, good night; I'll see you in the morning," we, without hesitation, chorused: "Huh?"

September 10, 1943.

On with the New

AT the suggestion of my friend Mrs. Arthur Peter, I am going to write General Marshall and offer him our place for jungle warfare and practice. There is no sense in his sending his armies to Florida or to some tropical island in the Pacific for practice, when right here in Kentucky we have everything he could want.

The grass and weeds are so high on the front lawn, a whole army could hide in them. The fourteen-year-old neighbor boy I hired the first of July to mow the lawn went to work at Brooks' garage the next week at man's wages, so it hasn't been mown since. But not only are the weeds high; they are as thickly matted as the growth on Guadalcanal. Of course, I don't know how thick the growth is on Guadalcanal—we might have it beaten right here in Prospect—but I do know weeds and vines couldn't grow any thicker and still live.

There are also trees down for soldiers to hide behind. There is an old apple tree sprawled over one hillside, and a catawba which was struck by lightning over another. And everywhere there are foxholes dug by moles, and dead limbs, and paper sacks, and orange peels.

The place really couldn't look much worse. And I can't get a man for love or money to do anything about it. I don't suppose I should want to take a man away from defense; still, I don't relish our being smothered here as time goes by. Soon we won't be able to see out of our upstairs windows, and nobody, passing by, will suspect there is any living creature for miles around.

The house, too, is quietly falling to pieces. I thought it looked bad last spring when the English visitors were coming, but it has steadily gone down. The wallpaper still flaps from the ceiling in the front hall, the toilet seat is still broken, the bolt having given way some weeks back, and, in addition, the doorknobs are off (I suspect some kind of doorknob disease, for one knob after another just seems to lose interest and falls off), the window-panes are broken, the latches won't latch, the boards in the front hall upstairs are loose, the door of the Frigidaire is off, the—well, there is no end to the disintegration.

IN the midst of this crumbling away, the roommate, Mr. Big, Octavia, and I rattle around waiting for the war to end. (Shug left last week for Duke, and the S. Y. O. left ten days ago for Vassar.) Our way of life has changed in these past twelve months; but not seriously. Really, the change has been exceedingly gradual and amazingly painless; too gradual and painless, I fear at times.

It is true we eat off the same leg of lamb four nights in a row; the roommate gathers dead limbs out of the orchard and cuts them up to burn until the bitter cold comes; Mr. Big and I dig Irish potatoes and gather the last tomatoes from the Victory Garden; Octavia cans tomatoes, and okra, and corn, and puts up apple sauce; the roommate and I go to fewer parties, have fewer dinners, see fewer movies; we work harder than we ever worked before, and have less money to spend.

So what? So nothing. These annoyances are minor, trivial, insignificant. They are nothing to mention, really, except in fun; they are certainly nothing to quarrel about; nothing over which to grow wrinkled and bald and white-haired. (I'm growing all three, but they are not the reasons.)

Who cares that The Store, which used to have the best steaks and ice cream in Jefferson County, now has only frankfurters and pork and sherbet; that our place, in which we once took such pride, is looking run down at the heels?

Nobody; not even I. Or perhaps least of all I, for I know I am still an exceedingly fortunate person. Every hour of every day I am deeply grateful in my heart that all is well with me and mine. The only personal sacrifice I have made so far is giving up Bubber for the duration, and my only serious concern is that he and all the others shall come home safely, and that neither they, nor their children, nor grandchildren, will ever have to go away again to fight a war. Nothing else really matters.

The home problems are simply inconsequential irritations: they are broken fingernails; they are water taps dripping; they are pictures hanging crooked on the wall; they are torn sleeve linings; they are lighters that won't light; they are drawers that stick; they are pale blue dresses that spot; they are girdles that crawl; they are all things small and unimportant.

So, up to now, I am practically unscarred, except for that dull ache for Bubber. What the future will bring, I do not know; but I believe the changes will be much more serious. This past year will, no doubt, seem a picnic by comparison. I hope I can face the changes with my chin up. I hope and pray the roommate, Shug, the S. Y. O., Bubber, and Mr. Big, and I can take them as the English took their Dunkirk, and, in the words of Mr. Churchill, "defend our island, whatever the cost may be."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IT takes a pretty sure hand to write a good novel of a boy growing up—to give it interest, suspense, a sense of drama as well as fulfillment. But **Victor White** has done it remarkably well in **Peter Domanig: Morning in Vienna,** a mature novel about a boy growing up in that city.

Victor White

Peter Domanig's birth was clouded. As a boy of seven he was confused about his mother. He had been told that his mother, Mizzi, now lived in America. Yet he was being brought up by his "mother" here in Vienna. And the stern man with the Austrian demand for respect from his children was his "father," who ruled Peter with the same authority that he used toward Franz, his older son, and Poldi, his grown daughter.

As Peter grew, he learned not only the answer to that, his true parentage and Mizzi's unfortunate alliance with an English student before she left Austria, but he came also to know the bitterness of facing a world that sometimes hissed "illegitimate" in whispers—when it wanted to keep him out of cadet school, for instance; or when it balked other of his ambitions.

To Peter, in the world of pre-World-War-I Vienna, this was first a blow of defeat and then a challenge. He became an apprentice to a hardware merchant, and as the war went on, as crisis followed crisis, he grew up, learned hardware, how to face the world, how to make money, to treat girls and to make love. At seventeen, when the war had ended and Austria was liquidating her war supplies, Peter traded in them successfully, met a beautiful American girl, and fell in love.

So, when Mizzi sent for him to join her, he was ready to leave this disordered, crumbling old world for a new life—and I suppose a new novel that will carry us beyond Morning.

I look forward with relish and interest to reading more about Peter. He is likable and real. Mr. White knows him as he knows Vienna and its people, and throughout a long novel he makes his story and all the events in it unflaggingly interesting.

Published by Bobbs-Merrill, New York. Price, $3.

THE latest good report from the Orient is **Mark Gayn's Journey from the East,** which is also an engaging autobiography.

Mark Gayn

Mr. Gayn was born in Barim, near the Mongolian-Manchurian border. His boyhood memories are of Chinese bandits and the huge lumber forests which his father governed as overseer. He was educated in a Soviet school and later came to America to study at Pomona College and Columbia—then back to the Orient to work as a newspaperman in Shanghai, which at that time was the best Oriental listening post in the world. He knows the Chinese and the Japanese, and his chapters on both are penetrating, illuminating—and good reading.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price, $3.75.

THE **Dyess Story,** by **Lt. Col. William E. Dyess,** is another picture of the Japanese—at war with us—that we'd all better look at. This is the actual report of one of the men who came out alive from the Philippines. Part of it appeared in the papers. This is the full story—the story MacArthur said the people at home wouldn't believe. It's tough, but believable all right—and a call to wrathful retaliation.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

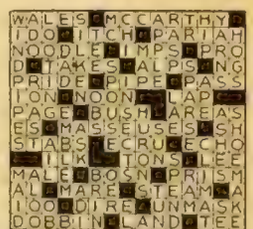
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

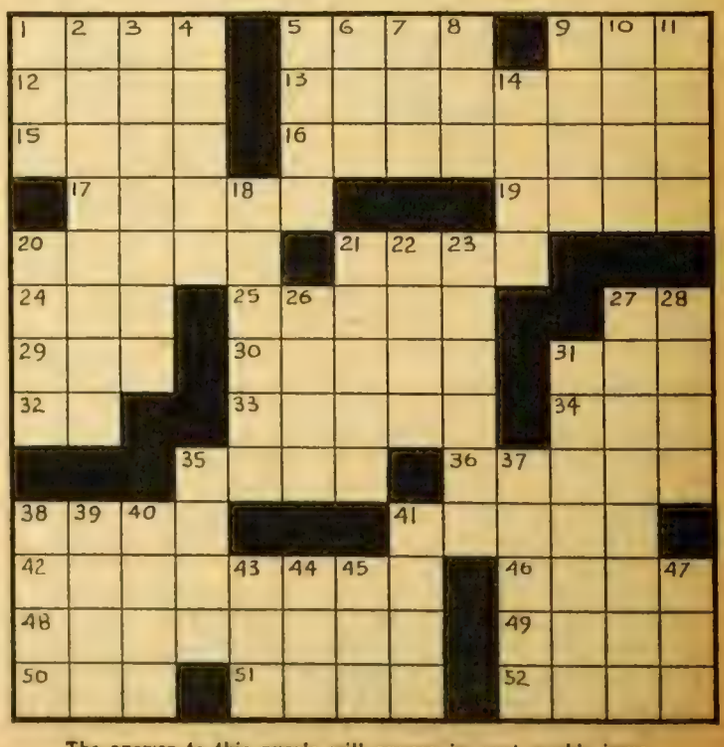
1 A ship's widest dimension is called its what?
5 Cleopatra used what kind of cure-all in place of aspirins? (pl.)
9 What was the first name of Lincoln's first love?
12 What's a lady friend called in France?
13 What Biblical character has become a synonym for a hypocrite?
15 We are importuned not to do what to a member of the *Lilium* family?
16 The first three Gospels are often known as the what Gospels?
17 Aerial honkers and hissers would be what?
19 Disappeared, as a part of the Jap Navy
20 What's fancy for a lineup?
21 The anagram of seer which best describes him would be what?
24 What's the nickname of the M-G-M "trademark"?
25 What's another name for saltpeter?
27 As what goes so doesn't go the nation? (abbr.)
29 According to the comics, the gal who lacked wile power couldn't get what?
30 What's drunk at night and crusty in the morning?
31 Flyers speak of a flight as a what?
32 A Roman coin
33 What pipe is connected with your pump?
34 Who'd be the oldest ginmaker if he were alive today?
35 What's fighting for its very axistence today?
36 Who led the longest and most humdrum life of the patriarchs?
38 Name a former son-in-law of the President
41 Tankmen, when "buttoned up," see through whats?
42 What's known as the Poor Man's Tank in Burma?
46 Same is an anagram for what?
48 Name Portia's boy friend
49 Name England's most common gun carrier
50 What term is common to bridge and tennis?
51 The application of a foot to a dog's tail produces a what?
52 What's a fancy, contracted way of spelling "stooge"?

VERTICAL

1 A kangaroo is often referred to as an old what?
2 The lady French royalist refugees during the Revolution?
3 One of the parts of a plane that maintain its lateral balance?
4 Who helped Jason snag the Golden Fleece then ran away with him?
5 What's the altar end of the church called?
6 What kind of horses do this?
7 What god was famed for his pipes?
8 What sign is seen outside trains and restaurants these days? (abbr.)
9 Name the movies' most famed Scot?
10 What's no in German?
11 What's the second least desirable portion of the chicken?
14 What's he in Latin?
18 What's one of the few things that aren't taxed?
20 Soulful gal's name?
21 White spots on horses' or cows' foreheads are called whats?
22 Long ago
23 Mail-order houses now operate what kind of stores?
26 MI
27 What's the slowest, sweetest thing in the world?
28 What word has disappeared from movie publicity?
31 Name some things the first Fords didn't have
35 Slap is an anagram for what rangey things?
37 What's African lingo for lion?
38 Name a former Socialist, three times candidate for the Presidency
39 Name that crossword coot
40 An alarming word
41 What sign means nothing but whoa?
43 What American statesman secured the Open Door in China?
44 I, Scotch
45
47 What was the busiest underground worker before the war?



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Pulling a smoothie

That's right, buddy. Smooth up the ride. Make that car drive easier. Tinker with it till you've got something better. And you'll go places!

General Motors engineers decided long ago that a new type of front springing was necessary if cars were to have the best possible riding qualities.

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Their solution, of course, was Knee-Action, or independent front wheel suspension. Standard on all General Motors cars, it is recognized as one of the notable engineering advances made by GM's effort to provide more and better things for more people.

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America has such vehicles today largely because of the experience and "know-how" built up by General Motors men in their efforts to improve peacetime wares. And our country is rich in such experience chiefly because Americans always have been able to earn fair rewards by accomplishing useful things.

This idea helped make prewar America a fine place in which to live. It has proved immensely valuable in war. And it will continue to provide more and better things for more people in the good years ahead.

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CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

Continued from Page 27

band. Jess Caldwell said he had a phonograph and a pretty good collection of hot records. Why didn't they all go to his apartment and pick out their own music?

Kitty suspected the enthusiasm with which Whit responded to the suggestion, but he gave her no chance to jimmy up his plans. He went himself to collect coats and hats from the leggy hat-check girl, and the party was well on its way before Kitty got close enough to Whit to ask what he was up to. He kissed her fondly on the cheek and winked. He had drunk enough to feel mildly cockeyed, and he wanted action.

They all left the building by a side entrance, and came out on the graveled parking lot at the rear of the building.

The party waited near the exit. A girl in coveralls found Pete's car at the end of the lot and drove it back in a scatter of gravel that made Pete wince for his tires. The headlights, sweeping the side of the building, lit briefly the figure of a man who stood there in the shadow watching the group in the doorway. Whit's eyes met those of the other man for the short moment that the headlights were on him, and this time there could be no mistake. It was Casey Jones.

Whit did not wait to make excuses. A shadow was already moving along the building wall. He followed it in time to see Casey legging it away into the darkness.

WHIT knew he would have to run Casey down before his wind gave out. Casey ran hard, not looking back, but Whit pulled up on him. There was no sound except the pound of their feet. When only a couple of yards separated them, Casey turned his head, saw how short the gap was, and put on extra steam. Whit's lungs were laboring, and another twenty yards would finish him. He made a last effort and threw himself at Casey's legs in a desperate tackle, hands outstretched. One hand missed, but Casey's ankle chunked solidly into the open palm of the other. They both came down on their faces. Whit pulled himself onto Casey's body, puffing heavily.

"There, damn you!"

Casey said whiningly, "What have I done, mister?"

Whit puffed some more. "Why don't you stop it, Casey? I know you."

Casey lay still for a moment. When he spoke again the whine had gone.

"O. K., you win. Get off."

They got up and brushed the dirt from their clothes. Whit's hat and Casey's disreputable eyesore lay on the ground. Whit picked them both up, slapped the dust off against his leg, and handed the eyesore to Casey.

"Thanks." Casey jammed the hat on his head. Whit saw his eyes flicker as he picked out the best direction in which to make a break, and he gripped Casey's shoulder. "None of that, now. Come clean. What are you doing in Reno looking like a tramp?"

"Things haven't been breaking right for me, Whit," Casey said earnestly. "I just didn't want you to see me looking like this." He put his free hand on Whit's arm.

"Horse collar!"

"It's the truth." Casey's hand slid down Whit's arm to the wrist. "I wouldn't lie."

Whit felt the grip tighten, but it was too late. He flew gracefully into the air over Casey's head and came down with a thump. Casey had a tight hammer lock on him before he could move.

"Take it easy now. I can't tell you any more than I have." Casey's low voice was commanding. "Where did you meet those people I saw you with back there?"

"Ow! Go easy on my arm."

Casey eased the hammer lock slightly. Whit said, "One of them is Pete Weston. We picked the others up this morning—or they picked us up."

"You and Pete?"

"Kitty—my wife—and I. We just got married."

"Is that why you're in Reno?"

"Yes. And I'm getting tired of having my nose rubbed in it. Get off."

"I'll let you up in a minute."

Casey seemed to be thinking hard. Whit was getting ready to buck him off, broken arm or no broken arm, when Casey came to a conclusion.

"Listen, Whit. I'm in trouble and I've got to keep under cover. If it gets out that I'm in town I'll be washed up—bad—worse than I can tell you. You've got to forget you ever saw me."

"If you need help—"

"No. No. Just don't mention me to any one. Nobody at all. When you go back to

"What are you complaining about? I came up here to deliver a telegram."

those people, tell them anything you like, but keep me out of it. I can't tell you how important it is."

He was convincing. Whit said, "All right. But you've got to come clean with me, Casey. Let me up."

Casey let him up. They brushed themselves for the second time. Whit said, "Well, how about it?"

"Not now. Not here. I'll look you up when we can talk. Where are you staying?"

Whit told him and gave him the room number. He said, "I'm going to get it out of you if I have to chase you all over town, so don't try to give me a run-around. I'll expect to see you at the hotel—if they let you in."

He was looking at Casey's shabby clothes. Casey said, "I'll get there. Just remember to keep your mouth shut."

"I told you I'd keep quiet, didn't I? What do you want—an affidavit?"

Casey put his hand briefly on Whit's arm. "Good boy. I'm sorry I can't talk just now, but I will later."

"You'd better."

Whit limped away.

The others were waiting for him in Pete's car when he returned. He got into the car, apologized briefly for keeping them waiting, and offered no explanation.

He was on one side of Kitty in the back seat, with Jess Caldwell on the other. Gladys sat with Pete in front.

Jess Caldwell's apartment was a beautiful suite in an apartment building on a bluff overlooking the river, upstream about half a mile from the central part of town. A balcony hung over a garden sloping gently to the stream below, and the view of the city's lights was beautiful. It had taken money to furnish the place, and it took money to keep it up. Jess Caldwell's liquor supply was large, high in quality, and as freely flowing as the river below.

Whit did his best to dent the supply during the course of the evening, because he had a hunch that Caldwell would like to see him drunk and talkative. Caldwell himself was too cagey to drink much, but he would have to ask questions if he wanted answers. It would be interesting to hear what the questions were.

The phonograph records were as good as Caldwell had claimed. Whit obligingly emptied his glass as fast as it was filled, danced with Kitty, danced with Gladys, and had a good time. When he got too warm, he went out on the balcony to cool off, feeling high, hot, and happy.

After a while Caldwell came out on the balcony with two glasses. He put one at Whit's elbow and settled himself in a chair with the other.

It was a disappointment after all. Caldwell wanted to know what Whit did for a living. After a little preliminary skirmishing Whit got around to explaining that he was a tax consultant, and Caldwell asked for one of his business cards just in case he ever needed professional advice. Whit gave him a card. That was all.

It was such an anticlimax that Whit took one more drink than he could handle and tripped over the rug when he tried to dance again. Kitty recognized the symptoms, and didn't want to spend the next day helping him with a hangover. Pete, who was thoroughly occupied with Gladys, made a halfhearted offer to drive them home when Kitty announced that they were leaving, and was grateful when she said they would walk. Her husband needed fresh air. She said good night to their host and thanked him for a lovely evening.

When they came to a park bench near the river, Kitty sat him down and lit in.

"I wish you wouldn't drink so much, honey. It isn't good for you. Besides, we're going to get up and go horseback riding in the morning, and you'll feel terrible."

"That's tomorrow. Anyway, I had to get drunk to get Jess Caldwell to talk."

"*You* had to get drunk so *he'd* talk?"

"Sure. He wanted to find out what my business was and where I had an office, so I had to get drunk before he would ask questions. I couldn't give him the answers without knowing what he was after."

"Why is he so interested in you?"

"I wish I knew," Whit said seriously. "I sure wish I knew."

IN the middle of the night Abou Ben Adhem Whitney awoke suddenly, conscious that some one had dug him rudely in the ribs with a hard thumb. Kitty whispered in his ear, "Keep still. Some one is in the room. At the window."

Whit cautiously turned his head. He could see a motionless shadow against the paleness of the curtains, and he wondered what he ought to do about it. It was hard to be brave at that hour.

Kitty's lips moved against his ear. "I'm scared."

Whit laboriously turned his head toward her. "So am I. I'm going to switch on the light. If anything happens, roll out on the floor and scream your head off. Here goes."

The switch of the bedside lamp clicked faintly as Whit's fingers found it, and the man at the window was facing them with a gun in his hand when the light came on. It was a big efficient gun, but Whit's heart,

after the first bound, left his throat and went back approximately to where it belonged. The visitor was Casey Jones.

Casey was not something that a bride should have had to confront in her bedchamber. His face was haggard, he was hatless, and his clothes had been stolen from a dustbin. The only clean thing about him was the gun in his hand. Kitty took a deep breath when she saw it, and Whit barely had time to clamp his hand over her mouth before she tried to wake the neighborhood.

"It's all right, honey," he said hastily. 'He's a friend of mine. Mrs. Whitney, meet Mr. Jones. What's the cannon for, Casey?"

"I wasn't sure I had got into the right room." Casey stowed the gun away in his ragged coat. "Put out the light, will you?"

Kitty mumbled indignantly under Whit's hand. He let her go and switched off the lamp.

From the darkness Casey said, "Sorry to bust in on you like this. I didn't want to be seen."

"How did you get here?"

"Fire escape." There was an undertone of strain in Casey's voice. "How much have you told Mrs. Whitney?"

"She knows who you are."

"Did you talk to any one else?"

"I told Pete Weston I had seen you this morning. He didn't believe me."

THERE was no sound for some time. Casey's voice said suddenly, "I'm wanted for murder, Whit. There was a shooting in New York, and it was made to look as if I had done it. I didn't even know the man who was killed, but things were framed so well that I had to run out. I found out later who had done the framing, and followed him here. If I have any luck I'll get enough information in Reno to clear myself, but if I'm caught before I get it, I'm through. That's why you've got to forget you've seen me."

"Who are you after?"

"I'm not going to tell you any more than I have. You can't help me and I don't want you mixed up in this. You probably won't see me again, but if you do, all I ask is that you look the other way. And don't mention my name to any one, no matter who it is, or you'll get me executed for a murder I didn't commit. I'll go back and clear myself when I get the information I need, but I've got to have time. It's God's truth, Whit."

"Am I calling you a liar?" Whit asked irritably. The desperation of Casey's appeal was too real to ignore.

"I just wanted to make sure you knew how important it is for you to keep quiet." Casey's voice was more controlled now. "That's all. I'm sorry I had to disturb you, Mrs. Whitney."

"Oh, heavens," Kitty said feelingly, "don't apologize. I wish there were something we could do."

"I'll be all right. Just forget about me. I'll see you again sometime, Whit."

Casey's shadow appeared at the window. There was a faint whisper of cloth on the sill, and the shadow was gone.

Whit said, "Wait a minute, Casey. There must be something we can do to help."

He got no answer. He said, "Casey!" and was out of bed and at the window, peering into the dark. He watched for the time it took the shadowy figure to descend the fire escape, and left the window only when Casey was on the ground and safely away.

The light clicked on immediately. Kitty sat up in bed.

"Now," she said. "You've been holding out on me. What is this all about?"

Whit ultimately managed to get some sleep, but he had to explain a lot of things first. He was still explaining in the morning when they got up to go riding. He tried

Tough . . . but oh so gentle

Nearly two million cars were junked last year, many because of engine wear that could have been checked with ordinary care. It's not difficult to take care of your engine. Just watch it. When it doesn't run smoothly and efficiently, go to your motor service man. He will locate the trouble and recommend the remedy.

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to keep Kitty from seeing how really disturbed he was over Casey's troubles, by pointing out that there was nothing he could do to help and that there was no sense in worrying himself to a frazzle if he couldn't do anything constructive. The argument was so sensible that he even managed to convince himself.

They left the hotel after breakfast, ready to encounter nature in the raw. Kitty wore jodhpurs, a sweater, and a bandanna over her hair, and she looked pretty but respectable. Whit clumped at her side in high-heeled riding boots, blue denim pants, an orange-and-green-checkered shirt, and a cream-colored five-gallon hat. He whistled Home on the Range as he walked, feeling very rugged and Western. Sunshine always made him feel better.

Their inquiries at the hotel about horses led them to squander a few precious quarts of gasoline on another trip to Verdi, where there was a livery stable run by an old-timer named Alex Hotaling. Alex brought out a couple of animals that were the second and third best horses in the state.

"What happened to the best?" Kitty asked.

"She was stole," Alex said philosophically.

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"Yes, ma'am. I had a big bay mare that was the finest hunk of hossflesh in Nevayda, if I do say so. I let a fellow take her one day, like I'm letting you folks take these, and—"

"I hope you don't think—"

"No, ma'am. I ain't worried about you folks. I ain't worried about the skunk that stole my bay mare, either. They'll git him, sooner or later. That hoss had my brand on her, big as a pie plate. I'm just telling you why you only git second and third best."

The second and third best horses were adequate for his two customers. They mounted and struck out across the countryside away from the river, heading west and north. The weather was beautiful. An air of peace hung over the foothills through which they rode, and as the horses ambled gently along, picking their way through the sparse growth of trees on the hillside, Whit began to sing. After all, what was the use of worrying about the troubles of other people? The hell with it! He had a week of freedom and the finest wife in the world. Yippee-ti-yi-yo, git along little dogies.

IT was only the inclination of the horses to take the easiest grade that brought the riders back to Verdi several hours later by the road that led past Pop Foster's house. They might not even have recognized the cottage had their attention not been attracted by the stir of activity. When they rode up to the picket fence they saw a big car with SHERIFF painted on its side.

Men in uniform were prowling around the yard. One uniformed man stood guard. He stopped Whit and Kitty when they dismounted at the gate.

Whit said, "We want to see Pop Foster."

"You can't see nobody."

"Why not? What's happened?"

The cop looked them over, trying to make up his mind whether to tell them anything. Kitty suddenly called, "Pete!"

Weston had come out on the porch and was talking to one of the men in uniform. He looked up at Kitty's shout and came down the path to the gate.

Whit said, "What is it, Pete?"

Pete made an uncomfortable gesture. "Pop Foster. He's been murdered."

Whit finds himself suspected of the murder! Plainly Gates and Kohler are out to get him. The Army will seem tame after his next week's adventures.

THE CRUISE OF BARRACKS NO. 2611

Continued from Page 17

Sergeant Grite blew the whistle. We looked at one another, then began heading for the door. We always stood reveille outside.

"You'll line up downstairs!" the sergeant announced, making a grudging concession to exigencies. "Fall in!"

So we lined up for roll call. Then Sergeant Grite delivered a speech. "Now, men, we're at the P. O. E. We're ready to go across. Let's look like soldiers. Every man will lay his equipment out on his bunk for inspection. And it better be right. There's always a lot of brass around a P. O. E. to see how we look. Some majors or colonels or maybe a general. And you'd better look good."

"Sergeant," Ed said, "what about breakfast?"

"Breakfast is at six thirty," Sergeant Grite said automatically. And then, as the barracks floor swayed, he added, "Field rations, of course, from your packs. . . . Ten-*hut!* Fall out!"

"Say, sarge," Ed said, returning from the door, where he'd gone to toss his match after lighting a cigarette, "we ain't in the bay after all."

"Good," the sergeant said. "Where are we? On the beach?"

"No," Ed said. "We're in the ocean."

Suspecting Ed of some exaggeration, we lost no time investigating. It was clear daylight now. The rain had stopped, but a brisk wind was still blowing. I went to the upper floor. There was nothing to be seen but sky and water.

"WELL," Ed said, opening a C ration, as I went back downstairs, "it's a good stout building. Don't leak a drop. Guess that cribbing keeps us afloat good. Look at them there timbers. Don't know a better barracks in the world to go to sea in."

"That wind was blowing offshore last night," I said.

Ed shrugged. "Reckon it still is. Say, we must be making pretty good time. This thing sticks up out of the water so far it's the same as if we had sails."

"Well, they'll find us," somebody said.

"Maybe," Ed said, "if they miss us."

"What do you mean?"

Ed munched a hardtack biscuit. He'd been working on supplies and knew some of the intricacies of Army ways.

"Why, the supply sergeant was telling me about a ten-ton truck that got lost in the paper work two years ago," Ed said. "They'd took it in the shop to have the carburetor fixed and it disappeared. They been chasing it through tallies and work orders ever since. I guess somebody just drove it away. Maybe we'll get lost in the paper work. It'll go through channels and finally some brass hat will have it called to his attention that the P. O. E. is missing one barracks, complete with sixty enlisted men. But they'll run it down some time," he added encouragingly, "if it takes twenty years."

"Croff's gone crazy," a man announced, coming downstairs.

We went upstairs. Croff was a tall cadaverous fellow with bulging forehead and deep-set eyes, and he *was* acting a bit strange. He was on his hands and knees, peering intently at the floor. "Funny," he said. Shaking his head and muttering, he arose and examined the studding. "Funny," he announced, and, shaking his head and muttering, he leaped from his bed to the rafters. These he examined closely, one by one, while shaking his head and muttering.

MAMA has decided that her two young men should meet each other.

And he's off to see his daddy — for the first time!

We may not be able to give them the kind of ride we'd like to. Trains will be crowded. Some coaches may not be as comfortable and convenient as our best equipment. They may have to wait on sidings as troop and munitions trains get the right of way.

But service men and their relatives are good soldiers. They take inconveniences in their stride, understanding that the railroads are doing the best they can to bring them together.

With traffic so heavy, the railroads cannot always maintain all their prewar standards. But they are keeping their dates with convoys, and fighting all the emergencies that go with the world's biggest transportation job. They're working as they have never worked before and are determined to do their level best to help get the job done, and done as speedily as possible.

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"Funny," he said finally, coming down.
"What's funny?" Ed said.
"This lumber. I never saw lumber like this used for a barracks. Look at that floor. Look at these rafters."
Men were exchanging glances. "Have a biscuit, Croff," Ed said kindly. "Why don't you lay down for a spell?"
The floor looked like a floor to me, though I did notice, when it was called to my attention, that the rafters were considerably heavier than those ordinarily used for barracks.
"I'm a lumber grader," Croff said. "I thought I'd be deferred because of the war demand for lumber, but—"
"Me, I'm a garbage collector," Ed Barnes said chattily. "There's not many good garbage collectors. Now, you take a garbage can, medium-sized. You got to know how to pick it up and toss it on the truck with one movement—"
"Yes, Ed," I said. And to Croff: "What about this lumber?"
"Why, nothing, except it's ship timber. Why the Army bought ship timber to make a barracks out of is beyond me."

I TURNED to Ed. "Say, what was that you were trying to tell me last night?"
"What Croff just said," Ed admitted. "I heard it from the boys at the PX. They say this barracks had ought to of been a ship. Couple carloads of lumber got mixed up somehow. One was headed for the Army and one for the shipyards, and they got switched. So this barracks had ought to be a ship, and there's a ship which had ought to be a barracks. I'll bet the ship keeps beaching itself, trying to find a foundation, just like this barracks keeps on sliding off its foundation and trying to get into the water. They've had to put it back on three times already. And now she's finally got loose."
"That's ridiculous!" I said.
"Is it? Haven't you ever heard that ships have souls? Ask any sailor! What's the difference if this lumber was made into a different shape? It's still a ship, ain't it? It's the same boards and planks and timber."
I didn't speculate on this strange possibility, for Sergeant Grite began taking charge of things, getting ready for inspection. We washed the windows, wiped off studs and rafters, mopped the floor again, and cleaned our rifles. We laid out equipment on our bunks, and then began shaving.

"You!" Sergeant Grite cried to one luckless wight. "Why didn't you get a haircut? You'd like a little K. P.?"
"Does it seem a bit strange to you," I asked Ed as we tried to work up a lather with salt water, "there should be all this fuss about inspection?"
"Why, no. Happens every Saturday," Ed said.
"Snap it up, men!" Sergeant Grite cried, popping in the latrine door. "Here comes some brass!"
"It's somebody in a boat!" a soldier cried.
"Keep away from them windows, you!" Sergeant Grite yelled. "What do you want to look like—a bunch of girls peeking out of the windows! This ain't no Vassar!" And he swore loudly. "If that ain't just like a colonel—coming in a half hour ahead of time!"
I took a peek from the latrine windows. Rising to view and then falling out of sight in the heavy seas was a rubber boat. In it were two men, and I recognized the single bar of a second lieutenant and the eagles of a colonel. Each had a paddle with which he propelled the rubber boat toward the barracks. The officers were not in attire generally worn during inspection. Neither had a hat or coat, and the colonel, whose chubby bare knees gleamed in the early sun, had no pants. Both were dripping wet. Their progress was slow in the heavy seas and coming diagonally against the wind.
"Get this latrine policed up and clear out!" Sergeant Grite shrieked. "That's a colonel coming!"
We rushed about frantically, cleaning the bowls and giving everything a last-minute once-over. Then we put on O. D.s and waited.
There was a lull in the wind, and presently I heard a voice. "Well, it'll keep us dry, lieutenant."
"Yes, sir, and it can be spotted from a long ways off."
"Well, any old port in a storm."
"Yes, sir, any old port in a storm. I wonder how it got loose."
"There'll be the devil to pay for the responsible officer. He's short one barracks, and how can you square that? It didn't burn down or blow up. It was there one night, and next morning it wasn't."
"Negligence on the part of the guards, perhaps, sir."
The wind seemed gone for good, and it was very quiet except for the measured creak of timbers as the barracks rolled with the seas. I heard shoes on the porch, then the door opened and the officers came in, tired and wet.
"Ten-*hut!*" bawled Sergeant Grite in a voice that made the rafters shiver.
The utter surprise of the two officers is beyond power of words to describe. They'd come onto a floating barracks out in the ocean. No sign of life had been evident. They'd entered, not only to find it occupied but to find it full of soldiers prepared for inspection, and with a sergeant calling them to attention. The colonel gulped. The lieutenant gulped also.
"I'll be blasted," the colonel breathed.
"I'll be blasted also," the lieutenant said.
"Sergeant," the colonel asked curiously, "didn't you see us approaching?"
"Yes, sir!" Sergeant Grite admitted in the clipped stiff way of sergeants speaking to officers.
"You might have lent a hand, for Pete's sake!"
"Yes," the lieutenant said. "Why didn't you give us a hand?"
"Standing by for inspection, sirs!" Grite clipped stiffly.
The colonel looked about. He felt of his shirt, as if to reassure himself it was wet. He surveyed his chubby bare shanks sticking out below. He turned for a look out the door at the eternally rolling sea. His face became red.
"Standing by for inspec—!" The last word was muffled, as if he were almost overcome with some great emotion. He swallowed. "And me twelve hours in an open boat, and only a couple days from the battle front, where a soldier—" A pause, and then, in a quiet and very G. I. voice: "Yes, of course, sergeant. Saturday."
"Thank you, sir!"

"ER—sergeant." The colonel whispered. Sergeant Grite hopped up the stairs like a rabbit and came down flushed with pride at being asked a personal favor by the colonel, bearing a pair of O. D. trousers. The colonel retired to the latrine, and appeared presently decently attired, though, considering the discrepancy between his and the bantam sergeant's size, not exactly a fashion plate. The pants were molded to his upper legs, and the possibility of making buttons reach buttonholes was definitely out.
Ed tittered. Sergeant Grite's gimlet eye picked out the source like a vulture spotting a dying burro. And as he followed the officers on inspection, he whispered to Ed, "You're restricted to barracks. For one week, starting now."
After inspection, the officers relaxed upstairs with a couple of C rations. "I'll be blasted!" the colonel said, gazing upward.
"I'll be blasted, sir," the lieutenant said.
"Me, too, sirs," Sergeant Grite echoed.
"It's old 2611!" the colonel said. "So it finally did get loose. They've been putting this building back on its foundation for I don't know how long. I remember when it was built. I was a lieutenant. Last war. We knew the lumber was wrong but, red tape being what it is, we used it anyhow. So it finally got away. Curious legend grew up about old 2611. Curious."
"Curious, sir?" the lieutenant said.
"Umm; indeed. Wonder if there's anything to it, after all? We do have the fact that here it is, out at sea."
"Ha-ha," the lieutenant said. "No denying that, sir."
"And she's a seaworthy old barracks, at that. Shipshape." The colonel shrugged. "Though of course I know nothing at all about ships."
The officers repaired to the squad room for a nap. The sea was quieting now, and the barracks rocked in a slow cradle motion, creaking gently.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LACKSICON: Has no dictionary.

REMINISN'T: Can't recall a thing!

WACUUM: Empty space where the Army girls were.

ROBBISH: What a burglar leaves.

DIS-SKIES: Superman's cloak.

SPUNGE: What a spider washes his face with.

PULIT-SURPRISE: What Oklahoma! got.

TRACKTOR: One that goes on a railroad.

STATUE-WET: Small figure in a fountain.

SICKURITY: Insurance against illness.

About an hour before noon we heard a drone in the sky, and spotted a Navy patrol plane.

"Wave that fool away!" hissed Sergeant Grite.

"They'll send a ship to our rescue," I pointed out.

"They don't have to wake the colonel to do it!"

The plane circled overhead, engines throbbing, while we waved from windows and Sergeant Grite shook his fist. True enough, the noise woke the officers.

"What is it, sergeant?" the colonel asked, coming from the squad room.

"A Navy plane, sir. They'll send a rescue boat, I suppose."

The colonel sighed. "Yes, I suppose so. There's nothing we could do to save ourselves, is there?"

"We might tear the bunks down and use the side pieces for oars," Sergeant Grite suggested, bursting at being asked advice.

"Or how about rigging all the men's shelter halves for a sort of sail, sir?" the lieutenant suggested, popping from the squad room.

"Sir, I have an idea," Ed Barnes spoke up.

Sergeant Grite glared at him.

"Yes, private?" the colonel said.

"Well, sir, I figure this barracks is like the racing greyhound which caught the rabbit and never would run again. You see, this barracks had ought to of been a ship, and it kept trying to be one. But finally it got out to sea, and it's found out it ain't really a ship and never can be. You see, sir?" Ed beamed.

"Logical, yes. But that's hardly a constructive idea."

"But, don't you see, sir, it will now be happy to go back to its foundation and be a barracks again? All we got to do is sit here while it does it."

The colonel gave Ed a curious glance, and turned again to the squad room.

"We just sit here while the barracks turns around and swims back home and crawls onto the foundation!" Sergeant Grite observed acidly to Ed. "How long you been in the Army, to get fresh with a colonel?"

IT was along about midnight that a searchlight flashed out of the gloom and picked us up. A destroyer came alongside the porch, and after shouted greetings between the colonel and the destroyer's commander, a boat was lowered. As it approached, I heard the colonel whisper to the lieutenant. "He'll rank me on his ship. Not that it matters, of course. I'll cooperate and all that. But it'll be a story going around the bars. Us out here in a floating barracks! I wouldn't mind so much being on a raft. Man against the sea and all that. But, after all, a blasted barracks!"

"A blasted barracks, sir," the lieutenant said.

"A blasted barracks, sir," Sergeant Grite said.

Ed opened his mouth to echo it, but I stepped on his toe.

Sergeant Grite called us to attention. At least we went into the boat like soldiers.

Ed and I were in the last boatload. Ed was, in fact, next to Sergeant Grite. The officers would be, true to tradition, last to leave the ship.

"Go ahead, Barnes," Sergeant Grite urged, as Ed hesitated at the edge of the porch, one foot tentatively raised to get into the boat.

"I can't," Ed said. "I'm restricted."

"What's that?" the colonel asked.

"I restricted him to barracks for laughing during inspection, sir," Sergeant Grite said with a sickly grin. "Of course, under the circumstances—"

"Circumstances be blasted!" the colonel snapped. "Sergeant, the discipline of the Army depends upon the execution of every order. This man was restricted to barracks, and he'll stay restricted. Yes, sir!"

"Yes, sir!" the lieutenant said, a bit baffled but trying hard.

Sergeant Grite echoed the sentiment. Ed tried to, but no words came. I was sitting in the boat, and I looked up at poor Ed. He'd be left behind, restricted to barracks!

"But," suggested the lieutenant, "do you realize, sir—"

"Certainly," the colonel snapped. "I couldn't leave with a man behind. I'll stay."

"And I, sir," Sergeant Grite said.

The upshot of this was an exchange of shouts between the commander of the destroyer and the commander of the barracks. The latter asked for a tow. The former suggested this was preposterous. The latter pointed out that a valuable item of government property would be doomed to certain destruction otherwise, and if there was a refusal he would be obliged to report it. The former intimated that it was his province to decide on the feasibility of such an operation. The latter pointed out that it was *his* duty to consider the welfare of his own men, and that a serious breach in morale might result from the suspension of a disciplinary action. It was all done in the very best official language, and presently the boats began bringing our men back. Then a line was fastened to the barracks, and the destroyer began towing us in.

We reached the P. O. E. next afternoon, with happy results all around. As you may know, Mr. President, both the destroyer commander and the colonel were officially congratulated on their mutual efforts in not only rescuing every man unharmed but in effecting the salvage of government property. And, losing no time, workmen next day saw Barracks 2611 once more set up and bolted to its foundation.

AND now, Mr. President, I will come to the reason for writing you this note. I do not hold with the talk about Barracks 2611. Obviously, the water rose during the storm and carried it to sea. It had slipped previously from its foundations from mere accident. That its lumber should have been made into a ship, I must grant. But that it has been trying to find its destiny, as Ed Barnes said, is, I think, pure fantasy, with which, as you know from previous letters, I hold no stock.

However, if there should be anything to the legend, I have an idea for persuading the barracks to stop taking these cruises. This would save all that effort and time that has been expended heretofore putting the barracks back on its foundations, and would also save another company from being carried out to sea, thus delaying the shipment of troops. Besides, Mr. President, I feel that it would be a nice tribute and a satisfying thing (though admittedly unusual for an Army camp, and therefore something only you could do). My suggestion is, Mr. President—if you could find a moment—that you change the name of this building to U. S. S. Barracks 2611, Decommissioned.

Hoping this finds you in good health,

I remain, Yr humble & obt svt,

WILLIAM CRAWFORD

THE END

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LET LEO DO IT

Continued from Page 23

when he left the White House that day Crowley had acquired stewardship over $600,000,000 worth of property and 40,000 patents and applications. The Germans, after the last war, managed to regain control of much of the property which we had taken from them. Crowley was determined this shouldn't happen again. He began to sell enemy property, and, refusing to sell enemy patents, gave American applicants *permanent* license to use them.

One of the patents which Crowley came across was the German formula for atabrine, a drug used as a quinine substitute. When the Japs cornered the world's supply of quinine, Crowley began to urge large-scale production of atabrine. The idea kicked around Washington for some time, but nothing much was done about it.

Finally Crowley asked for a meeting of representatives of all interested agencies. Actually the production of atabrine was no more his business than building airplanes. But he got the thing organized that day and atabrine production got under way on a large scale.

LAST July Vice-President Wallace, who was running the Board of Economic Warfare, and Jesse Jones, whose RFC was doing a lot of foreign buying, started after each other with 16-inch guns. The President, having just banned squabbling in public, liquidated Wallace's BEW and took away Jones' foreign purchasing agencies. He bundled all these into a new organization and called Crowley to the White House once again. Crowley, of course, was a little dazed when he walked out that day. But he was also chief of the Office of Economic Warfare. In September the President handed him more agencies in the same field and changed the name of Crowley's outfit to FEA.

It was probably the greatest hodgepodge ever handed to an administrator. The half dozen agencies which were combined employed some five thousand people. A good many of them were doing the same thing, and stumbling over men from the other agencies. Crowley whacked hundreds off the payroll by making it a rule that not more than one person could do a single job

Crowley has been catching loaded bouquets from people who think he isn't running the agency as Wallace would run it and from those who think that he is. He was criticized for holding too many jobs. He took a leave of absence from Standard Gas and Electric, and asked the President several times to relieve him of the Alien Property responsibility. In March the President finally accepted his resignation as Custodian, declaring that this would permit Crowley to devote all his time and "superior abilities" to the FEA and FDIC.

IT will be easier to assess the Crowley regime fully in the months to come. However, there is one aspect of it which stands out very clearly at this point. Our business with foreign nations is being handled as a business, and not as a Community Chest.

The British are buying and paying cash on the line for machine tools and other capital goods which they can use in postwar business. The Cubans, who were getting rich and happy making gin for export to this country, are now making industrial alcohol instead. The profits aren't so big, but alcohol is one thing we need more than gin.

Our allies have reacted well. The Russians, especially, seem to appreciate this realistic approach. They have always taken the position that, since they were killing more Nazis than any one else, they were entitled to more Lend-Lease equipment. They always seemed a little unhappy if they didn't get it. Crowley was sympathetic, but he had to point out that we had some designs against the Germans ourselves.

A Russian general was arguing recently for an increased allotment of certain material. Crowley tried to explain that the equipment was set aside for shipment to our own forces. The general wasn't convinced.

"General," Crowley said at last, "could you let us have about a couple of million tons of iron ore from your Ural Mountains?"

The general was aghast.

"But we need every ounce of that for ourselves," he replied.

"That's what I mean, general," said Crowley. "That's just what I mean."

The general smiled and our economic relations with Russia were thereupon established on a new basis.

THE END

CAN THE DEMOCRATS WIN WITHOUT ROOSEVELT?

Continued from Page 15

the President is thinking about designating some particular successor, as Theodore Roosevelt designated William Howard Taft. Franklin Roosevelt said months ago that his administration was no longer the New Deal Administration but was now the Win-the-War Administration. Politically, however, the New Deal is a live issue, and he does not want it repudiated by the Democrats who follow after him.

The possible successor agreeable to Roosevelt might come from Congress. He might be a governor of a state or a high war official. He might be sitting now in the Supreme Court. He probably won't come from the Cabinet, for its most available members are too old, like Cordell Hull and Jesse Jones, who were mentioned as Presidential possibilities four years ago.

OLD-HAND political philosophers lately have been giving deep thought to the likelihood that the Roosevelt era is over for the Democratic Party. Here is a list of potential nominees which was put together after long talks with many of those philosophers:

From the Supreme Court: William O. Douglas and Robert H. Jackson, two New Dealers. They are both experienced in federal governmental administration, Douglas as former head of the Securities and Exchange Commission and Jackson as one-time Attorney General. Douglas has an attractive "barefoot boy" from-poverty-to-success background. But both of these honorable justices have been out of the public eye during the war years.

War officials: General George Catlett Marshall, chief of staff. He speaks well and charms men and women who listen to him. The public universally admires and respects him as the outstanding organizational and administrative officer in the United Nations camp. Yet he irked labor groups by his off-the-record suggestion that strikes in America were slowing up the defeat of the Axis, and recently he was quoted as saying that he is not interested in politics.

James F. Byrnes, director of War Mobilization. In the House of Representatives

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fourteen years and in the Senate eleven, Byrnes knows how to campaign. He was a Supreme Court justice. A South Carolinian, he might heal the breach between the dissident Southern and the Northern branches of the Democratic Party. He is the generalissimo of the civilian side of the war—co-ordinator of rationing, war production, manpower, and price control.

Governors: Twenty-two of the states have Democratic governors. The outstanding Presidential possibilities among them are Ellis Arnall of Georgia, the silver-tongued orator whose energetic campaign on Democratic principles two years ago defeated a man considered unbeatable, Gene Talmadge; Henry F. Schricker of Indiana, and John J. Dempsey of New Mexico, who carried the torch for Roosevelt when he was in the Senate in Washington.

From Congress: Henry A. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States and president of the Senate. His Vice-Presidential nomination in 1940 was insisted on by President Roosevelt, who is still fond of him. His trip to China and Russia probably will raise his stature. The Gallup Poll revealed last spring that he has a large and faithful following.

Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Once the holder of this post was considered second only to the President in importance in the American political scene. Rayburn has pushed a long list of "must" New Deal bills to passage by the House, and at the same time he is considered a conservative Texan of the John Garner school. Perhaps he could unite Southern and Northern Democrats, conservatives and New Dealers.

Harry Truman, senator from Missouri. Through his special committee he has saved more than $1,000,000,000 the federal government might have wasted in careless administration of war expenditures. He is the Congressional conscience of the White House, which appreciates his work. He convinced the President that he should scrap the old inefficient Office of Production Management, once the key bureau in war production. He forced the Navy to adopt the Higgins landing boat—the first craft to hit the shores of the atolls taken in the Navy advance across the Pacific.

The senator from Missouri, who was sixty years old on May 8, is a plain-spoken, hard-working democrat in the true sense of the word. He believes in the equality of man. When he gave a dinner a few months ago for General Marshall, he invited his office boy and his secretary. He is probably the strongest of all the possible Democratic candidates if Roosevelt steps out.

THE party looking for an ideal candidate is like a bachelor looking for an ideal wife; neither party nor bachelor finds anybody who measures up to exalted preconceived notions. For practical political purposes the ideal candidate is one who wins. In advance of the contest these are the principal qualifications the Democrats would like their candidate to have:

On the personality side, he should be energetic and should have a reassuring manner.

He should at least win grudging acceptance from the Southern Democrats as well as please New Yorkers, Californians, Midwesterners, and Mountain States voters.

He should appeal to labor, and at the same time convince the people that inefficiency in administration at Washington will be erased and that bureaucracy will be held to the minimum consistent with the increasing need for centralized authority in the United States.

He should convince the voters that he

will guide the war to a successful conclusion, and make it clear that he understands the nature of diplomacy thoroughly enough to develop a sound American foreign policy.

The ideal candidate will have to be strong enough in debate to brush aside expected Republican attacks on the New Deal and bureaucracy and carry forward an aggressive campaign based on "win the war" and the promise of a bright future.

Probably the most certain way for the Democrats to assure their own defeat would be to adopt a strategy of backward-looking defense. If they can't nominate Roosevelt, they can heed these wise words he spoke twelve years ago:

"I warn those Democrats who squint at the future with their faces toward the past and who feel no responsibility to the demands of the new time that they are out of step with the party."

Above all, the ideal candidate should present a program for restoring the country from war to a peace economy that will provide jobs for the returning soldiers and the war-plant workers and will maintain the United States in prosperity.

The Democratic National Committee would gladly pass up an ideal imaginary statesman in favor of Roosevelt. The committee hasn't abandoned hope that he will be its man.

At the Jackson Day dinner in Washington last winter the cry was for Roosevelt. The convention city, Chicago, is run by Mayor Ed Kelly, one of Roosevelt's stanchest supporters. At the 1940 Democratic convention in Chicago, Mayor Kelly stationed Tom Garry, his superintendent of sewers, in the convention building basement, from which Garry cried out over the public-address system:

"We want Roosevelt! The world needs Roosevelt!"

As bait to attract Roosevelt support at the convention, Hannegan has rewarded the states which gave Roosevelt electoral votes in 1940 by granting them the privilege of sending extra delegates.

Roosevelt's decision whether he will try for a fourth term depends on one thing, his health. Late last winter he entertained an old friend, Aubrey Williams, in the White House. They chatted about the years of New Deal battle during which Williams first was deputy chief of the WPA and then head of the National Youth Administration.

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The guest watched his old boss closely. When he went home, his face was long. In Atlanta he told a friend he had left the White House with the impression that Roosevelt would not run again. "He looked so tired and worried that I was shocked," Williams said. Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, another close acquaintance of the President, reported the same thing: "He told me he was tired and wanted to go home."

Then on May 7, when the President returned to the White House after a four-week vacation in South Carolina, all who saw him agreed that he seemed considerably rested and invigorated.

EVEN so, at sixty-two, despite the close attentions of Admiral Ross McIntire, his physician, Roosevelt has lost the vim and ebullience of other years. He has spent more than eleven grueling years in the White House. In terms of the multitude of political events which have marked those years and of their strain on Roosevelt, an eon has passed since the Democrats in 1932 chose him as their candidate for the first time.

Persons close to the President would be astonished if he gave any clear indication much before July 19 as to whether he will or won't try the election stakes again.

He has two courses before him: 1. To state openly that he will be through with public life when his third term ends on January 20, 1945. 2. To indicate quietly to Hannegan that he will accept the fourth nomination. He might take a foreign trip that would keep him out of the country during the convention, so that the delegates might make their choice free of his influence.

Whether the President runs or not, the Democrats' outlook is not too rosy.

Unless Wendell Willkie should somehow make a comeback, the Republicans are pretty certain to go into their campaign with a united front behind whatever candidate they choose at their convention opening June 26. And the Democrats are pretty certain to go into their convention divided. The Negro issue deeply agitates the South, which has noted that a Supreme Court controlled by Roosevelt appointees handed down the ruling invalidating the Texas law preventing Negro participation in the primaries. Two Southern New Deal senators, Pepper of Florida and Lister Hill of Alabama, both campaigned in the spring primaries as defenders of "white

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supremacy," although they had been liberal about the Negro voter in the past.

The Democratic restlessness extends into the Northern States of Massachusetts and New York. Charles McGlue, former chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic Committee, now the front man for former Governor Ely, threatened in February:

"It is entirely possible that if Mr. Roosevelt is nominated by the Democratic convention the Ely forces would join with other 'Jeffersonian Democratic' groups in the country to nominate a separate slate for President and Vice-President."

The split makes even the key state of New York doubtful for the Democrats, because its state chairman is Jim Farley. He is bitter against the Roosevelt whom he served until four years ago and is against any New Dealer who might follow in his wake. The Democrats will need solid organization in New York to win its electoral votes in November, especially if the Republicans nominate the state's present governor, Thomas E. Dewey.

But Roosevelt has faced down plenty of enemies in the Democratic Party in the past, including Joseph Ely, who bolted in 1936 as he threatens to bolt now. In 1932 Al Smith was bitter against Roosevelt, and Roosevelt won. In 1936 the Liberty League of Democrats worked against him, and he won. In 1940 outstanding Democrats like Senator Edward R. Burke of Nebraska and Lewis W. Douglas supported Wendell Willkie against Roosevelt, but he won.

ANOTHER problem facing the Democrats is that, one by one, groups which firmly supported the Democrats through long years have been registering displeasure with the Democratic government in Washington. The farmers are irked because the food subsidy program has held their income below the war level they thought it would rise to. When Senator Scott Lucas was campaigning this spring in the Illinois primary, he kept mum about his close ties to the administration except when stumping the city of Chicago, where Roosevelt remains strong. In the rural areas he plugged other issues.

Some labor groups are irked because Roosevelt has insisted on retaining the Little Steel formula, which prevents a wage rise to unlimited ceilings, and because he proposed the National Service Act calling for a draft of workers. Since the proposed act has not become law, however, the Democrats may be forgiven for it. The C. I. O. Political Action Committee is so pro-Roosevelt that it has caused Hannegan some anxious moments. The committee is out for New Dealism in a big way, and Hannegan fears it will stir up some hornets.

Altogether, it is easy to see why the Democrats face the future more grimly than confidently. Judging by the known factors in the coming campaign, the independent experts in Washington think the Democrats cannot win without Roosevelt and at the best will have a close shave with him.

But there is one great unknown that may keep the Democrats in power. How will the soldiers and sailors vote?

In April Admiral Thomas C. Hart returned to the United States from a tour of the Pacific battle areas with an interesting report. He said that the fighting men were critical of the people who complain about rationing and other wartime irritants, but were not critical of the political leaders back home.

"They are all filled with admiration for the leadership under which they are fighting," said Admiral Hart. That admiration could decide the Election Day race.

THE END

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MAKE IT RARE AND JUICY—Continued from Page 10

smell now as the Sunderland dived out of the sun, intent on her kill.

Flying Officer G. E. Rowe of Mosman, New South Wales (leader of the rare-and-juicy faction), said later: "Except for the captain, who knew it all backwards, none of us had seen a U-boat before. We were very tense and excited. The captain was as calm as an old war horse. He never even looked like doing anything except exactly the right thing. He straddled the U-boat and sank it."

The third pilot, Flying Officer W. R. McPharlin of Claremont, Western Australia, said, "I remember shouting to the captain as the U-boat's nose turned up: 'For God's sake lift the floats so I can see him to get my pictures!' "

McPharlin got his pictures in very difficult circumstances—photographs of the kill important to the Admiralty.

The U-boat pushed her nose high, then slid back slowly under the sea with German sailors piling out of her conning tower. As the Sunderland swept back, McPharlin tried to get pictures of the forty survivors seen swimming in the water, but he had used up all his film.

"We were so thrilled," Rowe said, "we were like kids. But the captain settled us down. He told us to write our reports, and we did."

THE crew had finished their writing when suddenly the W/O came through on the intercom. "Hey, fellows!" he said. "The steak!"

In the excitement every one had forgotten it. Now their hunger was redoubled.

"Spence, old boy," the captain ordered, "back to the galley. Pronto."

"O. K.," said Spence.

He made his way back to the galley. In two minutes he brought consternation to his fellows.

"Chaps! The steak's gone. Disappeared."

"Look for it, you cow!"

"Skip! I think it went overboard when you flung the old lady around."

Gloom settled over U-for-Uncle. "For two hours he's been working us up," the tail gunner commented from far astern, "and now he gives us this!"

"Never mind, you fellers," the skipper said. "Soon be home now. Keep smiling."

For a while U-for-Uncle plowed home across the darkening skies. Then a voice came over the intercom from the galley: "O. K.! Come and get it! Your steak's ready, chaps!"

It was. Juicy and tender. With banks of browned onions, and French beans, and golden corn. Tomato catchup. Horseradish.

That was a meal to remember. Never was there such a steak.

When the plates were polished clean with the last crust of bread, the flight sergeant collected approving eyes. "All right, chaps?"

"Spencey, old boy—you're a ruddy wizard!"

"Something to dream about, Spencey!"

"Perfect!" said the tail gunner. "Finest meal I've ever eaten."

Spence nodded. "Where d'you think I found that steak?" he asked genially. "In the bilges. I had to dig it up with a piece of stiff wire I use for unstopping the sink. But," he added, "I washed it as well as I could in some cold tea."

For a while a thoughtful silence held the crew of U-for-Uncle.

"Well," the tail gunner said at length, "it was a grand steak, anyway. . . ."

THE END

He's a Zero-Bustin'
AIR GUNNER
IN THE NAVY
But it took a Landlubber to put him wise to this "STAY-MOIST" lather
A NAVY AIR GUNNER HAS TO BE TOUGH...BUT WITH MY WIRY WHISKERS AND TENDER SKIN, SHAVING IS MURDER FOR ME.
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM IS YOUR BEST BET, SAILOR! ITS "STAY-MOIST" LATHER SOAKS TOUGH BEARDS SOFT IN A JIFFY. TRY IT.
WHAT A LATHER! WHY, EVEN WITH A USED BLADE LIFEBUOY GIVES A BETTER SHAVE THAN SKIMPY, FAST-DRYING LATHERS, AND ITS KIND TO SENSITIVE SKIN.
KEEPS WHISKERS WETTER MAKES SHAVING BETTER
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
NO USED TUBE NEEDED

THE GUERRILLAS OF HAUTE-SAVOIE

Continued from Page 30

Glières, but it had cost them four hundred dead and three hundred wounded. And the guerrillas had shot down two German dive bombers.

This is just one chapter in the thrilling story of the French guerrilla army.

Few people remember now that in the bewildering days of 1940 several regiments of Chasseurs Alpins retreated from the battlefields of the north and continued to fight long after the armistice was signed. As French resistance slowly grew, its core took shape in the Haute-Savoie, where the Chasseurs Alpins had been forming and training an army now estimated at several thousand men in the region of the Alps alone, and running to far greater numbers from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. It was organized by liaison work carried on right under the noses of the Nazis.

The French guerrillas in the Haute-Savoie are not armed with Sherman tanks and Mustang fighters, but they know every inch of the terrain and have the *esprit de corps* of picked troops. Through their excellent system of underground intelligence they know which trains carry war matériel, which warehouses hold food or arms, which Frenchmen are collaborating with the Germans.

The officers in command haven't sought to meet the Germans in pitched battles on the plains. Their strategy has been to fight bitter delaying actions, to collect military intelligence, to recruit all French youths tagged by the Nazis for deportation to Germany, to raise general hell with the invaders, and to keep their numbers intact for D-Day.

The region of resistance for which the French Alps is the center covers several hundred miles, a sort of triangle sloping down to Paris on the north and to Marseille on the south. Recently two bands of guerrillas working in this area pulled off two of the most effective acts of sabotage yet recorded. The first temporarily wrecked an important magnesium plant near Marseille. The second was a five-pronged attack directed against the famous Schneider-Creusot factories, Europe's third largest munitions works.

THE most important of the five targets selected was the central power station at Chalon-sur-Saône near Creusot. The objective was a key transformer and a series of pylons that carry the high-tension cables over the river. Here is the actual report made by the guerrillas:

"After crossing the Saône at 6 P. M., we hid in a thicket on the river's bank, where we put the final touches to our demolition charges, our dynamite and fuses. Then at 9 P. M., in the dark, we started to crawl toward our objective. When we reached the first big pylon, we placed our bombs around the base. By 11.30 P. M. we had primed all the pylons. Next came the transformer."

To reach the transformer, the leader of the band had to climb a high wire fence and slip unnoticed through guards posted at intervals of one hundred and fifty feet. He got in and out undetected, leaving behind a homemade delayed-action bomb.

"At a quarter to one," the report continues, "watching from a safe distance across the river, we could see the lights of the power station dim and then go out as our bombs went off like a salvo of 75s. Oil spread the fire and the flames rose to

(*Continued on page 63*)

How to make a delicious Cuba Libre

Fill glass with cola and stir well... Add squeezed lime

2 or more ice cubes

2 ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice ½ lime

10 ounce glass

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

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BOSTON, MASS.... 86 PROOF

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"I'M the pilot of a Flying Fortress and my crew argues constantly on the subject of who is authorized to wear a bronze star on the American Defense Ribbon," writes B. M. D. from the European Theater of Operations.

"To stop all this jawing, I've made inquiries several times elsewhere—and have received as many different replies. Now I'm appealing to you. Can you straighten us out?"

I'll be glad to tackle this, for there's been much confusion over the whole subject.

First, the ribbon. It represents the American Defense Service Medal, which

Surprise

won't be distributed until after the war. The medal is conferred for honorable service on men who entered upon a period of active federal service of twelve months or more and served *part of that time* between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941.

Now we come to the bronze star. This is worn in the center of the service ribbon and is authorized for men who served *outside* the continental limits of the United States during the period for which the A. D. S. M. is awarded. The star is worn on the ribbon in lieu of a metal clasp bearing the inscription "Foreign Service," which will be attached to the medal when the latter is issued. See WD Circular 156, dated July 8, 1943.

Naval service on the high seas or at posts outside this country's continental limits during the period for which the A. D. S. M. is awarded qualifies seamen for the bronze star.

A bronze "A" (for "Action") worn on a seaman's American Defense Service Ribbon denotes service on one of a number of specific ships which served in enemy-infested waters and, in some instances, traded blows with the enemy, before we were officially at war.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Several weeks after being inducted into the Navy, I got a big surprise. My company commander at the training station told me that according to my papers I am not in the Naval Reserve, like my shipmates, but am in the regular Navy. And for a term of six years after the war! And me with a wife and child I'll be anxious to return to! How can I get this mess straightened out?

Puzzled Gob, Chicago.

If you were inducted through Selective Service, your service should be for the duration, plus six months. If that is the case and you have received the wrong papers, send a letter through official channels to the Chief of Enlisted Personnel, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Sarge, old pal, I wish you could be with us in this war-battered town my outfit is now occupying. You'll wish the same when I tell you that our billet, for all its shell and bomb perforations, has something the most modern G. I. dormitory in the States lacks. One of our guys discovered a passageway that leads down to a deep cellar or cave that is lined with hogshead after hogshead—all filled with choice wines. At least, they were full when found. Salute, Sarge!

Pvt. L. E., Somewhere in Italy.

Sometimes I think I'm allergic to boat rides (see Liberty of May 27, in which I told how I got dunked in the Atlantic on a recent trip across). But—did you say hogsheads? Pass me an auger, and Old Sarge will ride again.

* * *

If a soldier gets married after taking out National Service Life Insurance in his mother's name, does his wife have a claim on that insurance? Can he keep it in his mother's name?

A Friend, Providence, R. I.

The service man may designate either his wife or his mother as his beneficiary. Or, in such a case as you cite, he may divide his insurance between the two. But if he names only one, the other woman cannot collect under any circumstances.

* * *

You stated in the April 1 Liberty that an Army pilot could not take his wife on a thirty-minute ride in an Army plane. Sorry, Sarge, but you're wrong. I enclose copies of the request blank which flying personnel may submit to the Operations Officer for permission to take up a wife or mother, and also a copy of the release the passenger must sign.

Pvt. E. E. W., Bainbridge Army Air Field, Bainbridge, Ga.

That crimson glow isn't from the sunrise or a burning munitions dump; it's from my face. I mean, I stand corrected. AR 95-90, which gives authority for transportation in Army aircraft of various specified civilian and military personnel, does list wives and mothers, not only of officers but also of enlisted men holding flying ratings. These ladies may be taken on local flights of up to thirty minutes, but may not have more than two such rides in any calendar year.

* * *

We've been having a whopper of an argument, here, over whether we were drafted for the *duration of the war*, plus six months, or for the *duration of the emergency*, plus six months. Can you tell us which, Sarge? Also, does the President have the power to keep us in uniform longer than that?

Pvt. A. S., Englewood Arsenal, Md.

Six months after the end of hostilities is your present prospective maximum service. The President has no authority to hold you longer. But Congress can extend the period, if it considers such action necessary.

* * *

I would like to know at which branch of the War Department an inquiry should be made for the personal belongings of a soldier killed in action. The nearest of kin in this case live at Belmont, North Carolina.

A. H., Gardena, Calif.

One central bureau handles such matters. Write the Army Effects Bureau, % Kansas City Quartermaster Depot, 601 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City 1, Missouri. There's a letter on my desk now from the Effects Quartermaster, outlining the scope of the bureau's activities. "This bureau," writes Lieutenant Colonel John R. Murphy, Q. M. C., "receives the effects of military personnel or persons subject to military law, such as Red Cross workers, war correspondents, civilian employees of the government and of government contractors, becoming casualties overseas, for forwarding to the widow, personal representative, or kinsfolk. This applies not only to deceased personnel but to missing, missing in action, prisoners of war, and interned or beleagured personnel."

* * *

I would appreciate some information regarding the wearing of the "hitch stripe." I served in World War I for nineteen months and was discharged when it ended. In World War II I was drafted and soon

Thirty-minute

I will have seventeen months service. Am I entitled to wear a stripe?

Pfc. V. T., Fort Ontario, N. Y.

Yes, you're entitled to your service stripe, or "hitch stripe" or "hash mark." AR 600-40, paragraph 46E, specifically states that the three years of Federal service may be "continuous or otherwise." Your nineteen months in the first World War, plus seventeen in the present, total exactly three years, making you eligible for your first hash mark. Previous service in the Navy or Marine Corps also counts toward an Army service stripe.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

(Continued from page 60)
a tremendous height, painting the sky red for miles."

Meanwhile the other bands of guerrillas had carried out their attacks on the four other targets. According to well-weighed reports, this sabotage stopped all munitions work at Schneider-Creusot for six months, and also affected factories supplied by those high-voltage cables.

This writer spent the better part of a year in the Haute-Savoie before the war, and met and skied with many of the Chasseurs Alpins. Undoubtedly some of them are now fighting the Germans and the Vichy French on the same snow slopes.

Many Americans knew this part of France before the war: Grenoble, whose university had a large annual American enrollment; Chamonix, the winter sports town; Aix-les-Bains, where Americans "took the cure"; and Annecy, a lovely place on the lake of the same name.

But Annecy is different today. It has been a center of resistance, and the Gestapo has followed the SS men into its streets. At night the early curfew is announced ominously from a loud-speaker. There is no blackout, for too many Nazis met with accidents in the dark. The streets are brightly lighted and only inhabitants who bear safe-conduct passes

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Broadway is a place where people spend money they haven't earned to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like.

—Walter Winchell.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

are allowed on them. When a patrol of SS men or Vichy militia approaches, they must show their passes or risk being shot. Some streets are blocked by cement walls to serve as pillboxes for SS men.

The guerrilla army in the Haute-Savoie obtains some food and arms from towns such as Annecy, where patriotic citizens lead the way to caches of supplies. Farms also provide meat, eggs, and cheese, and sometimes the guerrillas conduct raids of their own.

For example, the guerrillas one day swooped down on the hamlet of Lus-la-Croix-Haute in old-fashioned touring cars. Holding the local police at bay, they made off with 2,000 pounds of sugar, 1,500 pounds of macaroni, 200 eggs, 500 pounds of jam, and 300 gallons of gasoline.

In Thonon on the shores of Lake Geneva, which separates the Haute-Savoie from Switzerland, the manager of a warehouse was awakened one night by twelve masked men who forced him to hand over the keys. Then four watchmen were found and gagged. Driving their trucks into the courtyard, the guerrillas loaded them with thirty-eight tons of goods.

The raid had been carefully prepared. The guerrillas cut all telephone wires leading to police stations. They patrolled every road leading to the warehouse. Combat cars stood at every crossroads on the designated route.

The guerrillas have a long black list. One man on it was a Monsieur Paoli, proprietor of a hotel in Collonges and a former local leader in Laval's Legion. Recently Paoli became involved in some illegal trading in gold. Visits from the gendarmes became frequent. One day a very youthful-looking group of gendarmes arrived in a touring car. Paoli stepped in and departed, presumably for the local courthouse. Actually, it was his last ride; the gendarmes were guerrillas.

In the south of France only two rail-

F. W. Fitch, Founder
The F. W. Fitch Company

MEN! my shave creams contain special SKIN CONDITIONER

Developed especially for super-sensitive faces . . . FITCH'S SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid comfort" shaves to men who have "tried everything"

This great Fitch's No-Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares even the most sensitive face for a "solid comfort" shave. When Fitch's No-Brush is applied with the wet fingers, it spreads easily, and this special SKIN CONDITIONER begins acting immediately. . . . When you start shaving, you'll actually *feel* the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. Then—there's the added fact that with Fitch's No-Brush you never need an after-shaving lotion . . . its ingredients are *right in* the shaving cream.

BRUSH USERS! *Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.*

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roads cross to Italy. Both are very important to the Germans sending supplies from France to their men on the Italian front. One line runs through the Haute-Savoie. This is hit regularly by the French guerrillas.

Recently the Germans dispatched fifty railway experts by train for the half-Swiss, half-French border town of Saint-Gingolph, to repair and improve this key line. But guerrillas attacked the train in the station of Pyrimont and killed or wounded twenty-five of the Nazi experts. Three of their band fell under the heavy fire of the German guards.

Radio-Paris, the Nazi-controlled station, has acknowledged the seriousness of the situation. "In the last three months," said Radio-Paris recently, "the French Jews and Communists [as they term the guerrillas] have committed 9,000 acts of sabotage, 800 against railroads and highway transport, besides killing 750 loyal [Vichy French] policemen."

THIS guerrilla movement has been welded into a force that snatches prominent Frenchmen from under the guns of the Nazis. One of these rescued men is Raymond Aubrac, an engineer who was smuggled out of France to become a member of the Committee of National Liberation in Algiers.

Aubrac gave the following picture of the French guerrillas:

"I joined the resistance movement in the winter of 1940-41. At first we simply circulated pamphlets. Little by little we became an organized army—many of us simple citizens by day and saboteurs by night, others armed members of the guerrilla force. Most of the latter are young and are called Men of the Maquis, from the Corsican word for underbrush—a place to hide. They have to live in hiding; for most of them have been called up by the Germans for deportation to Germany. The Nazis call up a class of French youths when it reaches the age of twenty. The class of 1944 has just been called up—200,000 French boys. Do you know how many the Germans actually got their hands on? Fifteen hundred! The rest are in the maquis, in hiding, or are already members of the guerrilla army.

"In 1940 there were many of us who thought that officers in the French Army had ceased to think the same thoughts as the people. But the men who lead the Maquis today are for the most part former officers in the French Army, some graduates of Saint-Cyr, some from the Chasseurs Alpins. And the men they lead, peasants and factory workers, have confidence and affection for them.

"When working with the Maquis I met many Englishmen, mostly aviators who had been shot down over Europe. They did not participate in our activities, but they were protected by our organization."

Reports reveal that many American airmen have been smuggled back to England and North Africa by these French patriots, too.

THE Nazis themselves have acted as recruiting sergeants for the Maquis by their practice of conscripting each class of French youths for forced labor in Germany as soon as it reaches the age of twenty. The overwhelming majority of young Frenchmen prefer the guerrillas, despite Colonel Lelong's posted warning, in the towns of Haute-Savoie, of court-martial and execution within twenty-four hours.

Before a young Frenchman is started on the underground route leading into the guerrilla army, he must prove his identity and his trustworthiness. Then he is asked to provide himself, if possible, with a knapsack, a blanket, a raincoat, a pair of heavy shoes, a warm sweater, and rations for several days. The careful trip from home to the hide-outs may take weeks.

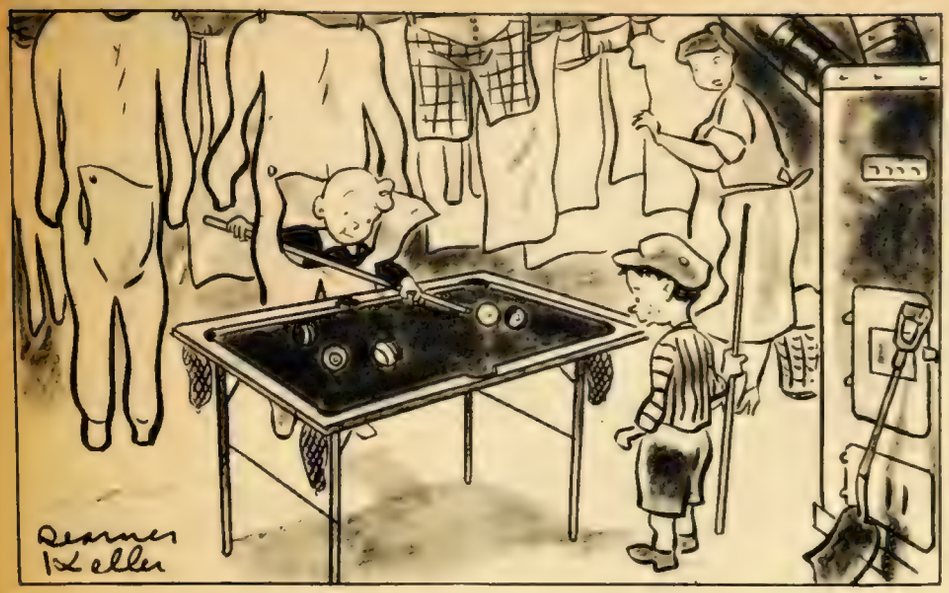
The guerrillas have no surplus of rifles or submachine guns, and before a recruit is entrusted with one of these precious weapons he must prove his ability to handle it competently. While learning discipline, he is taught to respect different religious beliefs and opinions and to put the welfare of the group above personal wishes.

Last fall the Germans boasted that they would clean up the guerrillas in the French Alps before snow fell. Snow fell on the pines and chalets, and the guerrillas were still there. When spring came, they still fought, raided, sabotaged, punished. And they kept their main force intact, waiting to help the invading Americans and British.

"France," said a Frenchman who escaped to Algiers, "will have days that will sing." And the song will come strong and full-throated from the heroic guerrillas in the French Alps.

THE END

"Washington, I presume, will exhibit some doubt about this—!"



NO FALLOW GROUND

Continued from Page 25

Lorraine walked up to the screen door behind her, her hand resting against it.

"Bring me a letter from Mel," she said a little wistfully.

Wilma said, "I'll do my best." She hesitated, then, with sudden decision, walked quickly down the three steps and got into the truck. "If you should need me, phone Mrs. Willis, in town. She'll know where to reach me."

LUTE worked all morning in the Big Rock field. The sun drove heat into the ground, turning the dark plowed earth to dry gray. The horses' backs glistened with sweat. Over the trees along the creek he could see the dark peaks of thunder clouds gathering.

At noon he unhitched the horses and walked them back to the shade of the barn. He was aware of a feeling of anticipation, and as he started to the house, he knew he was looking forward to the lunch Lorraine would have for him. City-bred, she had a way of fixing up fancy dishes, salads and such, which he would never have touched if any one else had served them.

But the minute he stepped in the kitchen he knew something was wrong. Then he saw that the stove was dead. That was unthinkable—a cold stove in a farm kitchen at midday.

He walked through to the front room, and saw Lorraine lying on the sofa. She started up as soon as he came in.

"I'm sorry, dad! I didn't feel so good, and lay down for a minute. I guess I fell asleep."

He stood looking down at her. There was perspiration on her short upper lip. He felt awkward. "Don't stir yourself, Lorraine. Something I can get for you?"

She was sitting up now. She shook her head, started to rise, and sank back again. "Dad—you know, I just don't think I can manage your dinner today. I feel funny!" Her voice sounded astonished.

He stared at her helplessly. The distant thunder seemed to shift the air of the house, and a curtain at the window suddenly bulged in. Lorraine closed her eyes, and he tiptoed into the kitchen. He put a piece of pork between two thick slices of bread, and poked without appetite at some cold mashed potato.

There was a pitcher of iced tea in the refrigerator, and he poured out a glass for Lorraine. He put the glass on a little tray with some lemon and the sugar bowl and a folded paper napkin. He felt silly and kind of pleased with himself, bringing it in to her, all fixed up like that.

"I'll get up in a minute," she said, drinking the tea. "I'll be all right."

He said for comfort, "This is a bad time for you."

She smiled, her eyes brighter. "You, too. You pretend you don't miss the boys. But you do. You need them as much as I need Mel."

THIS SUPERIORITY OF

PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

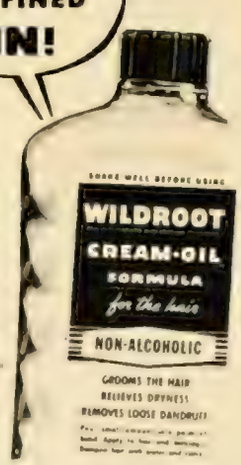
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find dryness or loose dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil! Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!



3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO BARBERS...

Use Wildroot Cream-Oil sparingly. Pour into the palm of your hand just enough to cover a spot the size of a 25¢ piece. Rub hands together, apply to hair and massage scalp with finger tips. Hair may be dampened if desired before combing.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

THE HOME FRONT

"You're as insolent as your clerks! Who do I report *you* to?"

"If you want me," he said, turning to the door, "give the dinner bell a couple of hard licks. I'll be around."

He went outside. Dark clouds had already hidden the sun. But the nearness of the storm, the delay in work that it would mean, gave him no feeling of urgency to get work done. He had no hope of getting the work done. Days of endless labor stretched before him. He would never get caught up. His sons had been hustled off to war without his consent, without any provision being made for him to carry on without them.

He glanced once at the tractor, standing idly in the shed. His eyes slid away and he didn't look at it again.

He drove the team with slack reins and watched the earth curl away from the plow. Even the sight of the dark potent soil failed to stir him today.

HE had turned under maybe five furrows before he felt the sudden deadness of the air. The trees along the creek were a vivid green against the copper-dark sky. Then the wind came up and he smelled rain on the dry earth. Lightning flickered.

Both horses became nervous, their ears flattening. When he reached a point near the fence path to the barn, he unhitched them from the plow. No use trying to do anything more until the storm was over. The horses were leaning on the reins and the chains jangled on the ground. A moment later they broke, and he let them run. He saw their dimpled rumps flicker as they gathered speed toward the open barn door.

Rain was falling hard now—the big drops stirring dust. Lute started toward the house. Lightning struck in the willows across the creek—then somewhere nearer.

Then he saw that Lorraine, with a coat thrown over her head, was half running, half stumbling toward him. Seeing him, she stopped and began to call. Her voice was high with alarm.

"Dad—dad—I'm afraid! You'll have to get the doctor!"

She stood still, trembling, and waited for him to reach her. He took her arm, turned her back to the house, and made her lie down on the sofa. He got a blanket and covered her. He saw the beginning of pain in her eyes and the frightened look of a small animal who doesn't understand what is happening.

"Take it easy," he said, touching her forehead with his rough hand. "I'll call the doctor. You'll be all right soon's he gets here."

But before he got to the phone he heard her quick sharp cry. He turned back. She was pressing her hand against her mouth. It was then that something settled on his shoulders so heavily that he physically braced himself. Responsibility. What did he know about this business? Why, he hadn't even been allowed in the house when his sons were born! Wilma herself had shooed him out. Now he wanted Wilma—he needed her!

"I'll get Wilma first. I'll call her in town. She'll get the doctor."

He lifted the receiver. There was no sound. His heart sank at the silence. Lorraine was standing in the doorway now. He didn't need to tell her.

"The line's out, isn't it? It was that last flash! Oh, dad, what'll I do?"

He set down the phone. His voice was brisker than he felt. "I'll hitch up and drive to Moody's. It's only four miles. And their phone is on a different line—I can call from there."

"Oh, dad, four miles! Nell and Star are so slow. And it takes so long to get started—hitching up and all!"

He knew what she was thinking. If Mel were here, even with the truck gone, he'd find a way.

"Far's that goes, I could ride Nell, if I have to. I'll get right along now. Unless—you'd rather have me stay here with you—just in case—"

She sat down and put her hands on the table edge. "No—no, you go. I'm not thinking just of myself, dad. I'm thinking of Mel—of his baby. I've got to give it the right start—I promised Mel." Then her voice roughened, and the fear crept up in it. "Oh, if only Mel were here! It isn't fair! If only—"

She stopped, but the look in her eyes challenged him, and he turned and went out without speaking again.

THERE was a moment, as paralyzing as a dream, when he stood in the shed beside the tractor. The memory of his defeat before this monster was still strong in him. He hated the thing. All the time his feet had been carrying him toward the shed, his mind had been fighting his purpose.

He thought, This is damn foolishness—horses right there in the barn. But they're old and slow. Hitching up takes time, and God knows I haven't ridden a horse bareback for thirty years. On the other hand.

I got to crank this thing, and back it out, and I'm not sure how to go about it. Wouldn't save more than ten minutes, all told.

But then the other thought followed, so logical, so insistent, that he couldn't hold it back. Those ten minutes might be the minutes that counted. Had he the right to gamble with a piece of time like that if it meant Lorraine might be the loser? And Mel and Mel's baby?

He turned the key and pulled out the choke—to the notch Mel had put on the stem. Then he walked around in front, and took hold of the crank. He lifted the crank and felt the weight of the engine against it. He pulled against this, felt the engine yield and sigh, but that was all. He turned it four times. Now his stubbornness came up to help him. On the seventh try something clicked, and the thing came alive.

"Soon as she starts, push back the choke." He could hear in his mind Mel's young competent voice. "If she starts to die on you, pull out the choke again, and step on the gas."

It was as if Mel were there beside him. He worked the gears and clutch until he found direction. The tractor jerked back and cleared the shed's upright by inches, skidded backward and around in the mud of the yard. He jammed in the forward gear, and forgot to take his foot off the gas. He made the turn just in time, and lurched out on the main road.

Rain was a solid gray sheet beating down on the tractor's hood, beating into his face. He kept his eyes rigidly on the road ahead, a glassy surface of mud, and he felt the sway and sideways skid of the big wheels.

At first it had seemed that he was the driven—not the driver. Now, gradually, he began to discover that the control was his. He could swing the front wheels away from the ditch; he could speed up or slow down at will. Heat flowed from the engine, and the smell of metal and oil was like the breath of a living thing.

He settled evenly into the drier center of the road. His speed steadied. Lorraine was back there alone in the house and she was depending on him.

THE rain had stopped, and in the west a sheet of blue-white sky widened. Lute turned the tractor back into the shed and cut the motor. He had stopped it exactly where he wanted it, on a dime.

His shirt was already drying, but his shoes were still heavy with mud. Driving into the yard, he had seen the little pick-up truck parked halfway in the ditch by Wilma in her hurry to get into the house, and Dr. Wheelwright's mud-spattered roadster. There was already a light burning in Lorraine's room against the dark afternoon, and smoke lifted straight from the kitchen chimney.

He sat there luxuriously, feeling tension fall away. Everything that needed to be done was being done. He had telephoned from Moody's, and located both Wilma and the doctor without any delay. He had expertly turned the tractor around in Moody's narrow drive, and later had had the satisfaction of seeing both the pick-up and doc's roadster pass him.

Wilma had been so intent on her driving that she apparently hadn't recognized him at all, but the doctor had slowed and leaned out the window, grinning all over his broad face.

"Hey—Lute! Better watch out! They'll pick you up for pleasure driving!"

Over the fields the mist hung in layers, and the green of the young beets in the spring-hole section was bright against the rain-darkened earth. Beyond this section lay the fallow north plot, unplowed, last year's stubble a reminder of wasted land. He was glad the boys couldn't see it.

And slowly, growing big and solid, a sense of power came to him. The boys were gone—the horses were old and inadequate—but he had this thing—this inanimate monster—tamed, subservient to his will. Excitement began to spread in him. He got out of the tractor and began to poke around in the semidark of the shed. There was the harrow and plow and the multidrill sower. He thought of Lorraine standing out here last summer when the boys had first shown her around. The tractor was new then, and they wanted to show it off to everybody.

"Why, it's like my sewing machine!" she had said delightedly. "A whole drawerful of attachments for hemstitching and tucking—you can make it do anything, can't you?"

"We're going to feed the world," Clyde had said, "and these are the babies that are going to turn the trick."

Then they had all started talking about the war and food quotas, and how, in the end, everything was going to depend on the farmer. Mel had laughed.

"Dad isn't going to like it—being told what to do and how to do it; the government poking a long nose into his affairs. Never mind, dad. Maybe when you find out how important you are, you'll get resigned. Eating's everybody's business when there's a war going on."

And Lute Granger had stood, close-mouthed, his back up.

His eyes fell on the electric milker standing dust-covered in a corner. Lute's mind jumped suddenly to the Widow Ashe's six dairy cows. If he could get the hang of the milker, and she was still a mind to sell— He brought his fist down in his open hand. He'd show 'em! He'd fill their damn food quota yet.

THE back door of the house opened and the doctor's short stocky figure strutted across the yard. He wore the fatuous smile of a man who has done a job and has news to tell.

"Lute!" he called. "Where are you?"

Granger picked his way through the machinery, back to the tractor. The doctor saw him and came forward. His thick figure blotted light from the shed door.

"Hi, grandpa! It's all over. We've got a good eight-pound boy in there."

Lute said nervously, feeling a grin tugging at his mouth, "Everything's all right, then? You got here in time?"

"Just about. I'm glad I wasn't ten minutes later."

Lute took a deep breath. "I made it to the phone at Moody's as soon as I could. I didn't lose any time."

His right hand reached out and gently, absent-mindedly, he stroked the smooth shoulder of the tractor's hood.

THE END

BONDS
BONDS
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But everyone *can* see the vital need for overwhelming weight of all kinds of equipment—if we are to win this war.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

IT'S A GIFT! Both dad and Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, will appreciate it if you will give father that finest gift of all, a war bond, on Father's Day, June 18. The Fifth War Loan campaign extends through July 8. The

goal is sixteen billion dollars, so let the sky be your limit and help bring all the fighting fathers and fathers-to-be home sooner.

CRADLE SNATCHER: A large New York department store had a sale of baby shoes requiring no ration coupons. So eager was one intense father to get his baby her share, that he was waiting when the store opened. His daughter, a babe in arms, was still wearing her sleeping pajamas. Pop had just snatched her from her crib and raced for the bargain counter.

LINES TO A PLASTIC SOLE

I wear UNrationed shoes upon
My grateful feet, because my son
Outgrows his rationed shoes so fast
The family coupons do not last.
And luckily, my soul's elastic
Enough to feel that soles of plastic
Are just as smart as those of leather,
And cooler, too, in torrid weather.

OLD-TIMER: Rice, which got its start about 3000 B. C. in India, made its way to America by accident in 1694. A bad storm drove a Liverpool-bound vessel, sailing from Madagascar, into the harbor at Charleston, South Carolina. The colonists were so hospitable that the captain of the ship gave them some sacks of seed rice. A few years later someone migrated westward and took seed to Louisiana. It was found that the prairies of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas were ideal for the cultivation of rice. Though the Orient produces about 97 per cent of the world's rice, our own domestic rice ranks among the best varieties.

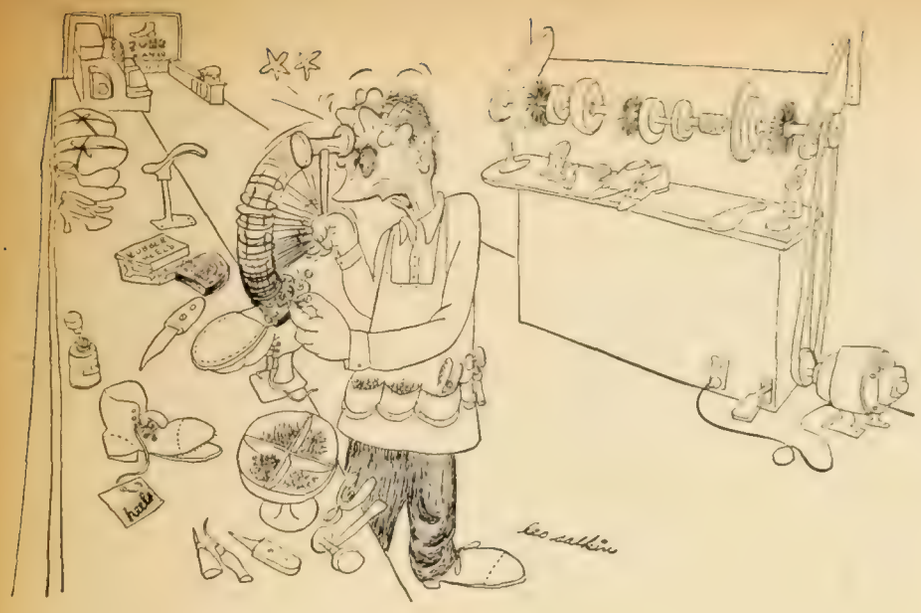
FUN ON WHEELS: In a city like New York, teeming with angry bus drivers who snarl at their passengers or maintain a sullen silence when asked where bus stops are, there are a few lighthearted, courteous drivers left. Take Salvatore Cascavilla, for example. He not only greets customers with a vivacious good morning and an inquiry as to their health; he even erupts into song. Patrons who ride his route have written him many letters thanking him for his personal brand of sunshine. An anonymous Madison Avenue bus driver, highly gifted at repartee, starts *his* brand of light conversation by exhorting the crowds to "Please step to the rear of the bus; it's going the same place as the front."

NOW THEY CAN BE WEIGHED: Now that the birth rate is declining steadily, because of the drafting of potential fathers, the WPB has relaxed its ban on the use of metal in trays for baby scales. Those infants lucky enough to get born may now also manage to get weighed.

NATIVE WIT: Draft Board 2 of Union County, New Jersey, whose officials refused to induct pre-Pearl Harbor fathers as long as they were required to defer childless men, needed volunteers to meet its quota, and placed a sign in the office window which read: "Help wanted, male. Clothing, maintenance and $50 monthly. Job not permanent. Apply within." . . . A major, now overseas, enlisted in the first World War but never got across. He writes, "The Army has owed me a boat ride for twenty-five years. I have now collected with interest, having visited Africa, Sicily, Italy, and England. I will go to France and Germany too, sooner or later." . . . It was J. P. Morgan's observation that anyone who had to inquire about the cost of maintaining a yacht had no business owning one.

BIG JOBS FOR SMALL GIRLS: Sturdy British women were urged to volunteer to run canal barges. They were to receive two months' training. More than one hundred responded to the Ministry of War Transport appeal, but fewer than thirty managed to qualify. The others were too old or too young, too tall or too fat. Because of congested living quarters on barges, the girl bargees or boatees must be small and strong. They bunk three to a cabin only five feet high and seven by ten feet wide. Sister, them's close quarters for one, not to mention a trio.

And the boatee must get into her nook or cranny through a narrow hatchway. In addition to the three bunks and the three girls in each cabin, there's a cooking range and a table! Which leaves very little space for lipstick, generous hips, the aroma of coffee, or a Sunday hat. The barges operate on the Grand Union Canal between London and Birmingham, and carry war materials. The girls are to steer, work the engine, the canal locks, and be in full control. Each trip takes about three weeks and entitles employees to a week's leave *without* pay. The girls are to earn a minimum of three pounds (about twelve dollars) a week.



"Damn rubber heels!"

TORPEDOED IN THE ARCTIC

Continued from Page 29

childhood name. On the ship all had called him "Auggie."

The voices came and went, like sounds coming across a lake in the wind. He thought that he must be going out of his mind and buried his head deep in his coat. He prayed aloud now to drown out the voices.

It was nearly dark again on the third day when the voices came back more strongly than ever. He could make out whole phrases now: "Hello, there! Hello, there!" He buried his head deeper under the hood, muttering prayers more loudly.

It was not until he felt a violent bump against the side of the raft that he looked up to see the sheer gray sides of a destroyer. At the movement of his head, the men on the deck of the destroyer broke into cheers.

THEY carried him into the sick bay and gave him a hot cup of Bovril, a few sips of water, and a shot of morphine. They wrapped his hands and feet in ice-cold towels. His hands were white with frost and swollen to nearly three times normal size. They cut off two silver rings which were wedged into the flesh.

He asked for the ship's padre and together they said a prayer of thanks. Then he fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke the pain started to come, the most intense pain he had ever known. He perspired so freely that the bed was always soaked. They gave him morphine shots when the pain became too bad.

Eighteen hours later he was taken ashore at an Iceland port and transferred to a U. S. transport ship. He learned later that the British destroyer which had picked him up, the St. Ilistine, had heard the Porto Rican's S O S but had given up the search and was headed for port with just enough oil in her tanks to make it—beeline.

In the transport's sick bay they wrapped his legs in cotton and hoisted them on pulleys high above his head, lest the circulation start too rapidly. He was kept alive by constant injections of blood plasma and intravenous feeding. He had no desire whatever to eat. Morphine was injected at four-hour intervals. The pain was so horrible that he cried continuously despite his efforts to keep hold of himself.

They took him to a hospital. On the second day he came down with pneumonia and pleurisy and was placed in an oxygen tent. His legs were now kept in boxes of ice with rubber sheets between the flesh and the ice. The whole apparatus was above head level. After they took him out of the oxygen tent, he still had to keep an oxygen tube constantly in his nose.

Three weeks later, at two in the morning, the wooden hospital in which he was quartered caught fire. It burned very quickly, but he was carried out in time. His pneumonia was gone, but he still had pleurisy.

He was taken to one of the Army's Nissen hut hospitals. Then one day the doctor told him:

"Well, Wally, we're going to take 'em off tomorrow."

He had known what was coming; he had seen the color of his legs. He only hoped that it would not be his hands, too.

They gave him a spinal anesthetic, but he could feel the vibration of the electric saw before he fell asleep. They were off when he awoke. So were all the fingers of his right hand, down to the knuckles, except the thumb, and two fingers of his left hand. For the next four weeks he lay flat on his back.

Then they told him he was going back to the States by air. When they weighed him for air transport he weighed 87 pounds instead of his usual 170.

He left at dawn, but there was a crowd of nurses and doctors to see him off.

"I was a curiosity—and they were a little proud of me. They'd been so sure I was going to die, and they had kept me alive."

At the Marine hospital on Staten Island he spent eight months. Skin was taken from his stomach and grafted over the stumps.

TODAY Wallenhaupt is something of a legend at the hospital. During the long months in bed he kept things lively. He wrestled with other patients, clapping their ears between his leg stumps whenever they got on top. He slept in a ward bed which had iron piping to hold up the partitioning drapes. One of his favorite tricks was to pull himself up with his arms (the old parallel-bars stunt) and perch on the piping. He did this whenever he had a new nurse, to mystify her.

On Christmas Eve his local Maritime Union made him a present of a fine pair of mechanical aluminum legs (government issue is wooden). He can now walk fairly well on these, using a cane. He must, however, take a cab every day to school—9 A. M. to 3.30 P. M. He is studying a general business course because the shipping company has promised him a desk job. On the side he is learning Russian and Spanish.

Wallenhaupt is twenty-seven now. He is brown-haired, with light blue eyes, regular features, a clean firm jaw. He is determined to lead a normal life. He goes out to parties, dates girls. The thing he is most sensitive about is his right hand, which is a reddened stump. He has learned to write legibly, using the thumb and the knuckle joint of the index finger. His writing has improved so much in the last few months that the bank has asked him to change his file signature. He hates sympathy and doesn't want any part of people who feel sorry for him.

THE END

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USERS SAY

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Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

PIN-UP GIRL *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

Betty Grable, John Harvey, Martha Raye, Joe E. Brown

BETTY GRABLE makes an eyeful luscious enough to grace any barracks, wall, or tent that'll hold a pin. Put into Technicolor, her vanilla-taffy topknot and unabashed curves take on a rampant allure that's tirelessly paraded by way of song, dance, and production numbers. Everything comes equipped with de luxe trappings, from skaters in ostrich feathers to a mass drill with Betty barking "Hup—hup—HARCH!"

Starting out as the pin-up belle of a Missouri canteen, la Grable goes to Washington as a stenographer. A stolen stopover in New York eventually nets her a Guadalcanal hero (John Harvey) and a stage career. But before she lands either of 'em, she runs into complications. These are solved by the simple expedient of putting on glasses in the office, taking them off again for an evening's glamour. This goes on for some time, but curves win over specs in the end.

Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown don't get much chance here, but if you enjoy seeing lots of Betty, this is your show.

1 Pin-up stenographer Betty goes to Washington with friend Dorothea Kent—by way of little old New York.

2 Martha Raye as a night-club entertainer matches loud-mouthed high jinks with showman Joe E. Brown.

3 Betty can fool hero John Harvey with those horn rims—as long as she keeps her knees behind a desk.

4 A knockout in black lace and American Beauty red. Betty goes apache in a big way with dancer Hermes Pan.

DAYS OF GLORY *(RKO) Toumanova, Gregory Peck, Maria Palmer*

IN Days of Glory, producer Casey Robinson has deliberately created a picture without names, set in an unfamiliar locale. The individually fine performances of a first-rate group of cinema unknowns give this tale of Russian guerrillas the distinctive flavor of a foreign art film.

A heterogeneous band of guerrillas are shown subsisting in the cellar of a bombed cloister. Surrounded by Nazis, they live precariously from day to day. Nina, a refugee dancer (real ballet star Toumanova), comes to share their lot, and finally takes part in their grim self-sacrifice.

Gregory Peck (Vladimir), Maria Palmer (Comrade Yelena) and Glenn Vernon (Mitya) are outstanding; Toumanova (who never dances) often seems dreamy and detached. The strange brooding atmosphere and beautiful photography are neutralized at times by a talky script, but the total effect is moving and impressive.

1 Nina finds a refuge but not a welcome with the guerrillas. Leader Vladimir (left) doubts her usefulness.

2 She finds a friend in young Mitya, for whom she symbolizes romance. Professor Semyon (left) understands.

3 Nina tries her best to become one of the band, but the sight of her ballet slippers and perfume makes her lonely.

4 The meaning of her comrades' devotion becomes clear to Nina as she and Vladimir find love in the midst of danger.

5 Frightened Nina and gentle, scholarly Semyon show their mettle when a Nazi finds the hide-out.

6 Vladimir and Nina face the task of telling Mitya's little sister her brother has died a hero's death.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

ADDRESS UNKNOWN (Columbia). Paul Lukas, Carnovsky, K. T. Stevens. Drama.
AND THE ANGELS SING (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton. Comedy.
COVER GIRL (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly. Musical.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.

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This film is the flesh and blood story of the American dream come true.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's about a guy called Steve Dangos, a young immigrant who came to this land of freedom with his bare hands and a shining hope. (Brian Donlevy gives all his sincerity to this role.)

★ ★ ★ ★

It's also about a girl called Anna O'Rourke. Who shared in the struggles, the tribulations, the dreams of her man, as he made it the hard way, from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory worker to great industrialist.

★ ★ ★ ★

While their story is intimate, personal, glowing, it is also symbolic of the fight, the love, the surge, the drama, that has made our way of life the wonder of the whole, wide world.

★ ★ ★ ★

"America" is the *big adventure*, told in wonderfully human and exciting terms —in a robust screen play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is dramatic fiction. It is also the truth. For this story in its scope parallels the life stories of many men who have helped to make America great.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for ever since the beginning of motion pictures. What he has done with it is nothing short of magnificent.

★ ★ ★ ★

"America" is photographed in perfected Technicolor. Red-brown earth tones of Mesabi; fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town; the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories; the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies above, follow in storied sequence.

★ ★ ★ ★

"America" has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. Something of you, yourself, is surely in it.

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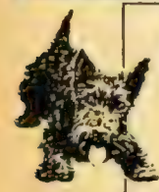

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THE WAR

RARE BEEF? YOU SAID IT, BROTHER!

Continued from Page 20

there ain't a hoof stirring in his lots." You drive in and, sure enough, a few hens and a shepherd dog are the only livestock. The barn cribs are full of yellow corn which the judge will sell one of these days, but not to cattle feeders. These days, corn is worth more than it sells for when turned into beef.

Normally beef uses only about a twelfth of the national corn supply, hogs taking about half, and poultry, dairy cattle, human beings, and industry splitting the balance. Beef was practically deprived of even its twelfth when prices were rigged so that hog feeding meant a profit and cattle feeding did not. That was done because an increased meat supply was needed, and corn fed to hogs produces meat faster than corn fed to steers.

THE thing may have been overdone. Last May pork-flooded shipping centers had to embargo hogs stampeding to market.

That superabundance of pork, along with the complication of jam-packed cold-storage facilities, is the likeliest reason for the dropping of meat rationing. Even poultry got a better deal than beef in the distribution of corn supply, as early spring's glut of eggs indicated. The nation also has 5,000,000 more dairy cattle than in 1939.

That didn't help, either.

Pork, milk, and eggs are good sources of animal proteins and vitamins. It would be hard to claim that the national health would suffer much if no beef at all were raised. But the feeder objects—vociferously—to being picked as stepchild.

One result of these pressures on an inadequate corn supply has been a lively black market in corn. The usual gags appear—unrecorded cash bonuses, top-grade prices paid for low-grade stuff. One ingenious corn buyer recently bid a man with full corncribs up to eighteen cents above the ceiling, and still was told "No."

"Tell you what I'll do," said the bidder. "I'll pay you only ceiling price. Then you supply a man to open the gate when my trucks fetch your corn and I'll pay eighteen cents a bushel for that service." The answer was still no. In cases involving less scrupulous sellers, it is often yes.

Some feeders elect to keep going on a

He won't dodge this-

Don't *you* dodge this!

The kid'll be right there when his C. O. finally gives the signal . . .

There'll be no time to think of better things to do with his life. THE KID'S IN IT FOR KEEPS—giving all he's got, *now!*

We've got to do the same. This is the time for us to throw in everything *we've* got.

This is the time to dig out that *extra* hundred bucks and spend it for Invasion Bonds.

Or make it $200. Or $1000. Or $1,000,000. There's no ceiling on this one!

The 5th War Loan is the biggest, the most vitally important financial effort of this whole War!

5TH WAR LOAN

Back the Attack!
BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement —prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

"Mr. Ames! We'll get along better if you keep your nose out of my private affairs!"

reduced scale and raise their own corn. Others quit and devote their hired help to raising corn to sell to industry and non-beef feed users, which is reasonably profitable. But the rancher who used to breed cattle to sell to feeders is in a very bad spot. He has no second string to his bow. He must either raise cattle or move out. This spring he has been desperately wiring or phoning former customers, trying to dispose of a few cars of nice calves.

"I can't take 'em, John," is the usual answer. "What would I feed 'em on?"

Few ranchers know yet what to do about it. Swearing, high as the quality is, does little. Go back to the old system and "finish" their own steers on grass? But if some steers are to get enough pasture year round, a great many of those teeming extra millions of steers, calves, heifers, cows, bulls out there in the great open spaces have got to move out. That means selling to a feeder at prices low enough to enable him to buy corn without losing money; or direct to the packer, pumping the market full of pretty poor beef and jamming up the packers' already overloaded and undermanned slaughtering and storage facilities. In either case, the losses the rancher takes amount to his being forced privately to subsidize the beef consumer. Ranchers are as patriotic as anybody else, but it is easy to see why they call that an outrage.

WASHINGTON'S squeeze on the feeder, which backed up so dramatically on the rancher, probably had no malice in it. It looks like an honest effort to use available corn where it would do most good, under circumstances so stringent that this spring the government had to freeze 80,000,000 bushels out in the Midwest to make sure the crucial corn-products industry could keep running. But the methods used often seemed tactless and high-handed to cattlemen. In some cases the timing was definitely stupid, notably in the way rollbacks were set up after, rather than before, feeders had bought their stock.

Beef men also suspect a tendency in Washington, not so strong now as awhile ago, to consider all meat production for civilians too luxurious for wartime. The underlying theory is, roughly, that if you eat a bushel of corn as mush or corn bread, you get more nourishment than if you feed it to a steer or hog and then eat the animal. It is not nonsense; war has forced both Germany and Britain to follow such principles to some extent. The opposition points out that meat, as well as fish, milk, and eggs, furnishes important vitamins and the special proteins that few vegetables offer, besides being just as great a morale factor for civilians as it is for soldiers.

The beef man can also show excellent authority for claiming that steers are more efficient than hogs and poultry in turning corn into high-value food, given enough time. "Why pick beef for Patsy?" is his bitter question—and the only answer is that hogs are faster and Uncle Sam was in a hurry.

The rancher's sole comfort is that, even if the powers that be should deny corn to civilian meat production altogether—a highly remote contingency—he could stay in business after a fashion. Raising hogs without corn is almost an economic impossibility. But land too poor for cultivation yet good enough to grow grass—Western range country, in fact—is a great national economic asset that cattle can exploit to optimum effect. To the extent that grass alone can fatten steers, there would always be a national beef supply. Present breeds of cattle were not aimed at that procedure, but it could be managed. To the extent that Washington is willing to channel corn into beef feeding, the supply will be larger—and tenderer.

Hog prices are already being shuffled to discourage future pork production. Some observers see an odds-against chance that beef and corn prices will get a complementary shuffling to give feeders a little better break, though this action against hogs may instead mean merely an over-all reduction in meat's use of corn in general. Beyond that, ranchers and feeders can only remain philosophical enough to hope that the high beef rations fed to soldiers in this war—higher than most of them got as civilians—will make them better customers after the war.

About all the civilian consumer who likes beef can do is pray for a good corn crop, make sure his wife doesn't lose the ration book, and keep the knives good and sharp next winter in case some beef does come his way.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A man likes you for what he thinks you are; a woman, for what you think she is.

—Ivan Panin.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Get relief from the pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Use *Unguentine Rectal Cones*, made by the makers of UNGUENTINE. *Easy to Use, Sanitary, Inexpensive.*

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. *Druggists will refund price if you are not satisfied.*

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•T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NORWICH PRODUCT

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY!

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **487-M Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

POWERFUL LIQUID

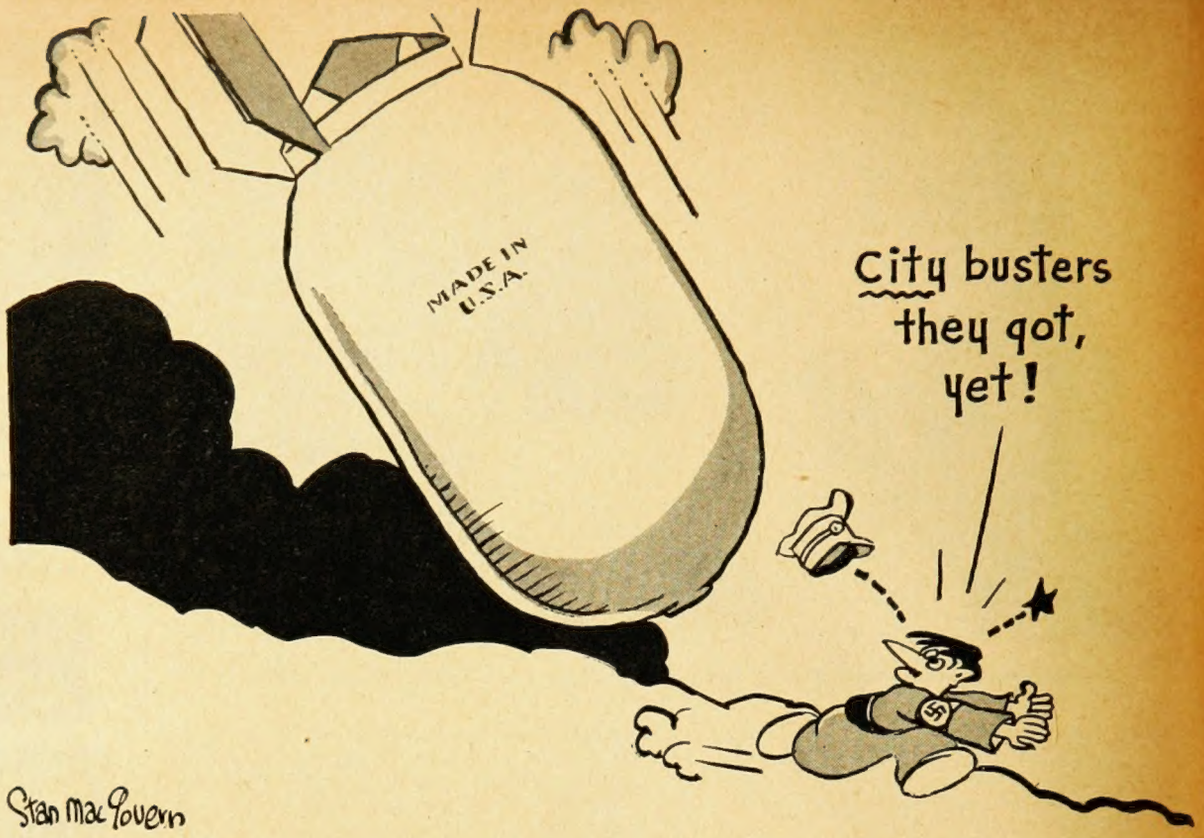
PROMPTLY SOOTHES TORTURE and KILLS GERMS* THAT CAUSE

ATHLETE'S FOOT

If you're discouraged about a mean, hard to relieve case — then just try *Extra Strength* ZEMO. First applications relieve itchy soreness between cracked peeling toes and *on contact actually *kill* the germs that most commonly cause and spread Athlete's Foot. Zemo is a Doctor's wonderful soothing yet powerfully medicated *liquid* backed by 35 years' success. First trial with Zemo convinces! All drugstores. **ZEMO**

JUNE 24, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



THE FIRST OF OUR BIG BOMBERS

IT IS no news to the American people nor, we imagine, to the enemy that the United States is producing a new bombing plane called the Boeing B-29 or Superfortress. It is a direct descendant of the famous B-17 Flying Fortress which General Arnold referred to some while back as "the last of our small bombers."

The concept of the Superfortress, the production of it, and the uses to which it eventually will be put epitomize more than any other single weapon the peculiar genius of America when its energies are turned toward war.

While the details of the B-29 are still a carefully guarded military secret, some information about it has been revealed. We know it is immense and that it flies very fast and very high. We know it carries a very heavy load for a very long distance. It is a ship conceived on a truly American scale—one that required aeronautical thinking into hitherto unexplored realms.

It is in the production program for the B-29 that America and American methods are most manifest. The program is of really staggering dimensions—of such scope that it could even be contemplated only by a nation accustomed to doing the industrially impossible. It is a program which tests our organizing and producing abilities to the utmost.

It is no exaggeration to say that some part of every state in the Union will fly into action with the B-29s. Materials, parts, and manpower from every section of the country contribute to the production of this all-American aerial battleship.

A typically American aspect of the B-29 is the relatively short time which elapsed while it grew from engineer's concept to squadrons in being. Everyone knows by now that years usually are required before an airplane design is turned into an acceptable flying machine with all the bugs worked out of it. Before tooling is completed, material gathered, factories set up, and mass production started, more years go by.

The B-29 was ordered into quantity production by the Army Air Forces before the first experimental model of the ship ever had been flown. Thus, while the plane was being built in engineers' minds, day-and-night preparations were concurrently under way to build it in quantity. It is a tribute to the reputation of the Boeing Aircraft Corporation, designers and developers of the plane, that the Army could proceed to do at the same time two things that normally ought to follow each other.

This faith was amply justified when the B-29 finally emerged as a completed airplane and underwent its first flight test on September 21, 1942.

Word will come shortly that the B-29s are in action. If our enemies are not yet convinced of their own destruction, we predict that their first encounters with this airplane will go a long way toward making them realize it.

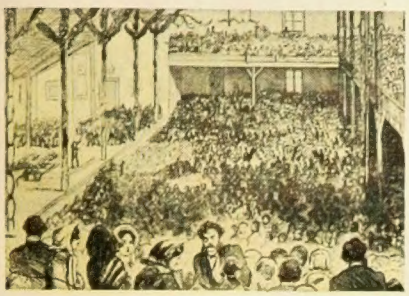
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

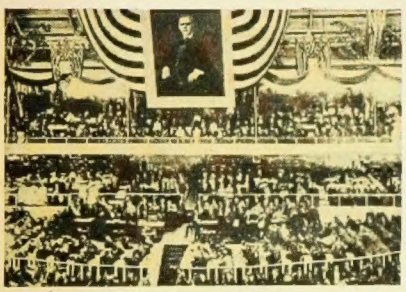
Through 84 years of

Democrats vs. Republicans

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



1860 **SCENE IN CHICAGO** during the first national political convention ever held there. Delegates from 30 states met in the tense atmosphere of impending war between the states to name candidates for President in Corby's 2nd year of whiskey fame.



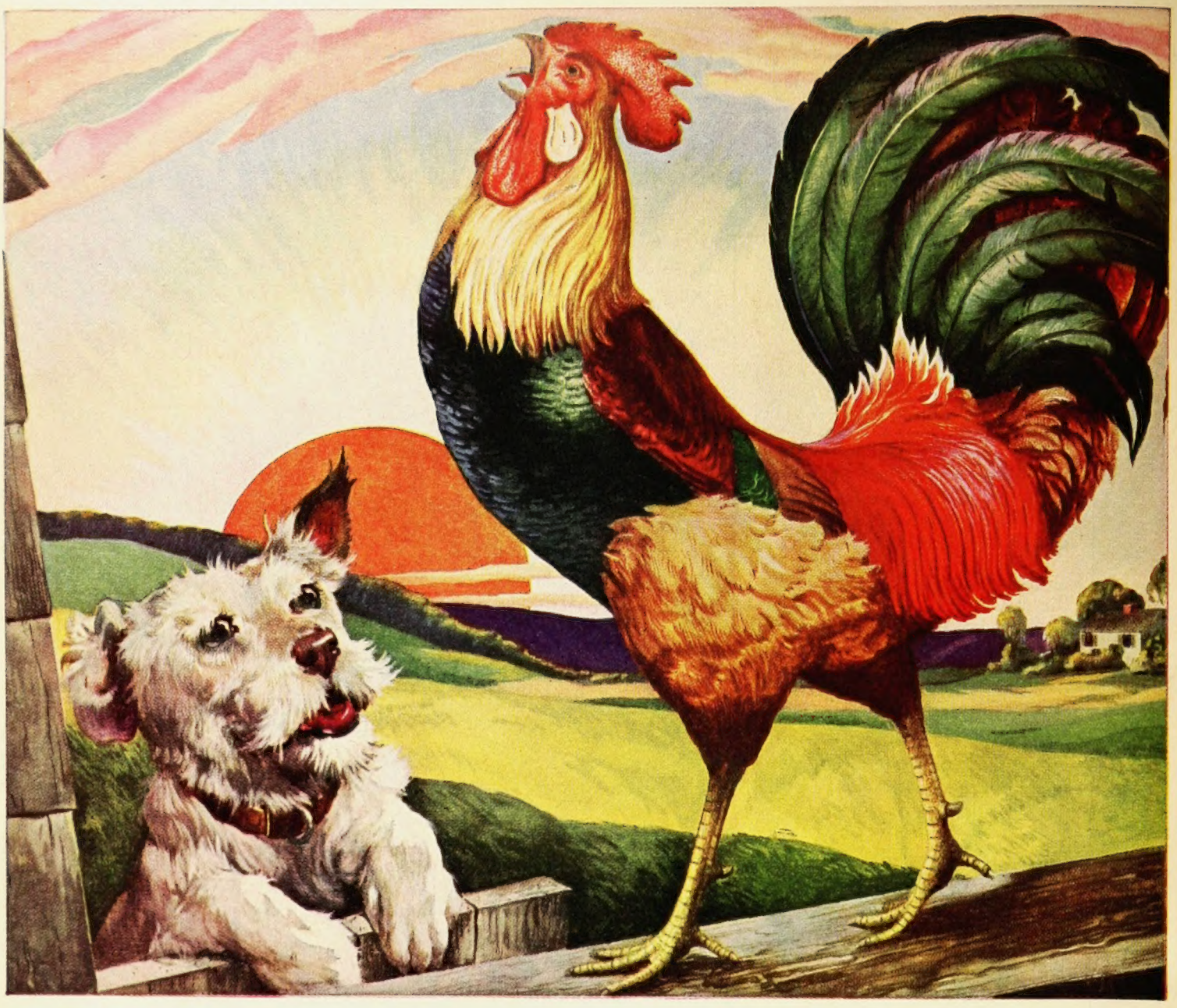
1904 **CHICAGO'S SIXTH** national political convention at the turn of the century quietly nominated a President to succeed himself. These were the years of the "long peace" before World War I . . . the years when Corby's had been a great whiskey name for 46 years.

1944 **CHICAGO STADIUM,** ready for delegates to the city's 18th and 19th conventions. Both major parties will meet here in this tumultuous war year . . . which is Corby's 86th year of fine whiskey tradition . . . to nominate presidential candidates for this fall's election.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

In these critical days, whiskey is naturally scarce. But there is enough Corby's to enable you to buy an occasional "sample" bottle of this light, sociable blend. When you try Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name, compare it in any way you choose. *We believe an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after Victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Fruit and Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.



Step up... for the whiskey that's Like Sunny Morning in your Glass!

DON'T take our *word* for it — take a *sip* of it . . . and you, too, will agree that every golden drop of SCHENLEY Reserve has the bright, clean freshness of a breezy, sun-drenched morning! That brisk, delightful flavor is a *triumph* of blending . . . the result of true *genius* in the blender's art. America appreciates such outstanding quality . . . for SCHENLEY Reserve is a favorite among finer whiskies! You'll appreciate it, too . . . so why put off the pleasure? Step up and try SCHENLEY Reserve — today.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

Buy more BONDS than before... in the 5th WAR LOAN!

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY *Reserve*
BLENDED WHISKEY

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.